



THE INDEPENDENT

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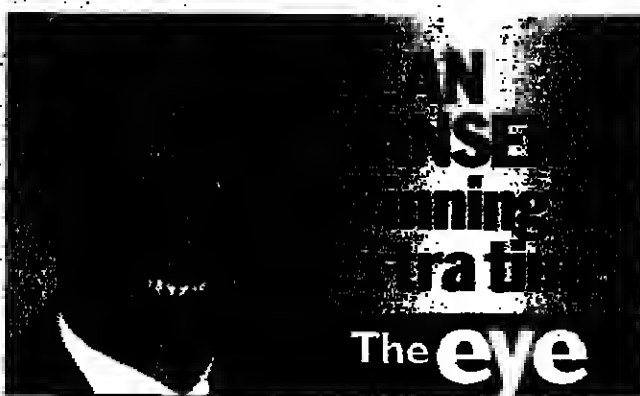
SATURDAY 19 APRIL 1997

WEATHER: Mainly dry

(IRG5p) 60p



the long weekend



The eye



LARTIGI
Revealed
a secret
love

The Magazine

Our chaos strategy is working, say IRA

David McKittrick,
Jason Bennetto and
Esther Leach

The IRA is expected to continue its tactics of mass disruption after a Republican source revealed yesterday that the terrorist organisation believes the strategy is "working".

Two explosions and a series of coded warnings caused travel chaos throughout the Midlands and north of England yesterday.

The terrorist organisation again targeted key rail and motorway links effectively cutting off the north from the south of the country for many hours.

Two devices exploded at Doncaster and Leeds, but no one was injured. The train stations and city centres also of Stoke on Trent and Crewe were also evacuated and two long stretches of the M6 were closed for five hours.

The attacks follow the pattern of recent incidents which the IRA plainly regards as highly successful exercises in gaining the limelight during the election campaign.

A Republican source yesterday repeated that the strategy was aimed at causing maximum disruption and maximum publicity coverage with a minimum of threat to the lives of the civilian population.

The source told *The Independent*: "It is the classic republican position - that bombs or disruption in England have more of an impact than it has in Ireland. You can see it is working because John Major's having to answer questions about it at his morning press conferences. That's how it's impacting."

The comments suggest that the IRA is aware that by issuing early morning warnings - yesterday's were given at just after 7am - it can dominate the election agenda throughout the day and force John Major to respond at the Conservatives' early morning press conference.

A similar pattern was followed just before Easter when a small bomb was planted near Wilmshurst railway station and in the first week of April when the M6 and M1 were targeted. At the end of that week, the Grand National was disrupted by a coded warning.

Yesterday's alerts caused disruption to millions of travellers and workers and cost millions of pounds in lost business.

The bomb in Doncaster went off at 10.10am on a road over a rail bridge to the north of the town. The railway station was

closed and the surrounding area evacuated from about 7.15am, blocking two rail lines.

The second explosion was at a relay cabinet containing signalling equipment near Leeds station car park just before 9am. No-one was hurt, but the city centre was immediately cordoned off and remained closed for about six hours. The station was still closed last night as searches continued.

Keith Hollwell, chief co-ordinator of West Yorkshire, said the warning call to Leeds was not accompanied with a code-word. He said: "If this is a new tactic, and I don't know that it is, then it is a despicable action - we are sinking further into the depths of depravity."

Bomb squad officers carried out a controlled explosion at the train station in Stoke on Trent to gain access to main foyer area after a coded warning was given just after 7am.

In Crewe warning was telephoned to a local hospital and the train station was closed until late in the afternoon. An area of a quarter mile radius around the station was evacuated.

On the M6 two sections - one in Staffordshire, the other north of Manchester - were closed in both directions following coded warnings.

Major's position on Europe



Anthony Bevins
Political Editor

The portrayal of Tony Blair as the British dummy on the knee of the German Chancellor, Helmut Kohl, was yesterday roundly denounced by Tories, Labour and the Germans as "puerile", "pathetic", and "pitiful". But John Major and his senior colleagues appeared delighted by the controversy and the raised profile of their campaign to paint Labour as a party of sell-out and surrender.

Elmer Brink, a senior MP from the German Christian Democrat Party, who is to represent the European Parliament at the Amsterdam summit for heads of government in June, said the advertisement was pitiful. "It just goes to show how desperate the Conservative Party has become," he said. "We should be partners with Britain in building Europe - not fighting a battle."

While Labour dismissed the attack as pathetic, Edwina Currie, the former Tory minister, called it "puerile". Conservative pro-Europeans are increasingly concerned by the way in which the Prime Minister has raised the stakes on his European campaign - and the way he appears to be "singing from John Redwood's hymn sheet". But Mr Major and Michael Heseltine, the Deputy Prime Minister, laughed off the criticism at their daily election press conference yesterday.

The Prime Minister said that Helmut Kohl was a "doughty fighter" for German interests - unlike Mr Blair, who had already offered six surrenders before he had even entered the negotiations. According to Mr Major, the Labour leader was telling the Germans and the French, "I've changed my red flag for a white flag, here are my surrenders, please can I have a seat, if you don't have a seat I'll have a knee."

Last night, Mr Major went even further in his attack on Mr Blair, telling a Manchester rally that on Europe, the Labour leader had changed "from withdrawal through indecision to unconditional surrender".

He added: "Mr Blair changes his mind as often as a grasshopper jumps." Changing metaphor, he added that other European leaders would eat him alive. "It would be like sending a fly to a spiders' convention."

Independent: business journal of the year

The Independent has won the Financial Journal of the Year award from the Win-cott Foundation. This is the second time that the newspaper has won the award, the most prestigious in financial journalism.

The judges praised *The Independent's* coverage of business, city and economics for its campaigning style, sound judgment, high number of scoops and visual impact.



INSIDE

election '97

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QUICKLY

New HIV scandal
News about the safety of blood has been raised yesterday after the National Blood Service disclosed that three patients had been infected with HIV after receiving transfusions during hospital treatment. Page 5

Cheap drugs fear
A cut price version of Ecstasy among three new drugs to hit the dance markets causing concern that young people will be tempted to try illicit substances. Page 6

Bibi hangs on
The future of Benjamin Netanyahu remains in doubt after support for the beleaguered Israeli prime minister seemed to be waning among his cabinet and governing coalition. Page 15

Vanessa spells out her new revolution: vote Ashdown

Kim Songupta

Vanessa Redgrave has not given up on her struggle radically to change society. The only thing that has changed is the means in the end. On 1 May the former Trotskyite revolutionary will be voting for Paddy Ashdown's Liberal Democrats.

Times have changed. Her allegiance used to be to the Workers' Revolutionary Party, whose battleship in the heady days of class warfare was "Labour and the SDP, the running dogs of the bourgeoisie". But now Ms Redgrave feels that it is the Liberal Democrats who offer the best hope for ushering in a more just, and fair system.

That is not the only change. Ms Redgrave believes that faced with what she sees as an authoritarian Conservative government introducing draconian legislation leading towards a police state, society has two bulwarks of defence - the judiciary, and the press. One of her main references in support her views is *The Economist*, a publication that has never been seen as a bible of Marxist-Leninism.

These new favoured institutions, of course, featured prominently in the demonology of the hard-left in the past.



Alarmed: Redgrave, still seeking justice

Photograph: Nalpes Lathiga

WRP leaders like Gerry Healy regularly lambasted these "arms of the state" trying to destabilise and destroy his organisation.

However, Ms Redgrave remains a member of the Marxist Party which was

launched 10 years ago. And she says she is "extremely alarmed, and angry" at the way the Establishment is running the country.

But the Marxist Party is not putting up any candidates. And Ms Redgrave

is a passionate opponent of the law and order measures - the Criminal Justice Act, the new Police Act, the Crime Sentences Act, and the Asylum Bill - being brought in by Michael Howard. She is a prominent member of the lobby group set up in opposition to the Charter for Basic Rights.

Ms Redgrave said: "I spoke to Paddy Ashdown a few months ago at the House of Commons when I was there for a meeting against the Asylum and Immigration Bill, which is an appalling piece of legislation."

"He assured me the Liberal Democrats are opposed to it, and I believe him. So I shall be voting Liberal Democrat at my constituency of Brentford and Isleworth."

"I shall also be speaking to the Labour candidate there, but the Labour Party has done very little to oppose any of these very unfair measures brought in by the Government, so I cannot see how I can vote for them."

Ms Redgrave, 60, the scion of one of the most famous thespian families of the country, and described as the greatest British actress of her generation, continues to speak out against what she sees as injustice.

Old Labour win new peerages in dissolution honours list

Fran Abrams
Political Correspondent

It's payback time today for three Old Labour MPs who stood down to make way for New Labour. In a case of "old Labour, new peerages," Geoff

frey Lofthouse, John Evans and Doug Hoyle have been given life peerages in the first dissolution honours list to be released during a general election since 1970. A month ago the three said they realised another five years in politics would be

a long time. Others in their party were less sure, and more than one hinted that honours had been offered as inducements.

The trio will no doubt express shock and delight at today's news, and look forward with renewed vigour to jobs for life in

the House of Lords. Rumours of the ennoblements had been circulating for months but all had been rebutted.

In March the *Times* even carried an apology to Mr Lofthouse for the suggestion that he was about to go. The three, for-

mer MPs respectively for Pontefract and Castleford, St Helens North and Warrington North, are among 21 retiring members who have all been made life peers in the first honours list to during a general election since 1970.



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significant shorts

Firefighters' strike likely as hopes of settlement fade

Talks aimed at averting a firefighters' strike looked set to fail yesterday as army Green Goddesses stood by as cover during industrial action.

Officials of the Fire Brigades Union were meeting leaders of Essex County Council to try to resolve a dispute over £1.5m in spending cuts. Two union negotiators left the meeting early and said it had broken down, meaning the first 24-hour strike would start at 10am today. But the council insisted the talks were still continuing at lunchtime. One union negotiator said: "I have not seen any glimmer of light during the talks and my hopes of a settlement are fading." The union is planning further walkouts next Monday and Wednesday, in protest at the cuts, which the council has blamed on government underfunding.

Boy gave life to save girlfriend

A 14-year-old girl described yesterday how her boyfriend saved her life at the cost of his own when he used his body as a shield to protect her from a car.

Paul Broughton, 16, pushed his girlfriend out of the way and took the impact himself, an inquest heard. He was thrown into the path of a second car and died of heart failure during emergency surgery three hours later. His girlfriend, 14-year-old Laura Gledhill, escaped serious injury. The accident happened when Paul, of Monk Bretton, South Yorkshire, and Laura were on their way home from a bonfire-night party. His father, Alan Broughton, 47, said: "Paul's action was typical of him - he was a very courageous lad." Laura said: "Paul... saved my life. As he lay in the road he called 'Laura', that was the last word he said. I thought the world of him." Christopher Dorrice, the coroner, recorded a verdict of accidental death.

Triple killer goes back to Broadmoor



Alan Reeve (left), the triple killer who escaped from Broadmoor top-security hospital 16 years ago, appeared before magistrates yesterday after being extradited from the Irish Republic.

He escaped from Broadmoor in 1981 where he was being held for killing his friend Roger Jackson when the pair were 15. He was arrested two weeks ago in Cork, where he had been living with his fiancée and baby son, and working as a typesetter at the Cork Women's Poetry Circle. Reeve, 49, was re-arrested on warrants relating to the murders of Roger Jackson and a fellow Broadmoor inmate, Billy Doyle, 22. In 1981 he escaped to Holland where he killed a policeman in a bungled off-licence raid. He spent 10 years in a Dutch prison, then went to ground. After the hearing in Bracknell, Berkshire, Reeve was driven to Broadmoor.

Prison service resignation

One of the Prison Service's most senior managers resigned his post yesterday, becoming the latest penal expert to call for a Royal Commission on crime and punishment to "untangle crime and punishment from the politics of law and order".

In his resignation speech at the Edinburgh/Cambridge Society last night, Dr David Wilson, head of prison-officer and operational training for England and Wales, declared he could no longer be part of a process hijacked by the lowest form of politics, and obsessed with locking more and more people up. As well as the Conservative government, he attacked the media and television programmes such as *Crimewatch* for their obsession with violent crime and criminals. A Royal Commission would, he said, allow for rational, non-partisan debate, finding solutions that would "develop our nation rather than turn it into a Gulag".

Patricia Wynn Davies

Body-parts sculptor filed by police

The Metropolitan Police last night confirmed they had sent a file on the sculptor Anthony Noel Kelly to the Crown Prosecution Service.

Mr Kelly, 41, reported for bail at Vauxhall police station in London on Thursday and is due back to a different station in London in June. He was arrested earlier this month after police searched his studio in south London and his family home in Kent, taking away a number of human parts and pieces of art. Mr Kelly, a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk, has previously admitted using human body parts for plaster casts in his work.

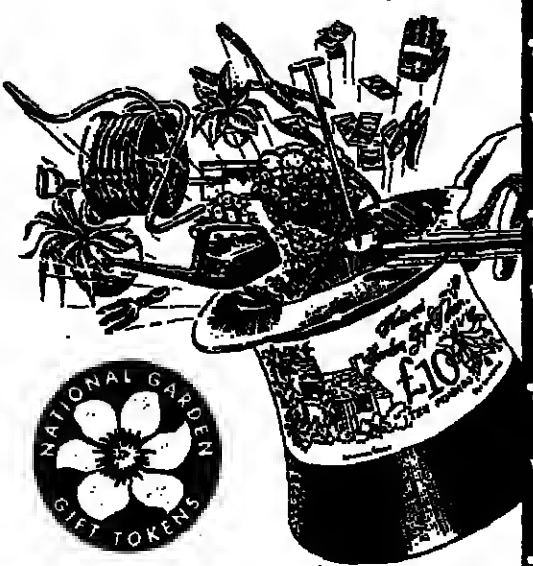
Mark Rowe

Spread a little magic

Whatever the occasion, anniversaries, birthdays, thank-yous, house-warmings, retirements, they'll enjoy creating a little magic for themselves with National Garden Gift Tokens.

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Niki Reynolds: 'I just wanted him away from me' (Photograph: Paul Ross)

Mugger feels the heat as victim fights fire with fire

A woman escaped an attempted mugging by burning her attacker's crotch with the flame from her cigarette lighter, police in London have confirmed.

Niki Reynolds, a 37-year-old mother of three, was walking home through Maida Vale, north-west London, one evening when she was grabbed from behind by a man who got out of a battered BMW. He held a short knife to her throat and demanded money.

"I was just walking along minding my own business when a car with two men inside pulled alongside and a guy jumped out," Ms Reynolds said yesterday. "He started shouting at me asking for money and then became more aggressive. With his left hand he hit me on the jaw and with his other hand he pulled out a knife and held it to my throat. It was more the shock than the pain which stunned me."

After a struggle, Ms Reynolds, who had been about to light a cigarette, put her lighter behind her, held it against her attacker's crotch and flicked its flame. "I just wanted him away from me and off my body," she said.

"I wasn't really thinking about what I was doing. He didn't have a clue what I was doing but after a few seconds of struggling the heat suddenly hit him and he pulled away swearing and shouting. The next thing I knew he had fallen on the ground. The other guy in the car was swearing at him and he stumbled back to the car. I was rooted to the spot to the spot because I was terrified that if I ran they would be able to catch up with me. Thankfully they just drove off. Apart from the shock of the attack, Ms Reynolds was unharmed and no money was taken.

Pc Jane Maffia, of Harrow Road Highbury Squad said: "The place she held the lighter is a sensitive area, I believe. His trousers did not catch fire but he was clearly in a lot of pain."

"It was a heroic thing and it did raise a smile among the police officers. But we would not recommend that anybody do this as it could have provoked the man and made him angrier."

Mark Rowe and Simon Reeve

Leukaemia sister reconsiders bone marrow donation

The sister of a woman dying from leukaemia was yesterday reconsidering her refusal to donate life-saving bone marrow to her.

Susan Squires, 34, was said to have denied the transplant to her sister Angela Latham, 34, (pictured) because she was terrified of hospitals.

Doctors had found Ms Squires to be the only perfect match for Mrs Latham after searching a worldwide register of 4 million donors. The sisters who live 500 yards away from each other in Blackpool have not spoken to each other in almost three years after Ms Squires' phobia of hospitals led her to refuse her sister the chance of a transplant. But after a meeting with Ms Squires yesterday, Mrs Latham said: "She had a bit of a change of heart. At least now she's thinking about it... We had more conversation in half-an-hour this morning than in the last three years."

Mrs Latham's leukaemia was diagnosed three years ago and since then she has undergone chemotherapy and is now on daily medication.



Ms Squires was surprised to learn yesterday that the bone marrow donation could be performed at her home. Dr Si Ahmed, chairman of the Blackpool branch of the British Medical Association, said the operation was quick, safe, involved minimal pain and could be performed outside the hospital environment.

Mrs Latham said: "I think this is a breakthrough. She is petrified of hospitals, but she now knows that she doesn't have to go into hospital, but can instead go to her GP or to a clinic. I hope she loves me enough to do it."

Glenda Cooper

Diamond dagger award for Morse author

Inspector Morse creator Colin Dexter has won this year's acclaimed Cartier Diamond Dagger Award for his outstanding contribution to detective writing.

The Oxford-based author has written 12 novels about the laconic Inspector and his sidekick Lewis. Mr Dexter has also appeared in the background of 27 out of 30 Inspector Morse programmes made by Central TV.

The Crime Writers' Association also awards gold and silver daggers to outstanding writers in the genre. Previous winners of the diamond dagger, founded in 1986, include John le Carré, P.D. James, Dick Francis and Ruth Rendell.

The trophy, made by jewellers Carter London, is made of gold and silver with a large ruby cabochon surrounded by diamonds.

Dexter, 68, has said that "Morse, like me, is something of a miserable, old sod, semi-autobiographical...". He also shares his character's passion for classical studies, and has urged that Latin and Greek be taught in comprehensive schools.

David Lister

Australia to deport triple-killer to Britain

The Australian authorities have begun moves to return triple murderer Archie "Mad Dog" McCafferty to Britain.

McCafferty, 49, who went to Australia as a 10-year-old with his family but never became an Australian citizen, was given three life sentences in 1974 for leading a gang which killed three men in the space of five days. While in jail, he was convicted of the manslaughter of another prisoner.

New South Wales Parole Board yesterday granted McCafferty parole, after four earlier applications were rejected, and ordered his release by 3 May. "We would expect at the point in time when he is released from detention that the [deportation]

order should be carried out," Australian Immigration Minister Philip Ruddock said. British Consul-General Philip Morris said Britain had accepted the decision.

However, there was anger in McCafferty's former home city of Glasgow. Michael Martin, who is seeking re-election as Labour MP for the Springburn constituency, said: "I have no quarrel with the parole board's decision, I am by no means a 'hang them and flog them' MP - but the decision to deport him is morally wrong, and I have complained to the Foreign Office. My concern is that the Australian authorities, and in particular this Immigration minister will use the UK - and most likely Glasgow, as a dumping ground for

people they consider to be unworthy to stay in their country."

The random murders which led to McCafferty's life sentence began after he said he suffered a delusion while visiting the grave of his baby son - who suffocated while breastfeeding - telling him to kill seven people.

He remained obsessed with the number seven in prison, writing an autobiography entitled *Seven Shall Die* and was initially considered an aggressive and extremely dangerous prisoner.

However, parole board judge Des Ward said that by 1988 McCafferty was seen as a model prisoner who was quiet, co-operative, and able to relate to people normally.

briefing

HEALTH

Young men storing up trouble by behaving badly

The thought that men may one day be over weight rarely crosses their minds. A new survey from Mintel, exclusive to *The Independent*, shows that less than a quarter of men in their late teens and early twenties make an effort to stick to a low-fat diet. While almost three in ten women at this age eat little or no red meat, less than one in ten men has taken red meat off the menu.

As well as a penchant for hamburger and chips, young men are more likely than any other group in society to drink heavily, although young women are catching up fast. Eighteen per cent of men in their twenties and early thirties are heavy drinkers, according to Mintel, compared with 8 per cent of women of a similar age.

It is not all about men behaving badly. More than half of men in their late teens and early twenties exercise at least once a week. So, in spite of their diet nearly two-thirds are either about the right weight, or slightly underweight. They may, however, be storing up trouble for later. David Booth, Professor of Psychology and Eating at Birmingham University says: "Premature heart disease is a male issue and heart attacks at 40 are in part a result of what men have laid down through their eating habits during their 20s."

Healthy Lifestyles, published by Mintel, 18-19 Long Lane, London EC1A 9HE; 1895.

Full report: The Long Weekend, page 21

HOUSING

London facing homes shortage

People are flocking back to the capital. The population of London, recently described in a number of guide books as "The Happening City" is booming again.

A rise in the number of European nationals moving to London, with a fall in the number of people leaving the city, has upset planners' forecast for the next 20 years. The corollary of this is that there has been a severe underestimation of the number of new homes that will be needed for the city, according to a survey by Dr Martin Mogridge and Professor John Parr of Glasgow University.

Their report, *A Study for London Transport Planning*, suggests there will be a demand for up to 436,000 new homes by 2016 - not the 300,000 forecast by the Department of Environment.

Dr Mogridge said the DoE's own research suggests that immigration would continue to rise until 2011, before falling again. He said that while controls have tightened in stem the flow of Commonwealth immigrants, European nationals are now freer than ever to come to Britain.

Kim Sengupta

SOCIETY

Callers abusing police 999 service

Two-thirds of 999 calls made to police are not emergencies, according to a survey. West Midlands Police answered more than 468,000 emergency calls last year, including nearly 15,500 from people asking for the number of their local station. Eleven thousand were from children calling by mistake. 6,500 were from people asking for advice on civil matters, nearly 26,000 were silent calls made from telephone kiosks and just under 4,000 were from drunken or abusive callers.



BUSINESS

Post Office sell-off widely opposed

Privatising the Post Office would be as unpopular as ever, according to a new opinion poll which showed a huge majority in favour of keeping the service public.

The MORI poll for the Communications Workers' Union found only 5 per cent of 2,000 people in favour of selling off the Post Office as a whole. Joint general secretary Derek Hodgson said: "It would be a perversion of democracy for any political party to push forward with proposals supported by such a tiny minority. The debate about the Post Office should finish here. The people's message is clear - hands off."

The union believes the poll shows that the future of the Post Office should be taken out of the political arena. The Tories have said they will consider different forms of privatising the Royal Mail if it wins the election and will sell off Parcelforce.

EMPLOYMENT

Sex war looms for Welsh speakers

Employers in Wales who don't know their gwr from their gwraig were warned yesterday that they may be breaching sex discrimination rules.

The Equal Opportunities Commission has cast its eye over Welsh language job titles and found that many are masculine with no obvious female versions.

The problem is, that unlike the English language, all Welsh nouns are either masculine or feminine so that when employers advertise for example, for a rheolwr (manager) they imply they are looking for a male manager because of the suffix 'wr' which comes from gwr. Welsh for man. The Welsh for driver (gyrrwr) also implies a man, as does miner (glawr) and judge (barnwr).

There is a female suffix, gwraig from the Welsh for woman, gwraig, which could be used instead, but language purists say it would lead to words being artificially invented. They say that campaigners are confusing gender with sex.

Val Feld, Equal Opportunities director in Wales, said that now the research has been completed the EOC would be drawing up guidelines for employers.

Roger Dobson

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Greece	£5.00	Norway	£5.00
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12 من الأول

The rise and rise of the laddery from Loaded

Paul McCann
Media Correspondent

James Brown, the father of Laddism and the editor of the phenomenally successful men's magazine *Loaded*, has turned his attention to the more staid men's monthly *GQ*.

Mr Brown, 31, announced yesterday that he is leaving *Loaded* to become editor of the upmarket *GQ* which sells over 200,000 copies a month less than *Loaded*.

Condé Nast, publisher of *GQ*, denies that Mr Brown is planning to change their magazine in order to chase the sales of *Loaded*.

However, Nicholas Coleridge, Condé Nast's managing director, confirmed that Mr Brown would take the magazine closer to the style it had under Michael Vermuelen, who died two years ago from a drug overdose. Since then the magazine has been edited by the more cerebral Angus McKinnon who resigned from Condé Nast yesterday.

Loaded was launched by IPC Magazines in 1994 with target sales of about 40,000. In the last six months of 1996 its audit sale was around 375,000 and the latest issue is understood to be selling more than 400,000 copies a month.

Mr Brown said: "I won't talk about Laddism and all that bollocks, that shows a lack of understanding of what *Loaded* is about. I'm not a 25-year-old loafer any more, I'm confronting new things in my life now and *GQ* will give me much greater scope."

"I want to make the magazine very exciting and funny and full of commanding journalism. It is a natural step on."

Mr Brown and Tim Southwell, both former pop music paper journalists came up with the *Loaded* concept and convinced IPC to publish it.

Mr Brown's appointment should inevitably mark a change of direction for *GQ*. It was launched in the UK in 1988 and stayed stubbornly under the 100,000 sales mark until the men's style magazine market took off on the back of *Loaded*'s success. It has risen steadily to 150,000, but has been eclipsed by *EMAP's FHM*, which was re-designed in the *Loaded* mould and is now selling close to 500,000 copies a month.

Loaded is famous for its fixation with naked women, alcohol, drugs and football. Its early journalistic innovations have included a Biscuit of the Month review and a comparison of snack foods called the Crisp Olympics.



James Brown: "I'm not a 25-year-old loafer any more, I'm confronting new things in my life" Photomontage: Jonathan Anstee/Main Photograph: Adrian Dennis

The magazine's editorial staff has made no secret of their love for mind-altering substances, but Mr Coleridge denies he is concerned about James Brown's reputation. "After all we haven't employed Will Self," he said.

Loaded, the sit-com *Men Behaving Badly* and Nick Hornby's *Fever Pitch*, novel, have been

credited with creating a culture of Laddish behaviour characterised by a taste for sex, lager and football. However, many argue that Laddism is a media label for something that always existed. Whatever the arguments, the effect has been that even the more up-market men's magazines, like *GQ* and *Esquire*, have been forced to increase the

amount of flesh on their covers and in their pages.

Lads' magazines have even been credited with WH Smith's decision in January to withdraw soft-porn magazines from its top shelves, because *Loaded* and *FHM* had affected their sales.

The lads' magazines have attracted a host of imitators, including *Maxim* from Dennis

publishing and specialist spin-offs such as IPC's *Loaded for foodies*, *Eat Soup*, and *Stuff*, Dennis publishing's "big boys' toys" magazine.

Mr Brown is expected to leave *Loaded* in the summer. A replacement has yet to be found but David Lancaster, editor of *Ear Soup* and Martin Deeson, deputy editor of *Loaded* are

tipped to succeed him. The changing men's market has caused a switch-around in editors for all the main men's titles. Mike Soutar left *FHM* last month to become managing director of Kiss FM while Peter Howarth moved from *Arma* to *Esquire* to replace The Independent on Sunday's editor Rosie Boycott.

A modern morality tale: the Co-op raider

Ian Burrell

It was a movement founded on promises to take on capitalism and improve the living conditions of the British working man. But now the new man with the slick hair-style and the sharp suit is promising to sweep away the old image of cloth caps and tenanted streets forever.

Andrew Regan is the 31-year-old who wants to take the Co-operative Wholesale Society, one of the most important movements in the British class struggle, into a new era. Yet while Tony Blair and progressive trade union leaders are heralded as "modernisers" for sweeping away the cobwebs of outdated features of British socialism, Mr Regan has become the new demon in the eyes of the Labour Party. More than 50 Labour MPs have called for his bid to take control of large parts of CWS to be blocked.

On closer inspection it is not difficult to see why Mr Regan is so despised by the Labour members, 15 of whom are sponsored by the Co-op. He appears as an embodiment of Thatcherism, described by one commentator as "the mutant son of Gordon Gekko", who has emerged from a deep-freeze after being kept in storage since the mid-1980s.

In fact, Mr Regan has spent the last 12 years in a frenzy of business activity since setting up his first company at the age of 19. Born into a business family he boasts that while his teenage peers were getting drunk and having fun, "the only thing I ever wanted to do was run a public company".

Leaving school at 17, he was encouraged by his father Roger, the chairman of the kitchens and bathrooms group Spring



Regan: Embodiment of Thatcherism, who has won over several financial backers

Ram, to set up a household cleaning products firm. Seven years later he used the business to take control of Hobson, a listed company.

His interest in the Co-op appears to have had little to do with the principles on which the movement was founded.

Presiding over an impromptu board meeting which he called in a City wine bar, Regan decided on major expansion.

His partner Peter Hallett recalled: "We got together and said 'Right this is the pool of money we have got we can either go for a number of small acquisitions or we can go for a Big Bertha'."

The CWS was identified as a "Big Bertha" takeover.

The language was rather different from that used when 28 flannel-wearing formed the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers in 1840 to sell grain, sugar and butter at fair prices from the first Co-op shop.

The movement spread across Britain and at its peak had 11 million members in 2,000 societies.

The co-operative societies, along with the trade unions and other socialist bodies, set up the Independent Labour Party in 1893, and the movements have been intertwined ever since.

Ramsay MacDonald, the first Labour prime minister, insisted on Co-op products being delivered to 10 Downing Street.

This was the organisation which Regan wanted to take over. When rumours first circulated of his £1bn bid to buy up the Co-op, not everyone took him seriously. He was depicted as a Don Quixote figure tilting his lance at a windmill. Yet the Co-op bosses, who denounced him as an "asset-stripping middleman", were not so scornful. After all Regan had already bought a chunk of CWS in 1994 and sold it for a personal profit of £2.7m.

Mr Regan, who lives in an elegant three-storey mansion in Kensington with his young wife and five children, is a fast, persuasive talker who has clearly won over several financial backers.

His charm may also have won him support from senior Co-op managers, two of whom were suspended on Thursday for serious breach of trust.

Yesterday a High Court was not so impressed, ordering Mr Regan to return any confidential CWS information that may have come into his possession. The decision in effect headed off his takeover bid.

Rochdale experiment that began 150 years of co-operation

The Co-op began in 1844 when the Rochdale Pioneers, a group of 28 weavers, pooled their meagre savings and bought a grocery shop in Rochdale, Lancashire, for the grand sum of £28, writes Nicky Lloyd.

Profits from the shop, which sold "wholesome food at reasonable prices", were shared between the group in proportion to the amount spent by each member. The idea quickly became popular elsewhere.

In 1863 the various co-operative societies joined together to form their own wholesaling company. The Co-operative Insurance Society (CIS) was formed in 1867, and is now one of the country's leading insurers, serving 3.5 million families through a network of 7,000 representatives.

The Co-operative Bank was formed in 1872. The Co-operative Union, the umbrella organisation under which the different types of Co-operative are linked together, was formed in 1889 and is still the national co-ordinating body. Member societies send delegates to the Union's annual meeting.

The retail Movement now has a turnover in excess of £72bn, 68,000 staff and eight million members. The Movement, which offers everything from milk to funerals through its 4800 outlets, can still claim to look after its members "from the cradle to the grave".

Co-op Society members in 1868 Photograph: Hulton Getty



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تمت من الأصل

Three get HIV from blood donation

Jeremy Laurence
Health Editor

New fears about the safety of blood were raised yesterday after the National Blood Service disclosed that three patients had been infected with HIV after receiving transfusions during hospital treatment.

The patients were infected by an HIV-positive donor whose contaminated blood escaped detection. One has since died of a condition unrelated to HIV. The others have been identified and offered counselling and support.

It is the first case of HIV infection in England since screening for the virus was introduced in 1985.

All blood donations are tested but there is a window of 20 to 30 days after infection before the virus can be detected.

The disclosure is a blow to the blood service which has suffered repeated shortages and is urgently seeking new donors.

Two years ago a batch of faulty blood bags resulted in two patients contracting septicaemia from infected blood. Hospitals use 10,000 units a day and demand is rising as more patients undergo surgery.

Angela Robinson, medical director of the service, said the case was tragic but extremely rare, the first in over 30 million donations made since 1985, although there was a similar case in Scotland in 1986. "No one else is at risk. Patients can be reassured that blood transfusion in this country is among the safest in the world," she said.

A single donation of the infected blood was made in the north-west of England last summer and divided into red cells, plasma and platelets, which were given separately to the three patients.

Because the donor had only been recently infected, the virus

did not show up in routine testing but was still capable of being passed on.

The case came to light last month after one of the patients was found to be HIV-positive while undergoing further hospital treatment. Doctors traced all the blood donations the patient had received, and a special sensitive test, known as a PCR test, which detects the presence of antibodies, was carried out on the original sample taken from the donor. This revealed the presence of the virus. All samples taken from donors at the time they give blood are kept routinely for two years in case such backdated checks have to be made.

Donors are given a questionnaire about their lifestyle and sexual habits which the National Blood Service said should have eliminated anyone at risk of carrying the infection.

They are told they should never give blood if they are a man who has had sex with another man, injected drugs or worked as a prostitute. They should not give blood for a year after sex with a prostitute or after injecting drugs or for anyone of any race who has been sexually active in Africa.

A spokeswoman for the service said that the infected donor had been traced. "Either the donor did not know they were infected or they lied," she said. Heat treatment is used to eliminate viruses present in blood products such as Factor VIII for haemophiliacs, but it cannot be used on whole blood because it would destroy it.

The spokeswoman said the more sensitive test for HIV, which is known as polymerase chain reaction (PCR), was not suitable for screening individual donations. She said the service had no plans to review its procedures.



Lonely road: A single policeman on the M6 yesterday morning, which would normally have been packed but was shut by the IRA's bomb threats. Photograph: Birmingham Post

Chaos caused by IRA will cost millions

Jason Bennetto
and Esther Leach

The cost of yesterday's chaos caused by the IRA's bomb threats and alert will run into many millions of pounds in lost business and expenses incurred by the emergency services.

The two small explosions and a series of IRA coded warnings effectively severed the north of England and Scotland from the south and caused disruption for millions.

In a continuation of the IRA's tactic of maximum chaos with minimum risk, they targeted the key rail and road links in the Midlands and north of England.

Leeds, Doncaster, Crewe, and Stoke-on-Trent, were disrupted, along with two long stretches of the M6 - one in Staffordshire, the other north

Manchester. A series of warnings was issued at just after 7am, forcing the police and emergency services to evacuate the four cities' train stations, along with businesses and large areas of the town centres.

No-one was injured in the small blasts at Leeds and Doncaster, but by paralysing the stations, the rail network running between the north and south was effectively disabled.

Huge queues built up on the M6 and the area was still busy even after the closed sections were re-opened again around 1.30pm. But the rail stations remained shut late into yesterday evening - causing havoc to both west coast and east coast train services.

One of the areas worst hit was Leeds. The emergency began with an uncodified message to the

city's General Infirmary at 7.14am. Within minutes, police officers were sent to the railway station to carry out a search for an explosive device.

But it was at least another one-and-a-half hours before the station was evacuated, just as an explosion was heard. There was a loud thud and a pall of smoke rose at the west end of the station. It happened either in or close to a cabinet housing high voltage electrical equipment.

No injuries were reported, but there was large-scale disruption to the train services and surrounding roads were blocked off and car parks closed stranding hundreds of cars.

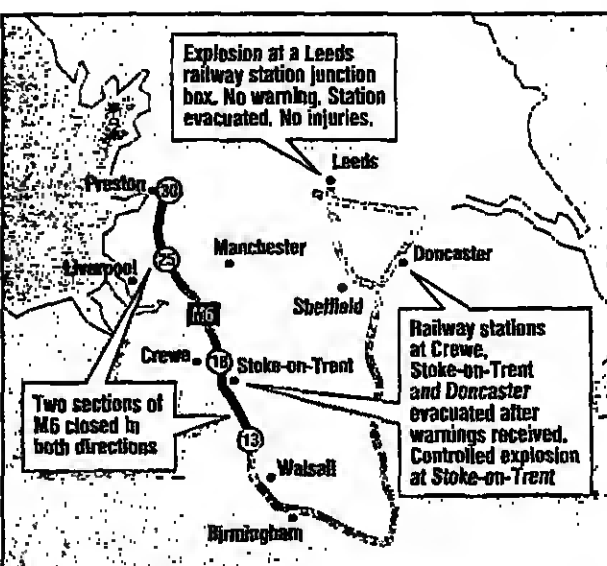
Buildings, including offices, shops and hotels within a quarter of a mile radius of the station were evacuated.

By lunchtime the city was beginning to return to normal, although the train station remained closed.

Similar problems were experienced in the other three towns. The second explosion took place on a road bridge in Doncaster, but again no-one was hurt.

The Freight Transport Association underlined the economic toll dealt by the terrorists' blocking industry's arterial routes, estimating that up to 40,000 heavy goods vehicles a day use the sections of the M6 closed in the latest alert - costing around £1.2 million an hour.

On the railways, the FTA said that around 100 freight trains a day would normally run through the Crewe and Doncaster areas affected by yesterday's incidents.



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news

Affronted Tusa sweeps away the Baroness's muses

David Lister
Arts News Editor

John Tusa, the head of the Barbican Centre, is to remove his predecessor's garish pride and joy – the nine Muses which sit above the glazed canopy at the Barbican's entrance.

Mr Tusa's office overlooks the Muses' backsides. And he is understood to be so enraged by having to view the much criticised statues every working day that he has ordered their removal.

The 8ft tall statues, modelled in clay, cast in resin and then gilded, were commissioned by Baroness Datta O'Cathain, then chief executive of the Barbican, in 1993 as part of a £9m refurbishment plan. They were meant to symbolise the inspirational qualities of the arts.

They were designed by the late Theo Crosby for the design consultants Peatogram, and sculpted by Bernard Sindall.

When Baroness O'Cathain fell out with the City of London Corporation, which owns and finances the Barbican, Mr Tusa, former head of the BBC World Service, was appointed to replace her.

On his appointment he received an open letter from a former artistic director of the centre Humphrey Burton, advising him: "The first thing you

should do when you get there is to remove the tatty, gold-plated, big-breasted statues representing the nine Muses which are placed on the canopy outside your window above the entrance. Offer them to the City Rifle Club for Sunday morning target practice."

In fact he needed no such urging. He has long disliked his daily visual inspiration.

When his office was asked about his intentions earlier in the week it was denied that there were any immediate plans to remove the Muses. However, yesterday a Barbican spokeswoman said they would indeed be going.

She said: "The nine muses were a genuine attempt as part of the Peatogram refurbishment project to create a warmer, more inviting entrance to the Centre. However, there is an overwhelming consensus that the Muses have not succeeded in their objective of creating a set of symbols that sum up the spirit of what we and our artistic partners are doing here. We have therefore decided to remove them."

It is understood the muses will be dismantled within the next week, and placed in the City of London Corporation stores as disposable assets. The corporation refused to make any official comment.



Last days: The muses posing above the entrance to the Barbican Centre in the City of London, where they have offended John Tusa

Photograph: Mykel Nicolaou

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Cut-price ecstasy flooding market

Jason Bernetto
Crime Correspondent

A cut-price version of ecstasy is among three new drugs to have hit the festival and dance markets causing concern that greater numbers of young people will be tempted to experiment with illegal substances.

The new drug, known as 2CB, costs as little as £3 for a four-hour "trip" – a quarter of the price of ecstasy. Drug workers have also reported an influx of "bliss" and DMT, or "businessman's lunch".

2CB will be of greatest concern because of its low cost and the fact that drug users are taking it as an alternative or additional stimulant to ecstasy. The use of the latter has caused great controversy following a small number of high-profile deaths, such as that of Leah Betts, who died in 1995 after taking it at her 18th birthday. Although its popularity has waned in the past few years, up to 500,000 doses are still consumed every weekend.

2CB, also known as "nexus", "spectrum" or "bromo", is related to ecstasy and is becoming increasingly popular at festivals and outdoor raves. Costing £3 or £4 the hallucinogen, which is usually a white or pink tablet, heightens the user's visual imagery, body awareness and tactile sensitivity. It is often sold at raves in "party packs" with a ecstasy tablet. Taken half an hour after the ecstasy the 2CB gives extra hallucinogenic effects.

The side-effects of this new drug are unknown but there are fears of could long-term psychological damage. It is believed to be made in Britain, although most of it is almost certainly brought over from Europe.

Gary Woollett, drugs worker for the national drug and legal help line Release, said: "We have seen a gradual increase in the use of 2CB... particularly at festivals and outside events rather than in clubs."

Another newcomer on the drugs market is the ultra-strong DMT, which stands for dimethyltryptamine. It is a naturally occurring component of several plants found in the West Indies and South America, and has been used in snuff by South American Indians for centuries.

The modern DMT is chemically manufactured and costs £15 for a wrap. The powder is usually smoked with tobacco and has an immediate effect, increasing the heart rate and blood pressure. The powerful hallucinogenic effects last for about 30 minutes – hence its street name "businessman's lunch". The side effects include anxiety, panic and psychological problems.

The third substance is bliss, a form of the hallucinogenic LSD. It costs about £3 for a tab, which is usually ingested on blotting paper, and the effects last for four to eight hours. Drug agencies have noted its availability in Brighton and Bristol in the past six months. The side-effects are unknown.

Shops deny BSE profiteering

Glenda Cooper
Consumer Affairs
Correspondent

A row broke out yesterday as farmers claimed that they had seen the price of beef drop sharply since the BSE crisis, while supermarkets and butchers were keeping prices high.

But retailers immediately denied this, saying that their profit margins had been hit hard and that prices had come down to attract customers who had been made wary of beef.

Jim Watson, past president of the Livestock Auctioneers' Association and chairman of Midland Marts, said that the average price farmers could sell carcasses for had dropped from £1 a kilo last March before the BSE crisis, to 70-75p now. For a live animal, whose average weight was 600 kilos the average market price per kilo was now 90p compared to £1.20 18 months ago.

"It is not a level playing field and farmers are making very,

very substantial losses," said Mr Watson. "Supermarkets and butchers' shops have stayed at the same prices they were charging eighteen months ago. Prices in the shops have not gone down anything like they have come down in the market. If the farmers want to stay in business they have to go on producing meat for a good return. They don't like to see their animals losing money while someone is making a lot of profit."

But Duncan Sinclair, economics policy analyst at the Meat and Livestock Commission, said: "Retail prices in terms of changing are slower to change than producer prices. They don't move up and down so much."

And a spokeswoman for Sainsbury's said the supermarket was not making any more profit on beef. "Since BSE we can't use as much of the cow under the new rules, and so because we can use less of it we are paying less... we are not making any extra profit."

Johnnie 1520

news



Street drama: A dying foal knocked down by a car in Bishop Auckland vainly struggling to get to its legs as children and a police officer look on, powerless to help



Photographs: Nigel Whitfield; Northern Echo

Urban curse of the four-legged friend

Michael Streeter

For many residents they are a dangerous nuisance, for the owners a way of life. The growing problem of urban horses and ponies is the symbol of a culture clash between expanding populations and the desire of many to keep in touch with rural traditions.

Nowhere is this clash stronger than in Bishop Auckland, Co Durham, where in recent weeks two horses have been killed or had to be put down after collisions with cars.

Eighteen months ago an eight-week-old baby was bitten by a horse which forced its way through a garden fence, and there are numerous stories of the animals roaming through private gardens, along busy by-passes and even being raced up high streets.

The problem is now so seri-

ous that Wear Valley district council is studying new legislation passed in Dublin, where the phenomenon of urban ponies was featured in the film *The Commitments*.

Councillor Sonny Douthwaite, who is trying to find a solution, fears more injuries. "I'm angry about the loose horses on the road, which are an accident waiting to happen. It's an ever-growing problem." Like many, he recognises the cultural history of people owning horses while living in homes with little or no land. Some inherited the tradition as "residential" travellers, while others simply see it as a pastime.

For some people it's a hobby, like I keep racing pigeons," said Mr Douthwaite. "In the past I've even seen horse's heads sticking out of bedroom windows."

Now the horses - perhaps

more than fifty in the area - can be seen grazing on football pitches, scraps of land and in areas in the middle of busy residential housing estates.

Melanie Atkinson recalled how her son Dexter, then eight weeks old, was bitten on the hand when a pony oed to her garden fence outside broke

warned not to complain about the incident in a town where some of the owners are feared. Inspector Edgar, of the local police, agreed that to try to find some owners was like "finding needles in a haystack. We are seeing more and more horses on the road and with more traffic the likelihood of serious or fa-

Nothing will be done until someone gets killed in an accident

tal accidents is increasing." One problem is that current laws, including the 1980 Highway Act, are inadequate in dealing with the impounding of loose horses. Local authorities employ a horse catcher but often by the time he arrives the horses have gone. A mooted

solution is to create a designated horse impound, on the model of a car impound and charge owners £100 or more to retrieve their animals. Another is to find authority land where the horses, normally kept as pets, can be safely tethered. However, this approach has already foundered in St Helen Auckland, where residents objected to having the ponies imposed on them.

Some animal-welfare experts believe the growth in horse numbers comes from the decline in European markets for UK horse meat, to which some animals were sent, because of the BSE scare. There is also concern over ill-treatment of horses after an incident in which an owner kicked and dragged a dying pony after a car hit it.

Martin Taggart, director of welfare of the British Horse Society, believes the key is to ensure owners respect their animals. "This is a fester over the whole North-east area and is something we take extremely seriously. We want to encourage responsible horse ownership." Karl Metcalfe, whose father keeps horses, said the answer was to keep them as they did on rented farmland and keep proper control. "They don't need to be on the streets."

Another resident summed up their fears: "Nothing will be done until someone gets killed in an accident."

Irish plagued with cavalry of wild horses

By a series of new powers across the Irish Republic to crack the whip against urban cavalry of loose horses that terrorise motorists by crashing through wind screens or charging into toddlers at play.

The measures, being examined by local authorities in the North-east of England, include compulsory licensing and registration and microchip tagging.

Owners will be charged for impounded horses and wandering ponies seized a number of times may be sold or put down. A key change will be banning children under 16 from buying or owning horses.

Though city horses evoke images of devil-may-care adolescents and quirky equestrians of pie-bald nags grazing on front lawns such as seen in *The Commitments* and the children's film, *Adventure in the West*, the reality is often less comical.

Today "loose horses" wander on main Dublin roads and a regular feature on traffic bulletins. The city's horse population has been

estimated at close to 5,000.

The need for the new laws was driven by public anger at a series of horrific incidents in recent years. Several road accidents were caused by ponies running into toddlers when a child, suffered serious injuries after being dragged for 20 yards by a horse in Clon-dalkin in south-west Dublin.

Previous incidents have seen toddlers being kicked in the face.

The new laws were passed by the Dail in the New Year and will be enacted in the coming weeks. They will apply to urban centres rather than rural areas, so stud farms and working farm horses will not be affected.

Despite the clampdown, some claim benefits in city children learning about horses and in Dublin, experiments with stables in working-class areas have offered an alternative to the chaos of wandering ponies.

Alan Murdoch

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THE INDEPENDENT election '97

Let MPs vote on Euro job laws, Major urges Blair

PM's challenge assumes a Labour election win

Anthony Bevins
Political Editor

John Major yesterday challenged Tony Blair to put the European Social Chapter through the British Parliament, if Labour wins the election on 1 May. The challenge was curious because it suggested a belief that Mr Blair could well become Prime Minister.

But, most significantly, Mr Major was also urging the Labour leader to do something the Conservatives have never done themselves: retaining the sovereignty of the Westminster Parliament over European legislation.

Under the treaties of the European Union, European law is mainly initiated by the Brussels machinery, and once it is sanctioned by the Council of Ministers, it becomes supreme law – even to the point of over-riding existing Westminster statute.

The Conservative leader told his daily election press conference yesterday that the danger of the European Social Chapter favoured by Labour was that it would import high European unemployment into Britain, and that once Mr Blair had signed up to it, it would then be locked in for good.

Issuing his challenge to Mr Blair, the Prime Minister then added: "If he thinks it is right to go down the route of the Social Chapter and the Employment Chapter, and all this nonsense he talks about, which will damage our prosperity and our jobs, I make this challenge – Put it through the British Parliament if you are to win the general election."

"The British people can

then repeat it, so the British nation can then decide whether it's right, and if it fails the British Parliament can then repeal it."

"Put it through Europe, where it will not have proper debate, where it will have damaging effects on British interests, and it could not be repealed."

Thatcher's 'no' vote

Baroness Thatcher ignored John Major's appeals for the Tory party to rally round the Government on the euro.

When asked on a visit to an electronics company in Maldon, Essex, whether Britain should join a single currency, there came the vintage Thatcher response: "I invented the answer – No, No, No."

"It is like I have been saying to the candidates, are you trying to become a member of Parliament only to hand over the powers of Parliament to Brussels, a non-elected bureaucracy? ... There is now nearly a single currency... the dollar, it's not a single currency, it's a common currency."

"For what credible reason will he not put these vital measures through the British Parliament? If he believes in them, I believe that is what he should do, and I challenge him to say why he will not do it."

Mr Major was asked by *The Independent* why he had not put European legislation through the British Parliament in the same way, but he did not reply.

In fact, Mr Major's govern-

ment has even been criticised by the all-party Commons Committee on European Legislation for allowing law to be pushed through the Brussels machine – with the blessing of Mr Major's ministerial colleagues – without MPs being provided with up-to-date drafts in English.

Mr Major said on BBC television *Question Time* on Thursday night that the Social Chapter "hasn't got much in it at the moment, quite frankly."

But he warned: "It would open up the possibility of all sorts of elements of the European social model being legislated for in Britain by Qualified Majority Vote, but imposed upon British business, adding to their costs and costing us British jobs."

Opening the press conference, Mr Major for the third day running – put Europe at the top of his agenda, suggesting that the Conservative campaign considers there are net electoral gains to be made from the issue.

In a statement, Mr Major warned that European and British trade unionists were proposing to use European law to give power back to the unions "through Labour's sell-out" to Europe.

"If Labour won, the British government would have to negotiate every new employment law with the European trade unions."

"And British companies – perhaps as small as 50 employees – would have to agree how they ran their business with a union representative on their new works council."

"It might not be beer and sandwiches. More like beer and baguettes. But the danger would be just as great."



Cheers: The Prime Minister raises his glass during a visit to the new Bolton Wanderers soccer stadium yesterday

Photograph: Russell Boyce

Settling immortality's accounts

Peter Popham

As they sift the relics of the last years of the 20th century, archaeologists will be bewildered by the number of plaques, stones, memorials and markers bearing the name John Major and dated in April 1997.

On Wednesday he and Lady Thatcher unveiled a plaque in a building completed long ago. Yesterday Mr Major laid a stone in the wall of a stadium 18 months away from getting a roof, and as yet unnamed.

Like yesterday's sudden eruption of ennoblement, this flurry of setting and unveiling and commemorating is an understandable impulse, a final fling at the levers of power and immortality while they are still within his reach. The only plausible explanation for the Prime Minister's persistently sunny demeanour during the

campaign is that he is already demob happy. In this mood he ranges the country, leaving his mark of ownership on every lamp post. For the one unchallengeable advantage the Tories have over Labour is that they have been in power for 18 years. Whatever has been done, has been done under them.

The nameless stadium, provisionally known as "Reebok", will be the new home for Bolton Wanderers, the phoenix of Northern football. Established in 1874 and a founding member of the Football League, it spent years in the doldrums but has bounced back this year. Completion of the stadium later this year will clinch a glorious spell for the club, whatever they decide to call it. Everything Mr Major goes near these days is the biggest, the best, the most something or other in Europe. "Reebok" is

boasted to be Europe's most expensive new football stadium. It will not, however, bankrupt the club, because it is lavishly set about with retail units, leisure facilities, a multiplex cinema, housing and even factories. Four miles out of Bolton's original centre, it is the snake sloughing its Victorian skin and starting over. Fans of the Trotters, as the club is known, come out and sit on benches here just to watch the stadium being built. It's a relief and a surprise to find a new Tory structure that is not dotted with weathervanes and finished to look like a child-size Tudor manor house. "Reebok" is a heroic structure, with massive steel masts and curving roof members and no discernible reference to any period earlier than the 20th century. In its present state it looks like a giant game of cat's cradle. But of course it's not really a

Tory structure at all, having been developed by an alliance of the football club and the Labour-controlled council with a developer. So Mr Major's hijacking of it was a cheek, though one connived at by the club itself. As photo opportunities go, it was particularly facile, as Mr Major could not even bring himself to kick a ball, let alone engage in a bout of heading with the legendary Nat Lofthouse, Bolton's president and still the club's highest goal-scorer, the man who sealed the 1953 FA Cup victory by shoving the Manchester United goalkeeper over the line (or so it was alleged). Tony Blair's brilliant career in the popularity ratings, reporters recalled, can be dated to his heading bout with Kevin Keegan. Might not Mr Major have pulled off a similar coup? Possibly, but he wasn't going to chance it.

Tories take cash bait from millionaire foe of EMU

Christian Wolmar

Paul Sykes, the multi-millionaire who is funding Tory candidates opposed to the single currency, predicted yesterday that all but around 30 of those eligible will take up his offer of support.

Mr Sykes is giving between £1,000 and £3,000 to the constituency associations of MPs who say they are opposed to a single currency in their election addresses.

He is only giving money to the associations of the 344 seats where Tories won last time and he says that by last night 230 had accepted his offer. "With around 80 ministers who have to follow the party line, that leaves fewer than 30 MPs and

Sykes predicts most candidates will accept his aid to stop march of federalism

candidates who agree with the wait and see policy," he said. "I am doing this out of love for my countrymen. I think ordinary people are having a rotten deal."

The miner's son from Barnsley who made a fortune in various businesses, including selling second hand buses, property and now information technology, regrets having stood down as Conservative candidate in the town over concerns that he would divide the party on Europe.

He said: "It is clear that nearly all MPs agree with me that we should rule out a single

currency and rule it out now. It is a project being pushed forward by bureaucrats and technocrats, and politicians are just being dragged along."

Mr Sykes is a self-made man who in his youth was a socialist but he became disillusioned by the culture created by dependency on the state: "My mother saved up to get a new door and fireplace on her council house. But when the local councillor, Comrade so-and-so, saw the door, the council made her take it off because it was different from the others. They let her keep the fireplace, though."

He left school at 15 and took a job as a bottle packer but found that he wasn't allowed to work overtime because of union rules. This led him to cross the political divide.

His first business was selling old buses to Third World countries and he became a millionaire by the age of 24. He is now 53 and worth "at least three figures" of millions.

Mr Sykes says his gesture in supporting candidates is to help stimulate debate in the party, and not to try to buy favour: "They haven't changed their stance because of my money. They know the feeling of people

they are meeting out there and they know ordinary people do not want a federal Europe. All debate is being stifled. Maastricht was a rotten deal."

Despite being a businessman in a sphere which is international, Mr Sykes has absolutely no truck with the arguments in favour of a single currency. "The single currency is not just about going abroad without having to change money. It's about creating a federal Europe. Chancellor Kohl is quite straight about that. There is no example in the world where you have a sovereign country which doesn't have its

own currency. Commons sense tells you that it will ultimately become a single currency."

He is not, however, anti-Europe: "Germany is one of the biggest investors here. I want free trade, not a federal Europe."

Mr Sykes, who retains his strong Yorkshire accent and a typically blunt view of the world, lives in a 17th-century manor house in North Yorkshire with his wife and the two youngest of his children. He says he will not pass on any of his wealth to them: "I am not going to leave them any money. I don't want to ruin their lives."



Sykes: 'I am doing this out of love for my countrymen'

THE HURRIED VOTER'S GUIDE

THE CAMPAIGN

While John Major returned, for the third consecutive day, to Europe, Labour and the Liberal Democrats preferred to concentrate on law and order; one of the issues that many voters say they are very concerned about.

At the first press conference of the day, Alan Beth, the Liberal Democrats' home affairs spokesman, proposed measures to combat juvenile crime. The package included developing schemes to identify disruptive children at an early stage, a national truancy watch scheme, and the establishment of a voluntary citizen's service for young people; providing up to two years' community service.

Jack Straw, Labour's spokesman, proposed swift action to reform the Crown Prosecution Service, with an independent review of structures, policies and procedures to be completed within a year of the party taking office.

Labour is proposing a chief crown prosecutor, a sort of US-style district attorney, for each police force area in the country, to help reverse "the steady decline in the number of convictions since the 1980s". But Michael Howard said "Jack Straw clearly does not understand the changes we have already made to de-centralise the CPS", adding that only the Conservatives would take the tough measures needed on crime.

KEY ARGUMENTS

Gordon Brown, the shadow Chancellor, again attacked the Liberal Democrats' tax-and-spend policies – a reflection of the frustration Labour is feeling with the "chattering class" perception that Paddy Ashdown and his party represent a new radicalism. He also said that yesterday's Conservative advert depicting Tony Blair as a puppet on Chancellor Kohl's knee was an act of "desperation".

The Liberal Democrats supported the idea of tactical voting to try and out the Conservatives, with campaign manager Lord Holme saying: "We as Liberal Democrats always had the quandary of the British voting system, and within these constraints we want people to cast an effective vote. There is no doubt for many people in many constituencies their overriding wish is to get rid of this shambling government."

John Major's argument on Europe was an echo of Margaret Thatcher's famous Bruges speech from the late 1980s. She said she had not rolled back the frontiers of the state, to have socialism return through the back door of Brussels. Mr Major said the trades unions were poised to use Europe as a route to return to their old ways.

GOOD DAY

Last week, Paddy Ashdown said he looked forward to "being able to declare 'we are a granddaddy' in the near future. Yesterday he did so, as he made plans to visit his new grandson, who was born on Thursday in Burgundy. Ashdown is going to France today, and is expected to be able to step off the campaign trail: "I will be scampering off there as fast as I can, and it's going to be a private visit," he said.

Stephen Phipps, a Liberal Democrat MP, clearly couldn't wait. On Thursday's *ITV 24* show, he said he needed a heart transplant. Any doctor cannot control the hospital which transfused him. Phipps yesterday protested that he was only speaking up for patient choice, but Mrs Whitaker later expressed a desire to "smack him in the mouth".

ONE TO REMEMBER

14-year-old "Tory Boy" Thomas Goodhead launched headlong into the world of politics yesterday morning, phoning the BBC Radio 4's *Election Call* programme to berate John Prescott. He accused Labour of abandoning its principles to get votes. Although a descendant of Aneurin Bevan, he added that his aim was to go "right to the top" of the Tory party, emulating the success of William Hague who spoke as a teenager at a party conference.

BAD DAY

Chancellor Helmut Kohl of Germany featured prominently in the media yesterday, thanks to a Conservative advertisement which showed him controlling a ventriloquist's dummy in the shape of Tony Blair. "It is unfair to bring the German Chancellor into the British election campaign like this," said Peter Hirtze, general secretary of Kohl's CDU party. "Even allowing for the special nature of the British sense of humour, I don't think it's fair play."

The Green Party declared a campaign of direct action against the BBC after a leaked memo showed programme makers had been ordered to give it minimal coverage. Spokesman Peter Barnett said the BBC saw the Greens as a party for "woolly hats, sandals and beards." Meanwhile

anti-racist groups condemned the BBC for approving a BNP party election broadcast which advocates the repatriation of non-whites, and capital punishment. Lee Jasper, of the National Black Alliance said: "Taxpayers' money is going to be used to resource a race hate campaign against black British citizens."

HOGWASH

Michael Heseltine: "John Major is the man who has actually got the economy that is the envy of the European Union... this guy has presided over it in a way that ought to be a matter of huge public acclaim as opposed to a daily feeding fever by the media". Major also described the EU negotiation, saying of Chancellor Kohl: "I've sat around the table with him. He's a doctory fighter, a tough fighter."

THE OTHER PARTIES

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MEDIA STAR

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مكتبة من الأصول

SATURDAY 19 APRIL 1997

John Rentoul on wooing the expatriates

Maybe this is what the 56 per cent of Britons who are bored by the election campaign should have done. Members of Conservatives Abroad in the Algarve, in Portugal, have arranged for party workers in Britain to cast proxy votes on their behalf, while they watch the election results on a large-screen television at an all-night party at the Hotel Garbe. "Running finger buffet and pay bar, 2,500 Escudos [£9] per person," says the invitation.

But Tory expatriate election-night parties seem likely to be overshadowed by Labour celebrations in such unlikely places as Hollywood, Cyprus, South Africa and Australia. The New York Labour branch is holding a champagne party in the trendy SoHo brasserie. Pravda.

The Tory plan to mobilise two million potential voters abroad has fizzled out, according to figures released by the Office for National Statistics.

A total of only 23,583 expats have registered for the election – an average of just 36 in each constituency. Even if, as Labour used to fear, expats are overwhelmingly right-leaning in their politics, they are unlikely to tip the result even in a single constituency. Only the Tory-held Vale of Glamorgan was decided by a margin smaller

than this (19 votes) at the last election.

Labour has repeatedly accused the Government of changing the law for party political advantage. The law was first changed in 1985 to allow UK citizens living abroad to vote in British parliamentary and European elections. Conservatives Abroad was formed the following year, and now claims 4,000 members in 49 branches around the world, including 13 in Spain and four in Portugal.


The law was amended in 1989 to include those who had left the country up to 20 years ago, rather than 10 years. And it was changed again last year, to give expats a tax incentive to register to vote. Registering can no longer be used by the In-

can no longer be used by the United Revenue as one of the factors to decide domicile for tax purposes. Expats who are "domiciled" in Britain have to pay inheritance tax on their worldwide assets when they die. The move, condemned by Labour as "a blatant tax bribe", proved unsuccessful in encouraging more expats to register.

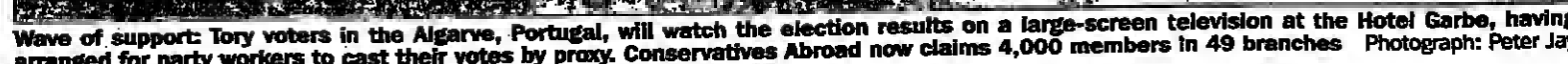
Malcolm Dumper, elections officer for Southampton city council, said: "Overseas registrations have gone down in recent years."

may not vote by post, but can appoint a "proxy" to vote on their behalf in the constituency in which they last lived, and all the main parties offer to find party workers who can fulfil this function.

Art Malik, the Labour-supporting actor, says: "The largest expat community in the world is in Santa Monica. It is full of people who say that if Labour gets in, they're not going back. You just look at them and say: 'But the Conservatives are in and you're not there!' "



UK citizens living abroad



Goldsmith loses broadcast plea

The Referendum Party yesterday failed in a High Court attempt to win more party political broadcasts in the run-up to the general election.

Two judges rejected accusations by multi-millionaire Sir James Goldsmith's party that it had been "unfairly and unlawfully" limited to one five-minute broadcast.

They dismissed applications for judicial review brought against the BBC and the Independent Television Commission, which had upheld ITV's decision not to allocate more air time.

Lord Justice Auld, sitting with Mr Justice Popplewell, said: "For reasons that we shall give in reserved judgments next week, both of these applications are refused."

Asked if there would be an appeal, a Referendum Party spokesman said: "We are naturally disappointed, but we will consider the judges' reasons and then discuss with our legal advisers the next stage."

Anne Sloman, the BBC's chief political adviser said: "We are absolutely delighted that in reaching their judgment their lordships acknowledged that our decision-making process was entirely proper and fair."

During the one-day hearing, Geoffrey Robertson QC, for the Referendum Party, argued it

was a serious contender in the race to form the next Government. It was fielding 547 candidates, yet the three main parties had been given up to 10 times as much air time.

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election '97

A long day's wait and the Prime Minister's answer on Europe deflates 'Question Time' audience

They quizzed Major, but prefer Prescott

Paul McCann
Media Correspondent

Question Time's producers are based in the same suite of offices as the Wandsworth Job Club. But proximity to south London's unemployed is not allowed to influence the television production company's selection of Q&T's audience - even if the Home Office minister Ann Widdecombe maintained once that Labour voters must be pretending to be Tories in order to get on and heckle her.

The audience for Thursday night's election Q&T with John Major were the lucky ones. Capron Productions, which has been making Q&T for the last three years, estimates that each year more than 30,000 people apply to be in the audience.

But this audience is a tired, harassed lot. For security reasons, Thursday night's show was switched from studios at London Bridge to BBC Television Centre at the last minute and the recording delayed.

Unlike the usual Q&Ts which travel the country, the audience has come from all over the country and had been waiting for hours in the BBC's audience reception centre. For obscure reasons of fire safety the reception centre doesn't have enough chairs for them all.

"He's getting very bored," says worried producer Sue Ayling, indicating a tall man in a backing jacket and Liberal Democrat sticker. "I think he's a Tory," she says oddly.

The Q&T audience strongly disproves smart media assumptions about electoral apathy. These people are refreshingly serious about who runs the country.

Before coming Julie Page, 34, from Redcar asked amongst her friends to see what they would ask the prime minister: "I feel quite a responsibility," she said, "because I'm representing a



Airing their views: David Dimbleby warming up the Question Time audience before John Major (above) finally makes his appearance Photographs: BBC

“That was very boring and very disappointing. But I did get on the telly”

lot of people." She also read more newspapers and tried to keep up with the election, but she was a political animal anyway. "I shout at the screen every week," she says.

Others are hoping to get their question asked so they can alter the nature of the debate: "The environment just has not been mentioned," said Rachel Jennings, 27, a member of Friends of the Earth from Leicester. "I wanted to make sure it gets some airing in the media."

Her partner, Tony Thapar, 27, is another shouter. "Heseline, definitely. He makes me swear at the telly."

Mr Boulton, 45, a road accident specialist from near Stoke-

on-Trent, takes his love of televised politics a step further. "I record the news if I think I'm going to miss it," he says. As a Tory Mr Boulton is sorry about being on when John Major is the guest because he doesn't want to "bowl him any low balls".

Eventually the audience is allowed into the studio and a Mr Stirling-Whyte enquires about how to get into the front row. "They're all getting it taped at home you know," says one of the producers.

Settling into their seats the audience indulges in mass hair-pulling, lipstick-applying, and tie-straightening.

But still no sign of John Major. Instead we watch a "best of

video of Q&T from the last three years to get in the mood. This is standard practice at every Q&T, but the grilling ministers are given on the tape, about everything from the Scott report to BSE, probably just serves to remind the audience of the shambles the night's guest has presided over.

Few of the audience come expecting to be won over, but there are moments of the kind of voter clarity that gets lost in opinion polls. "I came because I'm working for the Liberal Democrats," says Katie Path, 20, a politics student at the University of Greenwich, "but if Major convinces me he could sort out Northern Ireland I would vote for him. I feel very

strongly about getting peace there."

After a warm-up with some BBC executives, nine lucky people are told their question will be one of those asked direct to the prime minister.

The studio manager then juggles around whole rows, swapping the questioners in their seats. This is supposedly for the benefit of boom mikes and cameras, but you can tell everyone suspects there is some aesthetic censorship going on.

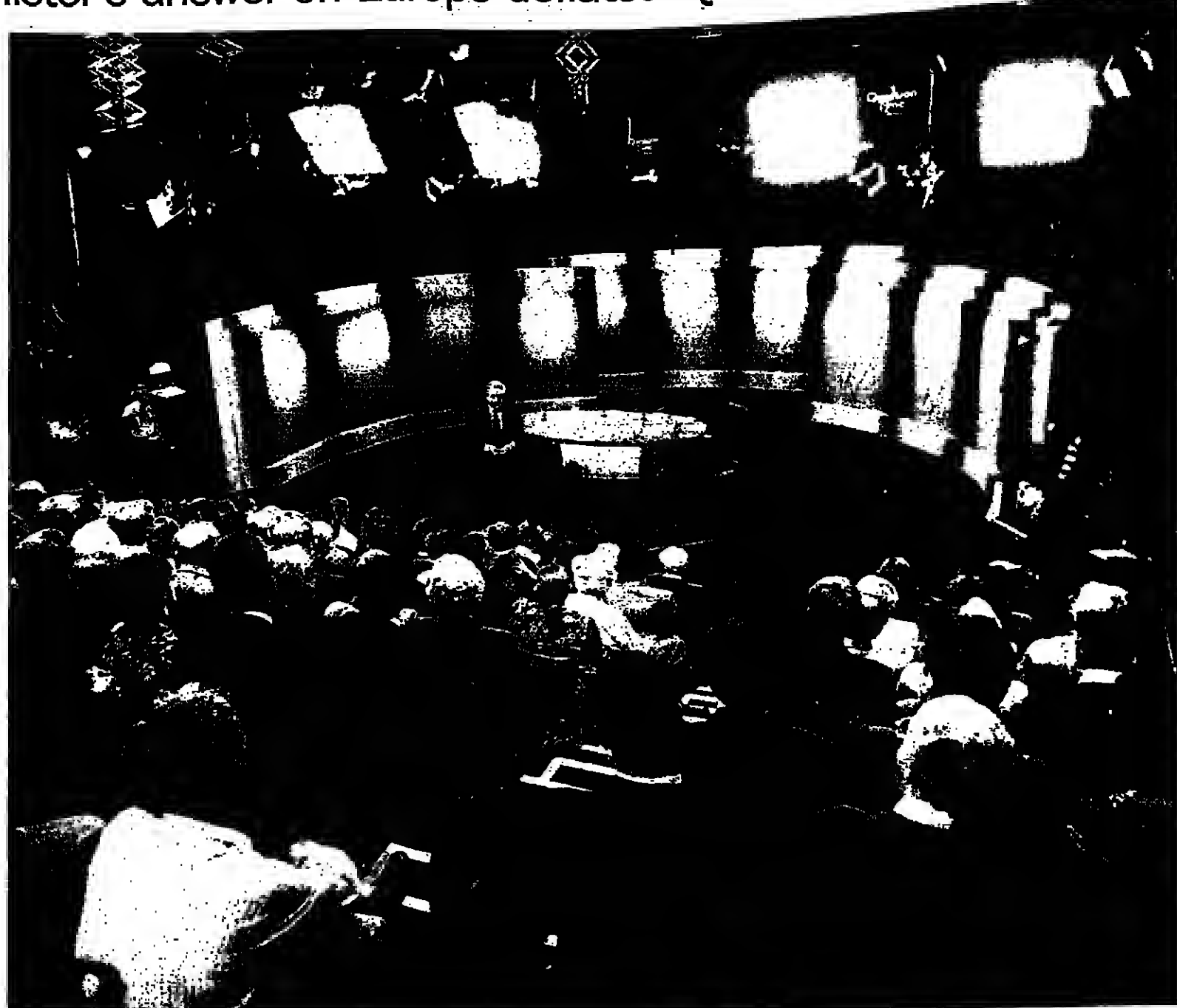
Mr Stirling-Whyte cuds up in a middle row. One woman sitting behind someone whose question will be asked looks pleased. She'll be on screen, but won't have to worry throughout

the programme about fluffing her lines.

Eventually, after a slight nervous hesitation in the wings, Mr Major appears.

He need not have worried. Most of the audience has been on the hoof since lunchtime and it is now 10.30pm. They are tired and for his first 20 minutes Mr Major tackles the intricacies of Conservative policy on Europe. After that the wind is well and truly out of the audience's sails.

"That was very boring and very disappointing," says Rachel Jennings afterwards. But she did get a question in. "So I did get on the telly." But on the whole most of the people spoken to by *The Independent* would rather have seen John Prescott.



A viewers' institution

Question Time was first transmitted on 25 September 1979, and since then has become a political institution. Broadcast every Thursday evening on BBC1 during the political season, it allows members of the public to put their questions to politicians and key people from a variety of spheres.

Question Time is broadcast from all parts of the country, as well as from Washington and Paris.

It has the largest audience of any political discussion programme - around 4 million, and a studio audience of 200, who are able to cast their vote electronically on a range of issues. There have been more than 1,700 panelists since the programme began.

The programme has been presented by David Dimbleby since January 1994. His predecessors were Peter Sissons (1989-1993) and Sir Robin Day (1979-89).

QUOTES OF THE DAY

You're not in Nigeria. You can't buy policies with cash here you know - *Millionaire Paul Sykes, who offered to help pay election expenses for Tory candidates opposed to the Government's 'wait-and-see' policy on Europe*

I have had communications with my grandson. It was not a soundbite, I can assure. - *Paddy Ashdown on the new family member*

There are only four parties seeking government, and the Referendum Party is one of them - *Referendum Party lawyer Geoffrey Robertson QC argues for more election broadcasts*

It did not occur to me that Mr Dorrell would come out with what he said. I was in shock. - *Pet Whittaker, responding to a suggestion that she change to a fundholding GP in order to secure a heart bypass operation*

Good heavens no! ... I have been saying to the candidates, are you trying to become a member of Parliament only to hand over the powers of Parliament to Brussels, a non-elected bureaucracy? I invented the answer - No, no, no. - *Lady Thatcher, asked whether Britain should enter the single currency*

We are going to make the most comprehensive attack on crime this country has seen - *Tony Blair's party election broadcast*

We were unable to have nurses here because they were specifically told they would lose their jobs - *Local councillor Jean Smith explains why there were no nurses at a Liberal Democrat campaign meeting in Chard*

Puerile - *Edwina Currie's opinion of the Conservatives' "dummy" adverts* Compiled by Sam Coates

Gummer vaunts his green credentials

Nicholas Schoon
Environment Correspondent

Funny things happen in election campaigns. Ministers can be galvanised into dramatic state interventions which are extremely rare and unusual the rest of the time.

Take the case of John Gummer, Secretary of State for the Environment. He has just slapped a Nature Conservation Order on an environmentally precious patch of chalk downland in East Sussex to stop a farmer ploughing it up to plant flax.

It is only the fourth such order to protect an officially designated wildlife site that he has made in his four years in the job. He did so after Friends of the Earth highlighted the threat to the orchid and butterfly-rich patch of countryside on the South Downs near Lewes last week, and the Labour Party and the Liberal Democrats became very agitated.

Stranger still is the fact that English Nature, the government agency which is its official adviser on these matters, had earlier decided that the threatened part of this particular Site of Special Scientific Interest was not of "National Importance" - so it was not worth asking Mr Gummer to



intervene to save it.

Mr Gummer asked English Nature to think again about its advice to him - very quickly and very hard. Now, it appears, the advice has changed. "Significant populations" of two wildflowers, both very rare in the United Kingdom - the bastard toadflax and the round-headed

covered at the site. And so he has decided to grant a Nature Conservation Order.

That means Farmer Justin Harmer is forbidden from ploughing the grassland for nine months while he carries on negotiating with English Nature about how the land should be managed.

He had already ploughed

part of it, because the European Union cash subsidies he can get for planting flax are much more generous than British government farm subsidies for protecting wildlife - and English Nature declined to pay anything like enough to make up the difference.

Yesterday English Nature declined to say anything about

the site or its advice to Mr Gummer or the site "because this has become a political matter, and as a government agency we can't get involved in politics during an election."

But the secretary of state's unusual request for English Nature to reconsider the matter caused anxiety within the organisation - and a flurry of

Precious flower: The field at Offham farm which is home to rare species of flora and fauna Photograph: Andrew Burman

tense exchanges between its Peterborough headquarters and its local office which covers the South Downs area. "We're not enjoying this at all," said one of its staff.

The Department of the Environment, which also takes extra care to be non-political during election campaigns, said: "Information has only recently become available to justify the site as being of national importance."

However unusual all this has been, the fact is that Mr Gummer has saved a wildlife site in the full glare of election publicity. Friends of the Earth is delighted - while still fulminating against the legal loopholes and warped subsidies which still allow similar sites to be threatened.

The coding gets even happier. Yesterday, Farmer Harmer decided to help environmental protesters unplug the part of the site he had already damaged. They are turning the turves cut by the plough grass-side up again, in the hope that the flowers will survive.

Trusts accused of gagging nurses' voice

Barrie Clement

Health Trusts throughout Britain came under fire yesterday for refusing to allow nurses to make their voices heard at the hustings.

Trust employees all over the country have been prevented from contributing to local debate by "gagging" clauses in their contracts.

In Chard, Somerset, Paddy Ashdown attacked senior administrators at the local hospital for preventing nurses from participating in a public meeting on health.

On Thursday Mr Ashdown claimed he was stopped from visiting the Ambulance Trust for Broom by management who said they did not want their staff

involving themselves in politics. Mr Ashdown said: "The same thing has happened wherever we've been on the campaign. That's why we have not seen any nurses at our discussions on health. This gagging is outrageous and interferes with the democratic rights of nurses."

Both the Liberal Democrat and Labour argue that such bans can only benefit the Government, which is aware of low morale in the service.

Jean Smith, a Liberal Democrat councillor in Chard, asked nurses at Taunton and Somerset NHS Trust to join an "open circle" on health presided over by Mr Ashdown. Initially she received a favourable response. "Nurses and managers were

quite willing. Then I received a phone call from a senior administrator who told me that it would not be possible. I contacted a nurse in another Trust and she said it was more than her job was worth."

The open circle, involving doctors, pharmacists and other health experts, went ahead in the absence of nursing representatives.

Local GP Dr Kate Staveley told Mr Ashdown that the staffing was so low at a local community hospital that patients were better off at home.

"One of my patients went to the hospital because we were unable to find out what was wrong with her. But she stopping drinking there and became dehydrated. She

developed horrendous bed sores because the nurse was unable to look after her and ensure she had enough to drink. Her niece agreed to look after her at home and within a fortnight she was much better."

Edith Hurr, a 67-year-old confined to a wheelchair, told the meeting that on the top floor of the community hospital there was only one qualified nurse for 25 patients.

"If someone had a cardiac, the other 24 would have to fend for themselves," he said.

Mr Ashdown asked the meeting what they would do if they were Health Secretary Stephen Dorrell for a day. Most emphasised the need for better health education.

One doctor said that the medical profession were being overburdened with trivial ailments and that patients should be taught to look after themselves unless there was a serious problem.

Edward McNally, chief executive of the Taunton and Somerset NHS Trust, said he had issued no special instructions to prevent employees attending the meeting, but his organisation abided by a circular which had been issued by the Department of Health.

Mr McNally said the advice was that NHS staff should remain politically impartial. They should not appear at political meetings in a professional capacity especially at election times. He said the circular had been issued some years ago.



Ashdown: "It's an outrageous violation of nurses' rights"

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Cabinet slow to back embattled Netanyahu

Patrick Cockburn
Jerusalem

As Benjamin Netanyahu, the Israeli Prime Minister, waits to see if he will be put on trial there were signs yesterday that his support is fraying in his cabinet and governing coalition.

On Sunday Mr Netanyahu will learn if the attorney general, Elyakim Rubinstein, and the state attorney, Edna Arbel, agree with the police recommendation that he should be indicted with three of his associates. The police alleged this week that the prime minister had helped criminal suspects to appoint their own candidate as Israel's chief prosecutor.

It is unlikely that Mr Netanyahu himself will be indicted, the Israeli press said yesterday, but he is likely to be the target of a damning report on his behaviour. The daily *Yediot Aharnot* says the state attorney's

office is divided on the advisability of an indictment. It says that three senior officials are in favour and three are against, including the state attorney herself.

If Mr Netanyahu is not indicted the decision will certainly be challenged in the High Court which could decide that the prime minister will be prosecuted. The weakness of the case against him is that it depends on the evidence of Dan Ayalon, the former lawyer of Ariel Deri, the leader of the religious party Shas, who is on trial for corruption. Mr Deri is accused of seeking the appointment of Roni Bar-On, an obscure party loyalist, as attorney general in order to influence the outcome of his trial.

Mr Netanyahu faces two political dangers, even if he is not indicted. Members of his cabinet have been slow to come to his defence and their efforts sound a little grudging. Many are

old rivals of the prime minister. Dan Meridor, the Finance Minister, is reported to have said that it is hard to believe Mr Netanyahu will be wholly cleared.

Two of the parties forming the government coalition might withdraw support. The Third Way, a splinter group from the Labour party with four seats in the 120-seat Knesset, is restive. Yehuda Harel, one of its leaders, said: "If it becomes clear that there are serious improprieties so far as democracy and the public are concerned, then we won't be able to support the government and will call for early elections."

Natan Sharansky, the leader of the Russian immigrants' party with seven seats, is on bad terms with the prime minister, once a close friend. When the scandal broke in January he said that "if only 10 per cent of the allegations" turned out to be true the government should

fall. He claims that in cabinet he voted for Mr Bar-On "because I trusted Netanyahu, and he betrayed me".

Mr Netanyahu continues to insist that he did nothing wrong. His tactic is to portray the police investigation as politically inspired. "At the heart of this matter is a political campaign," said Dan Naveh, the cabinet secretary. "The public in Israel wanted (this) government, and now there is an assault trying to change this."

This attack on the investigators is unlikely to do Mr Netanyahu much good. An opinion poll in *Yediot Aharnot* shows that 52 per cent of Israelis believe the police behaved professionally and honestly. A quarter of those asked thought the prime minister should resign now, 20 per cent that he should resign if indicted and 52 per cent only if he convicted by a court.



Benjamin Netanyahu with his wife Sarah, and President Ezer Weizman (right) at the funeral in Jerusalem yesterday of the former Israeli president, Chaim Herzog. Photograph: Nati Hamik/AP

Missing plane 'has no link with Oklahoma bomb'

Mary Dejevsky
Washington

With rumours still flying thick and fast about the mysterious disappearance of an A-10 fighter plane over the western United States, no less a figure than the chairman of the armed forces chiefs of staff, General John Shalikashvili, has found it necessary to reject one of the more bizarre theories advanced.

The four-star general, the Pentagon's most senior military officer, said he had been following the search for the plane with interest, but did not see any connection between the missing plane and the bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City two years ago. "I do not have enough information," he said, "to lead me to believe that there's somehow a connection between that incident in Oklahoma City ... and the disappearance of this airplane."

Gen Shalikashvili did, however, say that security was being increased around the Denver courthouse, where jury selection is in progress for the trial of Timothy McVeigh, the man accused of masterminding the bombing. Today is the second anniversary of the attack, which killed 168 people, and also the fourth anniversary of the Waco disaster, in which 80 people died when FBI officers tried to storm the Branch Davidian compound.

Interestingly, the general also confirmed that additional security measures had been introduced at the North American Aerospace Defence Command in Colorado because there had

been "an indication" of a security threat to the installation.

General Shalikashvili's denial was a response to speculation that the pilot of the missing A-10, Captain Craig Butler, stole the plane - which was armed with four bombs - in order to stage some spectacular action for the Oklahoma City anniversary. This theory assumes that Capt Butler may have sympathised with the illegal right-wing militia group with which Timothy McVeigh was supposedly involved - something that has been vigorously denied by those who knew him.

Theories such as this, and the even more far-fetched idea that Capt Butler's A-10 might have been abducted by aliens, proliferate on the Internet. The problem for the military is that information about heightened security seems only to support the theories, and as yet the air force has been unable to produce any compelling evidence to refute them.

Despite deploying the most sophisticated search techniques, including U2 spy planes and AWACS aircraft, it has failed to trace the plane, which went missing on 2 April after breaking away from a routine training exercise over Arizona. Air force officials blame the thick snow in the region of Eagle, Colorado, where some say they heard a possible plane crash at the time the plane would have run out of fuel. The air force now says, however, that it has no "seismic indications" of a crash in the area and will call off the search until the snow melts if nothing is found by Tuesday.



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significant shorts

Asylum-seeking Iraqi held at Heathrow

The Government says it is detaining an opponent of Iraqi President Saddam Hussein at Heathrow airport while it considers his application for political asylum in Britain. Masan al-Jabouri is leader of the Damascus-based Iraqi Homeland Party which wants to overthrow President Saddam. The party expressed concern over Mr al-Jabouri's detention. He has been held by immigration authorities since he arrived at Heathrow on Monday from Syria. AP - London

Korean talks delay

North Korea delayed the resumption of talks with US and South Korean officials yesterday as expanded peace negotiations that would include all three countries and China. "We understand they are consulting with their capital and that is not inconsistent with diplomatic negotiations," a US State Department official said of the North Koreans' delay. The official earlier expressed optimism that North Korea would agree to the four-way talks first proposed a year ago. AP - New York

Congress breaks impasse

The Congress Party in India removed a major stumbling block to forming a new government yesterday, telling the president it will support a United Front government, but with a new prime minister. AP - New Delhi

French doctors arrested

Paris police detained 15 striking junior hospital doctors yesterday after a demonstration against government plans to reduce health spending. Reuters - Paris

Palestinians forced to Libya

Armed Libyan policemen and soldiers forced more than 200 Palestinian refugees to leave their camp on the Libyan-Egyptian border and to go back to Libya, Egyptian security officials said. The Palestinians were deported to the camp in 1995 at the order of Libyan leader Moammar Gaddafi. Reuters - Salloum Gaddafi

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Sun king of Sin City rises above bribery charge

Mary Braid
Johannesburg

Sol Kerzner, the multi-millionaire who laid the foundations of his international casino empire in apartheid South Africa's re-viled black homelands, is at the centre of a political storm after bribery charges against him were dropped.

For Mr Kerzner, 61, who seemed to suggest last month that he was just too rich to face prosecution, the decision by Christo Nel, attorney general for Transkei, to drop his decade-long campaign to bring Mr Kerzner to court is a vindication of his innocence.

But others claim that political pressure has helped to free Mr Kerzner of allegations that in 1986 he gave a ruler of the Transkei - one of the nine "independent" homelands in which blacks were condemned to live under apartheid - a bribe of 2m rand (£286,000) to secure exclusive gambling rights.

Last year, Bantu Holomisa, a former ANC minister and one-time favourite son of President Nelson Mandela, was expelled from the ANC after repeating allegations that Stel-

la Sigcau, the public enterprises minister, had received a cut of Mr Kerzner's alleged bribe.

He then went further, claiming that senior ANC members - including Thabo Mbeki, the deputy president - had accepted favours from Mr Kerzner, and, in 1994, that the magnate made a 2m rand pre-election donation to the ANC, along with a polite request that the criminal charges against him be reassessed.

After initial ANC denials, President Mandela admitted that he personally received the donation from Mr Kerzner. Oddly, the President said no one else in the party knew about it.

Mr Nel insists his decision is free of political pressure and is the result of new evidence which weakens the state's chance of a successful prosecution.

He has refused to elaborate. Mr Holomisa said yesterday that Mr Nel owed South Africans a full explanation.

"Let us hope he dropped the charges on his own and not through political pressure," he said.

A month ago Mr Nel failed in attempts to have Mr Kerzner extradited to South Africa from the United Kingdom. Nor did he

fare any better with David Bloomberg, the former mayor of Cape Town and an alleged accomplice.

Mr Holomisa, struggling to form a new opposition party since being cast out by the ANC, warned that those he had accused should not relax yet.

"This case will continue to

haunt those who were recipients of Sol Kerzner's favours," he said.

The removal of the threat of legal action has come at a crucial time for Mr Kerzner, most famous for Sun City (Sin City to critics who accuse him of collaborating with apartheid), the spectacular gambling complex,

complete with synthetic beach and luxurious jungle-covered "lost city", set in the midst of the arid poverty-ridden plains of the former homeland of Bophuthatswana. Since South Africa's transition, his empire, once cramped by international anti-apartheid action, has grown at a phenomenal rate. Mr

Kerzner now has gambling complexes in the Bahamas, Mauritius and France. Last year he teamed up with a North American Indian reservation to open a £180m casino complex.

But attempts by the main

once so National Party-friendly, has made chums with the ANC. One caller to a local radio chat show yesterday quoted an old Xhosa proverb - a dog with a bone in its mouth does not bark. The caller said Sol Kerzner had ensured both the National Party and the ANC got their bones.

lucrative New Jersey have been stalled by the pending case in South Africa. The disappearance of charges almost certainly means full steam ahead.

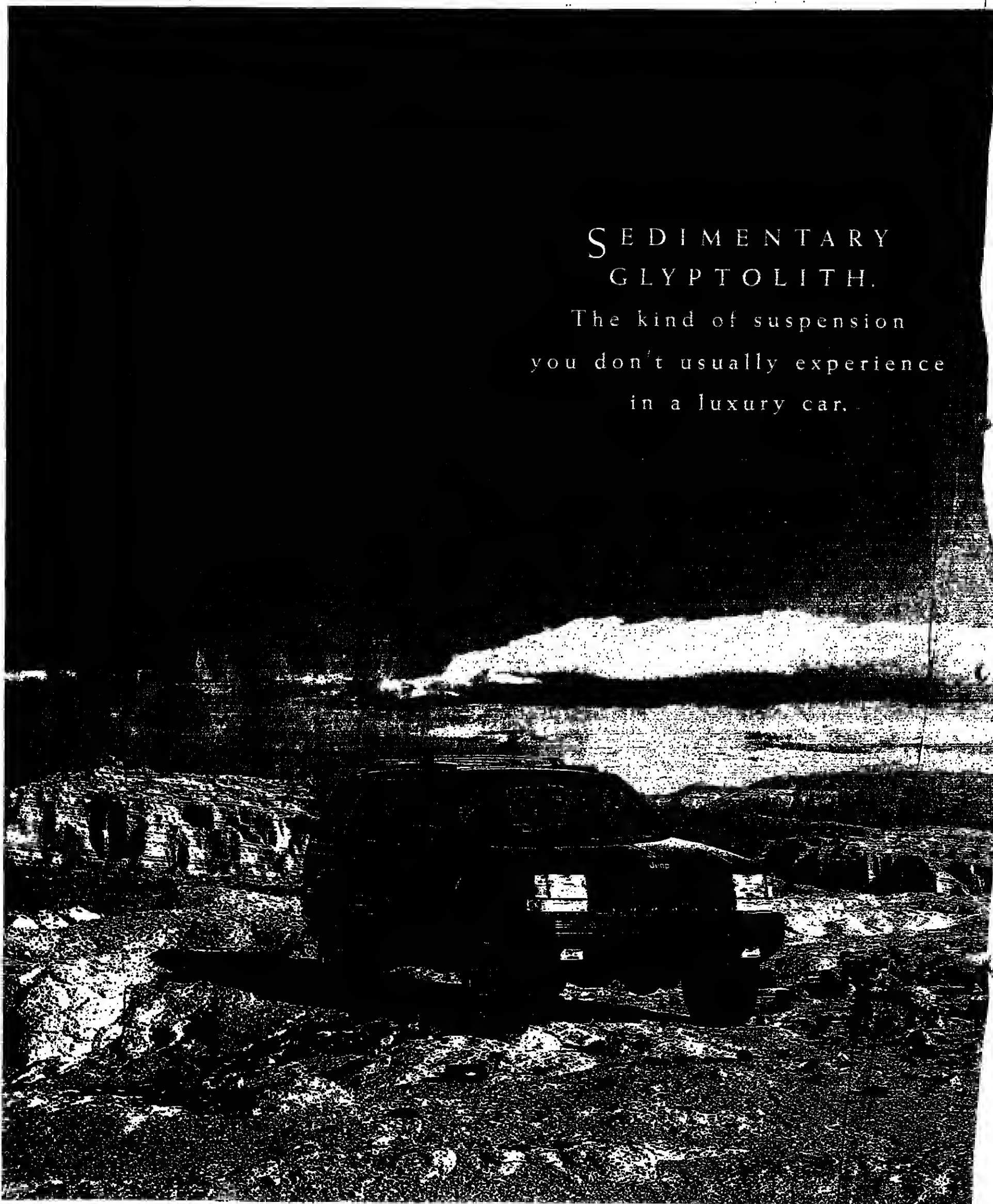
Mr Kerzner says he is very

pleased his name has been cleared. But members of the public remain cynical about the ease with which big business,



High life: Sol Kerzner, the multi-millionaire (left), who set up his business empire with Sun City (far left), a luxurious gambling complex - with synthetic beach and jungle-covered "lost city" - in the poverty-ridden black homelands of Bophuthatswana in South Africa. Photographs: All Action/Frank Spohner Pictures

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Austria vows to repel alien Balkan tide

Imre Karacs
Lindau

If it is true, as some Germans insist, that the Balkans begin in Austria, then this tiny Bavarian town in the foothills of the Alps marks the boundary between two worlds: the point where index-linked pensions fade into pyramid schemes.

In purely geographical terms, the Balkans are a good 400 miles down the road. In some respects, Lindau is the gateway to the East. Once the lorries packed with drugs or illegal immigrants trundle past its checkpoint, nobody can stop them from disgorging their contents into the streets of Western Europe.

The Bavarian border guards the southern flank of "Schengen country", a seamless land mass

The Independent spotted no scissors at Lindau, only an Austrian guard who seemed too young to be entrusted with anything other than a shampoo.

"We are fully trained officers," says Peter Durdak of the Bavarian border police. "We have decades of experience which the Austrians do not have." To put it bluntly, Austria is "out up to Schengen standards". That's not to say that the Austrians are shambolic. Given time, say three years, their people might become nearly as "effective and efficient" as the Bavarian officers.

They are trying very hard. Last month, Bavarian guards caught within the space of three days two lorries packed with illegal immigrants: 50 Kurds in one consignment and 40 Kosovo Albanians in the other. Both had been checked and waved through by the Austrians.

Vienna reacted to that embarrassment by supplying its troops with devices which try to detect an illicit human cargo through its carbon dioxide emission around the vehicle. They have not caught anybody yet, but their thorough searches have resulted in 12-hour queues at the border.

There is, understandably, not much love lost between the two forces as the Bavarians step up their verbal assault on their demoralised cousins. "It's not that we want to play the teacher and tell our neighbours what to do," says Michael Ziegler of the Bavarian Interior Ministry. "But Austria has no specific border force, and it takes time to set one up."

Munich's solution, likely to be vigorously backed by the German government at the next Schengen meeting in Brussels, is to postpone the handover until the year 2000. Austria would be fobbed off with control over the Vienna-Munich air corridor in the interim.

As for the credentials of the other two applicants, the prospect of Greece controlling Asian traffic does not bear thinking about, and Italy is equally dubious.

If Italy were in Schengen, the Albanians who have been landing in Brindisi in recent weeks would have an open road to Munich or Hamburg.

Mr Ziegler points out: "The question must be asked: 'Can Italy cope with the one million illegal immigrants already living there?'" In the absence of a reassuring answer, Lindau looks set to remain the end of the Schengen road for some time.

6 If Italy were in Schengen, the Albanians would have an open road to Hamburg?

of seven states which peters out at the Atlantic coast.

The Germans used to moan about the burden of keeping the eastern hordes at bay, but now they are terrified of handing over control. On 27 October Austria, Greece and Italy are to become full members of the Schengen club, inheriting the task of stemming the flow of undesirable goods and people.

The lorries will make their last pit stop hundreds of miles east and south, along Austria's border with the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Hungary and Slovenia. Lindau will become a deserted chicanery.

The Germans, having watched their Austrian colleagues closely, are not sure that's such a good idea. They point out that while it takes three years to teach a German border guard how to "sniff out" heroin, the Austrians get only a few days' training before being thrown in at the deep end.

According to the German press, the Austrian border is like Swiss cheese. Anecdotes, or maybe urban myths, are circulating in Bavaria about Austrian hairdressers being hastily drafted in to man the barriers.

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1997/04/19



Driller thriller: A Zairean with a mock weapon driving through Kinshasa during a rally demanding a tougher line against the rebels

Mobutu's dying city plays out a last sick joke

Ed O'Loughlin sees the regime fabricate a paroxysm of morality

Kinshasa — Sex tourists go to Thailand, adventurers head for the wilderness, and ghouls book tours of Bosnia. But for those who want to cultivate their cynicism at the tired end of the millennium, Kinshasa should be holiday destination number one. Looted, run-down, impoverished, stinking, isolated and soon to be besieged, it is becoming the world capital of the jaded, where the average citizen would make a Raymond Chandler private eye seem like a wide-eyed Scout.

The Kinshasans know their government, headed by the "Great Redeemer", President Mobutu Sese Seko, has looted billions of dollars from the country in the past 32 years.

They appreciate the rebels advancing from the east are winning the war largely with weapons bought or captured from Mr Mobutu's army.

Yet the announcement this week that Mr Mobutu's cabinet wants to try a former prime minister, Kengo wa Dondo, for embezzlement and treason has raised few eyebrows. To paraphrase a line from the film *Apocalypse Now*, charging a Zairean politician with fraud is like handing out speeding tickets at the Monaco Grand Prix.

According to Mr Kin-kiki Mulumba, the new Information Minister, Mr Kengo disappeared with \$1m (£625,000) of government cash three weeks after being sacked. Mr Mulumba said he was also suspected of sabotaging the war against Laurent Kabila's rebels. The government was investigating further, and an international warrant might soon be issued for Mr Kengo's arrest.

It would surprise nobody in Kinshasa if Mr Kengo had helped himself to an honourarium before slipping across the Congo River to Brazzaville. The US State Department calculated eight years ago that Mr Mobutu had taken \$5bn (£3.1bn) from Zaire's substantial mineral wealth, a sum equal to the then national debt. But it does surprise people that, after years of unchecked state banditry, a senior politician should be called to account for such a trifling sum.

It seems that the more hopelessly paralysed and morally bankrupt the Zairean government becomes, the more stridently it talks of human rights, good governance and military victory. Last week, for instance, the newly appointed military Prime Minister, Lukulla Bolongo, marked the beginning of his term by promising to hold elections within a few months, after the country was pacified. Zaire would not be the first country to overcome significant early defeats and go on to find victory, he said. "Wherever our valiant soldiers have decided to engage in combat the enemy has been defeated," he said. "We remain an effective army, with our human potential intact and a worth that has already been proven across Africa. In Nigeria, Chad, Burundi and Rwanda."

Yet in Kinshasa most people seem to believe the main threat comes not from the rebels but the government army. Foreign observers say deserters and broken army units are drifting back towards the capital from the east, looting and vandalising. Stragglers have been arriving in the city since the war began six months ago. Until now, they have been easily picked up by Mr Mobutu's relatively well-ordered praetorian guard. But this could change when whole units start arriving on the edge of town.

Nobody knows what will happen next: Mr Mobutu could flee tomorrow; there could be a coup or a ceasefire; things might drift on until the first rebel mortar bomb lands at the airport, weeks or months from now. But everybody fears there will be one last orgy of looting and vandalism before the old kleptocratic Zaire gives up the ghost. One old Zaire hand, a black American businessman, took it upon himself to enlighten jour-

nalists staying in the city-centre Merling hotel. Had we noticed, he said, the number of off-duty FAZ [government] soldiers hanging about outside?

"When a FAZ puts his foot down next to yours he doesn't want to dance," he said. "He's shopping for shoes." Newspapers report that many people have moved out of areas neighbouring military camps, the flashpoint for previous outbreaks of looting in 1991 and 1993. The pillaging was sparked off by Mr Mobutu's attempts to pay his soldiers with new banknotes that were not accepted on the street.

An African diplomat said most soldiers in Kinshasa were paid last month, albeit only \$2 and a bag of rice for an enlisted government soldier. But another pay day looms next week. If the government does not have the money, or attempts to use new banknotes once again, the pillaging could resume. This time French troops waiting across the Congo in Brazzaville have been joined by contingents from the US, Britain and Belgium, on standby to pull out their nationals. Britain and the US have

Lubumbashi (Reuters) — Bizima Karaba, Zaire's rebel foreign minister, said yesterday that there would be no ceasefire until President Mobutu Sese Seko relinquished power.

"We don't want any suspension of hostilities. We want the end of the war and that can only come about if the man who brought the war is kicked out. When Mobutu leaves, that will be the end of the war," he said. Karaba said speculation that pending negotiations in South Africa would deal with some form of transitional power-sharing was incorrect. "What we are negotiating is the mode of departure of Mobutu," he said.

around 400 expatriates in the Zairean capital.

Those who remain risk becoming pawns in the struggle between Mr Mobutu's dying regime and Mr Kabila's Alliance of Democratic Forces. Rebel broadcasts have warned foreigners to leave Kinshasa for their own safety—Mr Kabila has promised to take the city in three weeks.

Mr Kabila has claimed Mr Mobutu is planning to murder many foreigners to provoke an international intervention in the capital, which would block the rebel advance. Whatever the truth behind this claim, Mr Mobutu is suspected of orchestrating the 1991 and 1993 pillaging. By stopping the looting, which his soldiers had begun, he persuaded Western backers like France and Belgium that only he could hold Zaire together.

Ill-disciplined, badly trained and often unpaid, the army remains a law unto itself. Two weeks ago, when a group of Western journalists tried to get to the southern city of Lubumbashi just before it fell, troops at the airport refused to recognise our expensive and painstakingly assembled collection of government credentials. We were held in isolation at the airport overnight.

Drunk soldiers barged in and out, demanding to know who we were and why we had come. A lieutenant, who seemed to be called Coco, left us in no doubt of his opinion of the Western press. "Speaking to you frankly," he said, "if it was left to me I would kill you all now and bury you where your bodies would never be found."

Coco was a talkative soul, and as the night wore on he expounded on the US-led, Anglo-Saxon, Jewish and Nilotic-Iluti conspiracy to re-enslave Africa and hasten the Bantu race by interfering with its womenfolk. He was particularly proud of his warrior ancestry and his record in the war against Mr Kabila. "I fought at Goma in November," he hissed, cradling his dirty AK-47. "I fought at Bukavu, at Uvira and - lately - at Kalemie."

We wanted to ask him when, at that rate of progress, he thought he would reach Cape Town, but somehow it didn't seem like such a good idea. Coco left us in the end, and we took what sleep we could on the wooden benches and concrete floor of the airport lounge.

It was cold and uncomfortable. But, like the people of Kinshasa, at least we had the army to protect us.



Kabila: Warned foreigners to get out of Kinshasa

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Cher's in 1992

Stephen Vines
Hong Kong

The tension between the states was as bad as it has been at any time since the early 1970s. But the two governments have remained committed to a pragmatic establishment of trading and other ties. The business relationship between the two states has led to the establishment of investments in China by an estimated 30,000 Taiwanese companies, pouring some \$50bn (£18.5bn) into the Chinese mainland.

The return of Hong Kong to Chinese rule in July presents opportunities and challenges for Taiwan and China. As matters stand, Hong Kong serves as a neutral transit point between the two states, but cannot remain so. Some Taiwanese institutions will withdraw from Hong Kong, but others will remain, representing the first time that quasi-official Taiwan government bodies have been represented on Chinese soil.



PARIS DAYS

Such jokes still tend to define most

The Belgian police complain that France refuses to take seriously a series of cross-border investigations, including an extradition request for the French businessman, Serge Dassault. Beyond that, there has been serious talk in the Belgian and French press, and by serious French and Belgian politicians, of Wallonia rejoining France if the Flemish part of the country continues its pell-mell course to-

in Belgium while they were still ex-crated in France. In the mid-century, practically the whole *équipe nationale* of French literature – Victor Hugo, Charles Baudelaire, Paul Verlaine, Arthur Rimbaud, Stéphane Mallarmé – spent long periods in Brussels escaping political persecution or starvation.

It was in Brussels that Hugo wrote and published *Les Misérables*. It was in Belgium that the poet Verlaine shot and

into an opera by Debussy. Like Georges Simenon, Tintin, Jacques Brel and Johnny Hallyday after him, Maeterlinck became so popular that the French forgot he was not French. The emblematic painting in the exhibition is one showing Verhaeren and Maeterlinck sitting with André Gide and other French writers. The composition, by the Belgian painter Théo Van Rysselberghe, looks ominously like a turn

Next week we are receiving a state visit from my Belgian godmother, who will be 90 later this year. She despairs of contemporary Belgium but remains a committed Francophile. She is looking forward to coming, she says, because France is "the big sister of Belgium, a wonderful, richly, cultured country etc etc". Her accept remains a give-away, but least she is coming by the TGV high-speed train and will not have a red and white numberplate.

John Lichfield

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Russian bogey turns into gold mine for Finns

Six years ago, when Communism was collapsing in the former Soviet Union and ordinary Russians began to visit Finland to significant numbers, the shop signs in a town like Lappeenranta sent out an unmistakable message. "Only one Russian at a time in this shop."

These days, the Finnish suspicion that theft is the chief purpose behind Russian tourism has long since passed. Businessmen and shopkeepers in Lappeenranta, which lies in south-east Finland, less than 15 miles from the Russian frontier, now welcome Russians with open arms.

Store owners have started to hire Russian-speaking sales assistants, and shop windows display the sign "Service in Russian here" for the benefit of the thousands of Russians who arrive every week. The phrase "the Russians are coming", which used to strike a particularly sensitive chord in a country that was attacked twice by Stalin's Soviet Union in the Second World War, now has almost entirely positive connotations.

Take Tom Hultin, a Finnish business consultant who went to work in Switzerland in 1991 but moved back to Lappeenranta in 1994. "When I came back, my plan was just to do business with Western companies, but I quickly saw that there were other opportunities," he said.

"The situation here is just excellent. The streets are crowded with Russians at the moment. It's cheaper for them to buy here than in St Petersburg. There are shop owners who would much rather sell to Russians than to me because the Russians don't ask for a discount."

Customs officers on the snowy, tree-lined Finnish-Russian frontier confirm that there is more human contact than ever before between Finns and

Trading ties are now booming between two old foes, writes **Tony Barber** in Lappeenranta

Russians. "In 1990, at this border crossing alone, we had a total of 200,000 people going in one direction or the other. Last year it was 1.16 million," said Esa Vuorinen, an inspector at the border checkpoint of Nuolamaa.

For all the boom in Russian business and tourism, Finns in

Shop owners would much rather sell to Russians because they don't ask for a discount

Lappeenranta have memories of different times. The town, which was founded in 1649 by Queen Christina of Sweden, fell into Russian hands in the 18th century. The Tsars left their mark by building a military fortress and a couple of Orthodox churches, whose onion domes stand in sharp contrast to the simple Nordic architecture around them.

Then there was the Winter War, a dark and searing episode in the Finnish memory. Vyborg, a city which was then the third biggest in Finland, but which is

now part of Russia and lies less than an hour's drive from Lappeenranta, was annexed to "Soviet Karelia" as a result of the wars in 1939-40 (the Winter War) and in 1944 that broke out as a result of Stalin's hostility to Finland.

About half a million people, or more than one in 10 of all Finns, were evacuated from the Vyborg area before the Soviet assault. The loss of Vyborg was a national tragedy, but one that Finns carefully avoided complaining about in the days when a tyrannical Communist monster continued to loom on the eastern border.

It is not surprising, then, that Vyborg still matters to many Finns, even if they think about the lost city in a wistful rather than a vengeful way. One elderly couple, who had owned a property in Vyborg before 1939, visited it recently after a 50-year gap and were deeply saddened at the way its post-war Russian occupiers had treated their home. "Shit on the walls, a horrible, horrible smell everywhere, and no sign that anybody had done anything in decades to make the place look nice," was their verdict.

Nevertheless, business with Russia must go on. It is, in some ways, the only and the best option facing the Finns. A company such as Finreila OY, which is making boilers to heat buildings in Russian cities, has nothing but good things to say about Russia.

"It is an enormous market. But you must have a lot of patience, and you have to be the friend of the Russian customers before it will all work," said Hannu Janhunen, an executive with Finreila, which is rapidly expanding in Russia in partnership with a British company, Hausworthly Combustion Engineering.

Like other Westerners, the Finns have plenty of terrifying experiences to recount when they talk about doing business in the new free-market Russia. One Finnish businessman was kidnapped in the Siberian city of Irkutsk, and his family had to pay a ransom of \$130,000 (£80,000) to get him back.

However, with their centuries-old knowledge of the Russian character, the Finns believe trade with Russia can only get better. Veli Sundback, executive vice-president with the Helsinki-based Nokia company, said: "I've been following events since the collapse of the Soviet Union, and I think an improvement has taken place."



People power: Members of the landless movement wielding a sickle and machete during the march on Brasilia yesterday

Photograph: Reuters

Brazilian peasants march for land

William Schomburg
Reuters

Brasilia — Landless peasants marched into the Brazilian capital to the cheers of more than 25,000 demonstrators in the biggest protest faced by President Fernando Henrique Cardoso.

The demonstrators opposed to Mr Cardoso's pro-market reforms braved a rainstorm to cheer the 1,500 peasants of the Landless Movement (MST) as they filed into Brasilia's massive Ministries Esplanade after a 750-mile march to demand land and justice for colleagues who have lost their lives.

"Comrades, do not give in. We can still dream of a better future," MST leader Joao Pedro Stedile urged protesters waving red flags as left-wing lu-

minaries, trade union leaders and liberal Catholic bishops jostled for space behind him.

The MST has emerged as a new left-wing force in Brazil that has captured the imagination of the public with its high-profile tactic of invading and cultivating unused farmland.

Mr Stedile said the MST would defy calls from the gov-

ernment to give up the occupations which can lead to violence.

"There will be more and more occupations. We don't expect the government to carry out proper land reform programme as an act of generosity," Mr Stedile said.

Brasilia has one of the world's worst land-distribution ratios, with about half its arable land

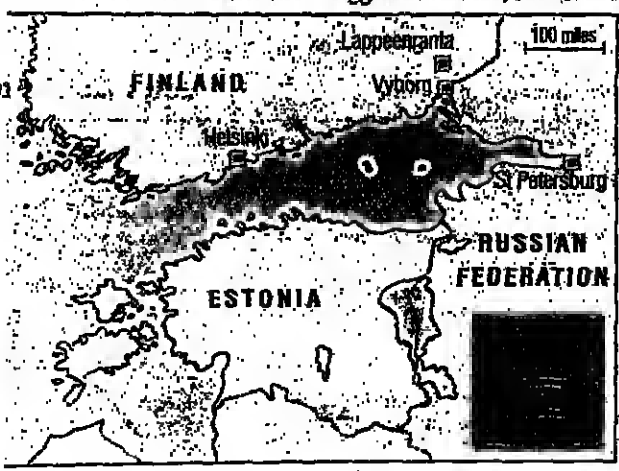
in the hands of 2 per cent of landowners.

The struggle for land ownership is also one of the main factors behind Brazil's soaring levels of violence. More than 100 people have been killed in land disputes since Mr Cardoso took office in January 1995.

Thursday's protest marked the first anniversary of the

killing by police of 19 peasants demanding land. The massacre heaped criticism from international rights groups on Brazil and spurred Mr Cardoso to declare land reform a priority.

No one has been arrested for that killing, despite television pictures clearly showing police officers firing indiscriminately into the crowd of protestors.



Citizen Caine is just the boyo to revive Bolshevism

Moscow — British politics may have sunk into quibbling over different shades of grey.

The once revolutionary Vanessa Redgrave, as reported on page one, may now be declaring her loyalty to the Liberal Democrats. But Britain can still nurture the occasional pioneering radical.

Kevin Caine, a 31-year-old from north Wales, has embarked on a task more ambitious than anything which the suits jostling for a seat in Westminster have to offer: he's trying to convert Russia back to Bolshevism.

Most weekends Mr Caine is to be found beneath the out-

Phil Reeves on a Welsh radical who is harking back to the bad old past

stretched arm of a statue of Lenin in the main square of Yekaterinburg, an industrial sprawl on the edge of the Ural mountains where the winter temperatures can drop to -30 C.

The former mechanic, a bearded figure in a leather peaked cap, hawks copies of *The Bolshevik* newspaper and cassettes of rousing North Korean music to passing Russians in the hope that they will eventually turn back the clock to 1917.

He has chosen some of the toughest turf in Russia: the city

is Boris Yeltsin's home town.

It seems that Citizen Caine, son of an army officer, who grew up in a 16-room mansion, is not deterred.

Rarely does a Communist march take place in which he is not seen striding along beneath the sea of red banners, calling for the payment of overdue wages and pensions, and an end to the exploitation of the working classes.

Like a latter-day John Reed — the Communist author of *Ten Days that Shook the World*,

played by Warren Beatty in the film *Reds* — Mr Caine has penned some patriotic songs which he sings to the accompaniment of his synthesiser, along with stirring refrains including: "Down with Fascism! I want to live".

The story of his arrival in Russia is as romantic as his mission is far-fetched.

He was travelling through Russia a few years ago when he met a Russian woman on a train.

They fell in love and married, and he decided to stay.

As free-market reforms unfolded — and, with them, crime and economic collapse — he became increasingly convinced that the red flag should be hoisted again over Russia.

He is no fan of the capitalist Western press, but his activities were reported this week by the newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, whose account was confirmed in detail to the *Independent* by his Russian wife and political soulmate, Valentina.

Such is the curiosity about his decision to swap the comforts of the West for the wilds of Russia that two years ago a Russian documentary-maker chose him as the subject of a prize-winning film, *The head of the house, or Kevin Caine in the country of Bolsheviks*.

"At home in England, we only have to press a button to warm up our homes," he declared.

No longer. In his new home town outside Yekaterinburg, he spends hours chopping logs for the stove in his wooden cottage and collecting water from a well.

It is unclear if he feels that the return of Communism would spare him the daily labour.



Past imperfect: A scene from the film *Reds*, with Warren Beatty playing John Reed

Photograph: Ronald Grant Archive

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EMMA	MULTIPLICITY	THE FAN	UP CLOSE & PERSONAL

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Martin Schwarzschild, astronomer: born Potsdam, Germany 31 May 1912; Research Fellow, Institute of Astrophysics, Oslo 1936-37; Research Fellow, Harvard University Observatory 1937-40; Lecturer, Columbia University 1940-44, Assistant Professor 1944-7; Professor, Princeton University 1947-50, Higgins Professor of Astronomy 1950-79; Vice-President, International Astronomical Union 1964-70; Vice-President, American Astronomical Society 1967-69, President 1970-72; married, 1945 Barbara Cherry; died Langhorne, Pennsylvania 10 April 1997.

Tonor was a latterday Surrealist who always used humour in the absurd situations he depicted and could seldom be accused of good taste

Horry William Ashley, photographer and author: born Weymouth 16 June 1917; married 1939 Betty Jordan (one son); died Christchurch, Dorset 29 March 1997.

another group, with me in it, these interceders just what they do to support the hundreds of people, in developing countries, whose lives they have by their prayers. For if God in participate in one part of the recreating and redeeming the wants us to the same.

Death and the means of death are part of God's purpose for us all, whether prayed about or not. An experiment that makes this uncomfortable fact more difficult to grasp, by suggesting a miraculous alternative, does nobody any good.

these interceders just what they do to support the hundreds of people, in developing countries, whose lives they have saved by their prayers. For if God is participating in one part of the recreating and redeeming the world, He wants us to share in the whole. Let's put a bit more effort into the prayer effort.

means of keeping people alive - providing food and clean water, fighting bloodshed, trading fairly - more the sort of healing that God would.

And the means of death are part of the purpose for us all, whether prayed for or not. An experiment that makes the uncomfortable fact more difficult to suggest a miraculous alteration does nobody any good.

Season is edited by Paul Vallety

The Tories' puerile propaganda demeans us all

Like a gang of Fifties schoolboys sniggering over a pornographic magazine, the "ideas merchants" of Conservative Central Office must have flicked through their dog-eared stock of anti-European images. The weird fantasy they came up with was published yesterday - a Teutonic giant. There, in the Tory ads, was a gross, balefully grinning Helmut Kohl, the Federal Chancellor. He balanced a diminutive Tony Blair on his knee and the copy asked - sensitive and sophisticated, you will agree - who was going to be "man" enough to take on the Prussian Goliath. What a farago. What a welter of sexual innuendo, Germanophobia and nationalist posturing.

As a piece of political imagining, Edwina Currie's judgement was spot on. "Puerile," she said; she might have added, this is the politics of little English boys in short trousers. But this stunt is not to be written off as just another jolly jape. How a political party goes about getting elected, or re-elected, is not a private matter. Images stick. What is said and done in Britain registers abroad, in banks and stock exchanges as well as foreign offices and party headquarters. People in other countries might confuse the outpourings of a desperate party with the general views of British people and in that way Tory tactical opportunism taints us all.

As for the "dummy", Tony Blair can take care of himself. However he is portrayed, big or small, he has the hustings on which to

speak and a publicity machine to amplify his voice. If he has any sense he will not stoop to the Tories' level, but in the face of the provocation of their advertisement showing him as a diminutive puppet sitting on Chancellor Kohl's knee, he has every right to respond in kind. Perhaps this Tory ploy will inject something into Labour's campaign that has hitherto been missing - anger.

But for the German leader, there is no ready come-back. The Federal Republic's embassy in London is polite, far too polite. In Bonn they prefer the "cool" line, dismissing both tabloid and Tory attacks on Germany as mere eccentricities. Yet they too ought to be angry. That the Christian Social Union or the Christian Democrats would ever portray a foreign leader in their electoral posters and advertisements is inconceivable. And that point can be generalised. In what other Western country would a contender for national office coldly and deliberately insult the head of state of a friendly neighbour?

The point is not that the Christian Democrats and the Conservatives are both right-of-centre parties and have in the past co-operated in the European Parliament; nor even that it is barely four weeks since the Foreign Secretary Malcolm Rifkind was in Bonn addressing the CDU's think-tank as if talking to kindred spirits. All that says is the latter-day Tory party has no manners; it is the impolite party.



What is going on here is the substitution of stereotype for argument, propaganda for reasoned discussion. The Conservatives do have substantive differences with the CDU and its leader, Chancellor Kohl. John Major et al disagree with his views on the development of the European Union. All that is understood. But it should lead to engagement, debate, the exchange of perspectives, not to personalisation of the kind represented by this advertisement. Such failure to argue is a mark of the Conservatives' political decadence. (Perhaps it also demonstrates their conviction that they have indeed lost the election. For what party, knowing it might within weeks have to engage with Chancellor Kohl across negotiating tables in Maastricht and Amsterdam, would insult him in this way?)

You do not have to be a Freudian to read into this portrayal of the Chancellor and the German national elements of some primitive fear in Tory guts about being swallowed up. The Tories, an analyst fresh from reading the Grimm Brothers might say, fear becoming the giant's supper. They focus their anxieties on a superhuman figure ... but too much of that and we could sound like Leo Abse. More prosaically and more dangerously, what this advertisement bears witness to is the Conservatives' failure to emancipate themselves from the clinging mud of wartime history. Here are echoes of that old, British military

identity which is such a ready source of assurance for those who fear the present. Put a *Pickelhaube* on Helmut Kohl's head (something readers of the advertisement are clearly being invited to do) and everything falls into place. He'll eat your babies and, given half a chance, shoot Edith Cavell. Britain triumphed against the Hun, against Hitler and will triumph again against Helmut!

This is the thought process of people who, at some level, fear themselves. They certainly do not trust in the capacity of Britain to meet the diplomatic, financial and commercial challenges of the next few years. There is something unmanly about all this, using that word in its old-fashioned sense.

Conservatives, in *extremis*, have behaved badly before. The great Churchill, in 1945, was not above hysterically warning that Clement Attlee would head a Gestapo if Labour were elected. Conservative high command condoned if it did not itself instigate the notorious forged Zimoviev letter in 1924. A crudely executed newspaper advertisement hardly compares, except that never before would the Conservatives have so exposed their weakness. Would Margaret Thatcher ever have approved a public display of insecurity? Whatever she might have said in private about the Germans, she would surely never have exposed her party to the charge that the Tory posture on Europe is one of fear as well as loathing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ministers' children give clue to our unfair school system

Sir: Your election report "Heseltine seeks state schools fit for Tories" (16 April) struck a chord. Mr Heseltine asserts: "The important thing is that we are setting targets nationally for this country to be at the top of world education levels". Thus, presumably, all state schools will provide education of such excellence that the private sector will wither on the vine.

The chord which struck was school fees. The information on the fees cabinet ministers pay to keep their children out of the state system for

which they have responsibility will be alien music to the ears of the parents of the school in which I teach. Our school, serving areas of high unemployment and multiple deprivation but high in teacher commitment and parental esteem, is about to close as a consequence of government cuts. The cost of each pupil's education is £800 per term.

We are deemed uneconomic. Ours is the uneconomic cost of addressing the needs of the seriously disadvantaged. Cabinet ministers are

paying fees between £1,500 and £4,600 per term to address the needs of the school in which I teach. Our school, serving areas of high unemployment and multiple deprivation but high in teacher commitment and parental esteem, is about to close as a consequence of government cuts. The cost of each pupil's education is £800 per term.

We are deemed uneconomic. Ours is the uneconomic cost of addressing the needs of the seriously disadvantaged. Cabinet ministers are

Sir: Where politicians send their children probably says more about

them and the state of the nation than one day's worth of electioneering. I was fortunate enough to attend school with Peter Kohl, the son of the German Federal Chancellor.

You might wonder how much my parents had to fork out so I could attend this august institution. The answer is, nothing: the Lieselotte-Gymnasium is our local state-run grammar school.

ALFRED RINALDI
London SE1

Shocked by this farcical election

Sir: As a 19-year-old I will be voting for the first time and I want to make an informed choice. Foolishly, I thought one of the best ways to do this would be to watch the party election broadcasts on the television and discover what the parties had to offer.

Instead I find a slanging match. When I thought things couldn't get any worse I discovered that a "chicken" had been stalking Tony Blair. (Isn't there a law against that sort of thing?)

The 1997 election is a farce, which does not bode well for the next four years, no matter which party is victorious.

GILLIAN MARY BUZZARD
Leeds

LETTER from THE EDITOR

There has been much criticism, not least in these pages, about *The Observer's* sacking of Will Self, the gaunt and sometime drug-abusing novelist. Suzanne Moore made an eloquent argument on his behalf, and as someone who uses him as a babysitter, she should know. And yet, I am not so sure. My problem is not that I think journalists should be people of spotless reputation - rather the reverse - but that the whole culture which links drink 'n' drugs to fine writing has such a rotten record.

On the literary side, there are very few serious drugies who are readable. From the enormously tedious de Quincey to the grotesquely overrated William Burroughs, via the pathetic decline of F Scott Fitzgerald, drug habits have more often tended to ruin potentially great writers than make them. Good writing tends to involve huge concentration and long hours of grindingly hard work, not the few brilliant phrases flung down in the middle of the night of the drug-artist myth. I thought *Trainspotting* by Irvine Welsh was very good, but then again I suspect the man had a secret and hidden habit - sitting down at a table for many hours at a time with copious supplies of paper, tea and toast. (Given his reputation, I guess that's a serious libel.)

You may object: but Self has been fired as a journalist, and when has journalism ever had anything to do with fine writing? Fair point, oh Reader, though there are a fair few phrase-spinners in the trade: even so. But even journalism has improved since the days when serious alcohol abuse from 11am onwards was considered a necessary qualification. Journalistic romantics who look back fondly on the days when would-be Brendan Behans poured out of Fleet Street pubs to spin some golden paragraphs should go back and look at what actually got written. The "pissed old hack" of *Private Eye* fame produced golden streams, no doubt, but rarely, I fear, of prose.

The best campaign comment so far comes from a fine writer and wit whose indulgences

have not, so far as I know, been chiefly chemical, the vaguely aristocratic American liberal Gore Vidal. Asked about the relative right-wingness of the Tory and Labour parties, Vidal magnificently growled: "I do not come to Lilliputia with a measuring stick." This has caused some offence among the Lilliputians, but they fail to understand the Vidal bonum. This was, after all, the man who coined the essential thought that "whenever a friend succeeds, a little something in me dies" and who savagely dismissed America's astronauts while they were being regarded as national heroes, as "Rotar-

ians in outer space". British politics escapes him lightly.

And finally ... every editor has weak spots and blind spots. We have an excellent and witty fashion team here: on Tuesday, Melanie Rice wrote a wonderful piece about Stella McCartney, the latest British designer to take over a big Paris fashion house. But I have to admit I struggle vainly to understand the whole business. All those bizarre clothes, those unexpected bulges of flesh, those spikes and gold lame things. They look odd enough when draped around some of the most beautiful people in the world; they would be frankly hilarious when worn by the rest of us. I don't know whether it's Maoism or Presbyterianism that prompts the thought, but wouldn't things be far more satisfactory if we all wore standard-issue blue pyjamas. Though, come to think of it, as a besuited middle-aged man, that's roughly what I do wear.

Andrew Marr

QUOTE UNQUOTE

If I had said 'I'm frightfully sorry, that's a very interesting question but I'd better go and ask Ken Clarke or Joe Bloggs or someone else before I give you an answer' - that's not the way I operate - John Major, on his failure to tell the Chancellor of his decision to offer a free vote on the European single currency.

Due to the disillusionment of the House on 8 April, we are endorsing a clear outstanding accounts - Letter sent by the Commons Finance Office to retiring MPs and others.

New York is the most realistic place to grow up in, because everybody's got their own problems and they don't care about yours - Mary J Blige, *queen of hip-hop*.

In a real sense the nuns are dead already. They are simply clearing a pathway to God. The idea is that if there is a God and you empty your mind of the clutter of existence, then you might just catch Him - Fiona Shaw, actress, after two weeks in a convent.

It does show a bit of cheek - they wouldn't dress him up as Mohammed for fear of insulting people - The Rev John Richardson, of the evangelical Reform Group, commenting on a painting of Eric Cantona depicted as Jesus Christ, after Piero Della Francesca's *Resurrection of Christ*.

Imagine a big trough with 15 snouts in it taking what they can get - that's the common fisheries policy - Mike Townsend, chairman of the National Federation of Fishermen's Organisations.

Art without the mysticism

Sir: John Pope-Hennessy's idea, quoted by James Hall (Letters, 12 April), that use of life masks in portrait busts introduced "an interpretative element", and the latter's gloss that "it forced the artist to give the depicted body a soul", is typical art-speak mysticism.

The point about merely reproducing the shapes of "ready-mades", no matter the materials used, is whether it is really inventive, and shows anything of deep importance and interest, when it ducks the hard-won lessons and insights - including those about perception itself - acquired through the observational and analytical demands usually associated with artistic practice, and notably with painting and drawing skills.

Nowadays, the literal copying of sources or references, as in casts and "academic" art, is a poor device for addressing, and casting light on, our complex, social, cultural, ideological, landscape. The artistic bankruptcy of the jolly-mund, pseudo avant garde - Antony Gormley, Rachel Whiteread, Marc Quinn etc. - is that it relies on an easy and limited formula, and on the facile principle of "defamiliarisation" or "making strange". This conveniently skirts the more difficult, discriminating, but complementary, task of familiarising the viewer with unfamiliar things that matter - new and perceptive ideas, experience.

DAVID RODWAY
Lecturer in Art and Philosophy
Kensington and Chelsea College
London SW10

guardians of Sir Denis Mahon's proposed bequest, the National Art Collections Fund has a clear view on this.

We firmly believe that, as long as it is possible, the clearly expressed stipulations of a testator should be respected: such acts of generosity cannot be taken for granted. There really is a danger that (to use David Lister's words) "bequests to British galleries might dry up, if beneficiaries fear that their dying wishes will be overturned".

Sir NICHOLAS GOODISON
Chairman
The National Art Collections Fund
London SW7

Sir: Your correspondent Mr Vorenberg (letter, 16 April) has got his facts wrong about access to the Government Art Collection (GAC). The GAC is a working collection of some 12,000 works of art on view in 500 government buildings in 300 cities at home and abroad. At any one time between 75 and 80 per cent are on display, serving the national interest by showing British cultural achievements to a wide and international audience.

Individual works in the collection can be viewed by interested persons, by appointment, on the same basis as the listed works in private hands about which Mr Vorenberg wrote. Indeed GAC staff will make every effort to obtain viewing access to GAC works in British embassies abroad, subject to common-sense considerations of security.

JOHN TUSA
Chairman
Advisory Committee on the
Government Art Collection
Department of National Heritage
London W1



Ruthless gangster: magpies are flourishing as other birds decline

Save songbirds from hedgerow killer

Sir: The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds and the British Trust for Ornithology should be concerned about the decline in the populations of our native song and other birds (report, 16 April).

While pesticides should take some of the blame, why do none of the people who carry out these population surveys notice that the loss in small native birds seems to be balanced, if not out-performed by the huge rise in the magpie population? Magpies have become as common as any bird in towns and cities and ruthlessly destroy other birds' eggs

and eat their young. I have watched the five magpies who now visit my garden in a gang systematically "work" a hedgerow and eradicate other birds' young.

The old poem said "one for sorrow". If I were a bullfinch, green finch or any other native nesting bird, seeing only one magpie would fill me with positive relief. When will the RSPB and BTO stop sitting around measuring population falls and take radical action to encourage a cull of the magpie population?

SG ARMSTRONG
Oxford, Kent

Union Flag flies over the Pacific

Sir: The report (16 April) on the saga of Tuvalu's flag contains a serious error. Although the former Latai government changed the national flag, abandoning the one which incorporated the Union Flag, it did not drop the Queen as Tuvalu's head of state. And the original flag - now restored - has not a yellow background but a light blue one.

Apologies of flags, it is remarkable that although, following the military coups in 1987, Fiji became a republic and its Commonwealth membership lapsed, the Union Flag has remained in the corner of the national flag - and, moreover, the Queen's head has been retained on Fiji's currency. Their retention carries a powerful political message, reflecting the strong sentiments of respect and affection for their former Sovereign still felt by the people of Fiji.

ROGER BARLITROP
Pacific Islands Society
Hurstpierpoint
West Sussex

Class-ridden trains from the airport

Sir: The good news is that National Express, as operator of Gatwick Express, has ordered £100m worth of new trains (report, 15 April). The bad news is that the operator proposes to segregate the passengers into three classes for a 25-minute run. The present two-class system already causes enough confusion among visitors unfamiliar with our preoccupation with unnecessary class distinctions. This service, at least, should be one-class.

A train is not a plane, and should not pretend to be: the relaxed, open environment of a well-designed train should come as a welcome contrast to the relatively cramped conditions of an aircraft. The last thing a passenger wants when trying to unwind after a flight is more of the same.

DAVID MARKHAM
London N3

Saintly tally

Sir: Val Kilmer ("Latter Day Saint", 17 April) is not the third actor to play Simon Templar. You are forgetting George Sanders at least.

JOHN THOMPSON
Maghull, Merseyside

Standing up for exploited garment workers

Sir: We welcome the news (report 15 April) that a US presidential task force, which includes major US names such as Nike and Liz Claiborne, has become involved in drawing up a code of employment conduct to end the worst abuses of workers in the garment industry.

Trade union research has uncovered terrible practices carried out in factories in Central America and Asia which include punishing women by forcing them to stand with chairs above their heads for hours on end, or making them work 24-hour shifts without pay. Unfortunately these types of practices are all too common.

A Code of Conduct based on international labour standards is a step in the right direction, but in order to operate properly must be independently monitored, and the trade unions which represent the workers at the factories must be involved. Current schemes where "independent" monitoring teams visit factories in the presence of company management to quiz workers about their rights, and then go back and report that they have no complaints, are clearly not adequate.

The key question will be in the details of how the monitoring is

carried out, and who will vet the monitors. If major multinationals are serious in their attempts to clean up the industry, trade unions must have a role in setting up the system, and the International Labour Organisation's technical assistance must be brought in to advise. This will help to guarantee consumers and the public that the goods they buy are being made under decent working conditions.

BILL JORDAN
General Secretary
International Confederation
of Free Trade Unions
Brussels

Don't blame us Pagans for vandalism in church

Sir: I was surprised at the tone of your report "Pagan worship suspected in church", (16 April). Paganism is not anti-Christian or against any other religion. We tend to worship in woods and other places close to nature rather than buildings. My sympathy is extended to the vicar and his congregation at

Crowborough for this desecration of their sacred place. I can only conjecture - Satanists are a possibility, and are an anti-Christian cult. (We cannot worship the Devil since he is part of a Christian mythos that we do not follow.) Alternatively, it could be bad old-

fashioned vandalism. Either way, it is unlikely that Pagans would be breaking one of our three most cherished principles - "and it harm none".

PETE JENNINGS
Pagan Federation National
Spokesperson
London WC1

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. (Fax: 0171-293 2056; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.

National Theatre tours the world

Sir: I fail to understand how the National can be said to be "upstaged" by the RSC tour plans (report, 16 April). By the end of this year we will have toured four large-scale productions to 15 venues in England, Wales and Scotland and four other productions to Holland, Greece, Germany and Ireland; we will also have mounted a twelve-week world tour, staged two productions in New York, and toured a small-scale production to 19 theatres in Britain.

In addition, we are responsible for BT National Connections, a partnership scheme with 10 regional theatres, in which 144 youth groups from all over the UK participate, culminating in 12 performances in the Olivier and Cottesloe in July.

I don't know if this activity is sufficiently "rock'n'roll" for your correspondent, but if the RSC has equally ambitious plans, Britain is being well served by its two national theatre companies.

Sir RICHARD EYRE
Artistic Director
Royal National Theatre
London SE1

profile

Is Peter Mandelson as good as he thinks?

The left loathes him. Many on the right won't go near him. Why, then, does Tony Blair trust Labour's director of communications so totally? Neil Lyndon asks if he's a genius or just a master flatterer



"I fwe lose. I crawl off into a hole somewhere. If we win, then the proper business of my life begins with Labour in government."

Nobody understands more perfectly and precisely than Peter Mandelson that this election is all-or-nothing time for Peter Mandelson.

In the 1992 election, he was the man who couldn't lose. Though he had been Labour's head of communications from 1985 to 1989 and responsible for the Red Rose campaign of Neil Kinnock's first defeat in 1987, Mandelson had removed himself from operational responsibility for the 1992 campaign. He concentrated instead on cultivating his Hartlepool constituency and on becoming elected for the first time as an MP. If Kinnock had won, Mandelson could have counted on junior office with an expectation of rapid promotion. But, given a safe seat, he was the only member of Kinnock's inner circle who could be sure

to have any kind of political job if the leader lost. So it was. It's different this time. May Day 1997 is do or die for Mandelson, crack of doom or gates of paradise. If Blair wins, Peter Mandelson will be made. Certain of senior office, he will become one of the most powerful people in Britain. In the next five years, he might even realise his life-long ambition and become foreign secretary.

If Blair should lose, the blame will be Mandelson's as much as anybody's.

As Dennis Skinner's *bête noire*, as Clare Short's "man in the dark", as the most seriously, unassuageably hated individual in Blair's circle, Mandelson would cop all the heat for a Labour defeat and he would deserve it. His, above all, has been the determining voice in Labour's electoral strategy for the past two years. His was the decision to abandon the wider electorate and concentrate campaigning efforts on the 200,000-odd voters in key marginals.

He took the lead in Clintonising Blair, from policy-wonker

to baby-kisser. Master of Millbank Towers, Supreme Controller of the hanks of fax machines and the racks of pagers, it was Mandelson who calculated that Labour's best chance of victory lay in saying nothing and doing less. Given Blair's 30-point lead in the polls, Labour could only lose support by making policy declarations.

The more precisely they announced their plans, the more voters would decide that they didn't like what they heard. Nothing could be gained by an open airing and a detailed discussion of policies but everything could be lost. "Careless tongues cost votes" became the watchword of Millbank Tower. Labour's director of communications became the dictator of non-communication.

The strategy will probably succeed. Blair's lead is still widening in some polls and may be unassailable. Only two weeks of torture on the rack of uncertainty remain for the most calculating man in British public life. He probably couldn't take much more.

Thin as a marathon runner, gaunt as a saint, his body and face are showing his pains. He hasn't drunk any alcohol since New Year's Eve. Won't touch coffee. Drinks a glass of water with a slice of lemon for breakfast. Doesn't do lunches or dinners with journalists. Sleeps less than Margaret Thatcher during the Falklands war. He knows that the supreme moment in the life of Peter Mandelson is at hand. Despite his denials ("I'm not important. I don't matter. I can't see why anybody should be interested in me; and what they write is such crap anyway"), the destiny of the nation as it will be determined on 1 May matters to Peter Mandelson because it will settle his own. The two are one.

Though he is often – usually – described as "minister", nobody who knows him doubts the effectiveness of Mandelson's skills as a personal operator. Ruthless, vengeful, bullying, flatterer, driven, serpentine and crafty, he possesses as full an array of natural gifts for personal advancement as a Lloyd George, a Macmillan or a Wilson. He is also sober.

Two questions, two doubts, do hang constantly in the air around him, however. How good is he at his work? And why does Tony Blair seem to trust him so unreservedly?

As a politician, Peter Mandelson has made his name and his reputation as Labour's supremely effective, calculating, professional media sharpie, the one who knows how to work, cow and corral the journalists, who understands image-

making, who feels in his bones the culture of media politics. Despite disasters such as the Sheffield rally of 1992 (Mandelson's gig), the legend is now fixed – and it will become immortal if Labour wins on 1 May – that the party's media operations were clueless until Mandelson arrived in Watworth Road in time for the 1987 election and that he has professionalised them, out-Saatchi-ing the Tories, chumming the Lib Dems. He is both praised and damned for the Americanisation of the Labour Party, with its computerised hit-lists of target voters, its telephone blitzing, its message centres paging shadow ministers.

According to Sidney Blumenthal, author of *The Permanent Campaign*, Clinton-watcher and New York crony of Mandelson, those who suppose that Mandelson got his media style from the Democrats' 1990s campaigns are making the wrong guess.

"I think Peter was on to it long before the Clinton campaign," says Blumenthal. "He had been thinking about working on the power of symbols and the business of media management since even before the Red Rose and the Hugh Hudson film of the Eighties. What he brings to the new technology of political culture is not, primarily, a technocratic interest but the classical skills of a politician which he has adapted to that culture."

Blumenthal believes that Mandelson is "so sharp, so smart" that he would have done well in American politics. If he had been born there, even though the promotional budgets and political complexities

of British media managers are tiddling compared with US presidential or even gubernatorial campaigns. But the "classical skills" Blumenthal identifies in Mandelson may, in fact, diminish and inhibit his effectiveness as a party political operator.

Mandelson, rated by many for his dazzling intellect, is acknowledged as a clever and shrewd analyst of the political scene. He has friends in high places across the spectrum, including prominent Tories. One newspaper editor who knows Mandelson well said: "In good form, he can be witty and highly entertaining. An evening with him can be one of the best nights out in London. But cross him and he is ice-cold."

A Labour insider says: "He gets up noses to a fantastic degree." That may explain why, as another key Labour supporter observed: "Mandelson makes false friends and deadly serious, permanent enemies."

An anecdotal vignette may light up this question. In London in January, Peter Mandelson was the principal speaker and whipper-in of cash at a fund-raising gathering of rich Labour supporters. Most of the usual suspects among the small horde of Millionaires for Blair had been rounded up. Sir David Puttnam had taken a lead in organising the evening. Greg Dyke, Melvyn Bragg, Clive Hollick and Jeremy Irons were there – all quoted names in the 1000 Club, whose members regularly dish out a thousand here, a thousand there to keep Labour's Millbank Tower offices running on their speedy

diet of pizzas and pagers, Cokes and faxes.

This particular evening was unusual because, on Blair's behalf, Mandelson was calling for an exceptionally heavy hit. Each of the invited guests would be asked to stump up £25,000 for Labour's election war-chest.

Mandelson almost blew it. "I thought to have been the simplest pitch imaginable," said one of the men who attended. "All he needed to do was to produce a graphic showing that the Conservatives had £50m or more to spend and Labour had less than £5m. Then you turn to these people and say 'If you seriously want Labour to be in government, we need to see the colour of your money. Here's a pen.'"

Instead, Mandelson staged a lengthy performance which listeners recall as being largely in praise of his own brilliance as Labour's director of communications. The clever and successful men in his audience grew restless. One of them told *The Independent* "Five minutes of how clever he was might have carried along our goodwill. Ten seemed boastful. Forty minutes was just infuriating."

Somebody sitting near to a fuming Melvyn Bragg said: "He looked like a volcano about to blow." One of the millionaires, a successful administrator, was irked – when Mandelson dismissed his disquiet about Labour's NHS funding plans. "He doesn't know what he's talking about," the administrator hissed despairingly to a neighbour.

Then a little moment of drama occurred. While he was speaking, Mandelson's pager

beeped. He paused, looked at the message and then extended his arm with the pager in his hand. An aide – Benjamin Wegg-Prosser from Mandelson's own political office – scurried from the wings to take the machine from his master's hand. Mandelson did not look at the young man but continued with his address to the mighty.

"It was a perfect moment: New Labour meets the old Raj," recalls one of the guests. "It also tells you so much about the pretence of efficiency and the mania for presentation in the Mandelson manner, which masks a profoundly inefficient and counter-productive egocentricity."

"At that moment, there could not have been any message arriving on Peter Mandelson's pager more important than the business he was conducting, unless the message was that Tony Blair had been shot, in which case every pager in the room would have gone off simultaneously. So why did Mandelson have his pager switched on at all? If his messages were going to be taken by Benjamin Wegg-Prosser, why didn't he give his pager to Benjamin before he started speaking? Does he imagine that any of those men would be impressed by this performance?"

Did any of those millionaires who were irked, irritable and unimpressed stump up their £25,000? To a man, they did. The result was a foregone conclusion. Mandelson took both the money and the opportunity to swank. The evening was a perfect success for him; and would have been reported as such to Tony Blair.

The election is likely to go the same way. Though they may be unimpressed, unenthusiastic, uncommitted – though millions may remain undecided – the electorate as a whole will probably stamp up the foregone conclusion of a Labour victory. This will be seen and taken as a perfect success for Mandelson and will be received in those terms by Tony Blair.

Why does Blair trust Mandelson? Neil Kinnock was never completely convinced and is now wary and dry about his former head of communications. Gordon Brown would not now give Peter Mandelson the steam off his breath. Until John Smith died, Mandelson had judiciously kept an equal balance in his intimacies with Brown and Blair, trusted as counsellor by both. In the leadership contest, Mandelson became "Bobby" to Blair and ditched Brown. He will never be forgiven.

"One of the most serious criticisms to be made against Tony Blair," says a hugely prominent Labour supporter, "is that he trusts Peter Mandelson. It's a real blind spot."

"He simply doesn't see that Peter is a master of flattery and a perfect courtier. Leaders create courts, whether or not they intend to. Flattery is one of the leading arts of the court, an art we may have lost or not appreciate. Peter knows its power and he has got his man."

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For once, they missed a beat

Allen Ginsberg foresaw his own funeral, and it came true, says Alissa Quart

"He gave great head," intoned Lee Remick, a member of the rock band Sonic Youth, as he stood on the stage of St Mark's Church in Manhattan's East Village. The event was no nonchalant *avant* indie-rock show but Allen Ginsberg's memorial service, held at the church which has been a temple for poets, rock stars and three generations of urban bohemia.

Six days after the 70-year-old poet and elder statesman of youth culture died of liver cancer, Remick was reading from "Death & Fame", the last poem Ginsberg wrote. The poem, which appears in this week's issue of *The New Yorker*, is a stunning catalogue of his own funeral where the very crowd that dropped in on his memorial service is summoned: "college boys' grunge bands ... delicate bibliophiles, sex liberation troops ..."

He was an ambassador-at-large for New York's young, uninhibited, cerebral and notorious for more than 40 years and among the 1,100 people in attendance were the requested "half-century of lovers", "gay classical composers" and plenty of "intelligent gawkers".

Two pretty post-adolescents, David Greenberg and Oliver Ray, sang Ginsberg's "Gospel Nobel Truths" with a lack of skill reminiscent of the great man's tone-deaf chants to Yahweh. The art rock star Patti Smith, bearing an uncanny resemblance to a teenage

pretty boy herself, sang some Hank Williams and said: "Even the young appreciate a good shit." That was a response to Peter Orlovsky, Ginsberg's long-time lover, who eulogised him by talking at uncomfortable length about his bathroom habits.

The actress Rosanna Arquette sat in the lotus position, swaying. A snellier but no less flexible man also sat in the lotus position and hissed the word "Creepies!" at fellow mourners. Amiri Baraka, the activist/poet/militant formerly known as the poet Leroy Jones, quoted Mao.



Peter Orlovsky (left) with poet Amiri Baraka at a Ginsberg memorial service

for the airbrushed and co-opted nature of its subversion. Young bitches returned Ginsberg's favour, cheering, airing their sexy emotions musically, and applauding laughing references to J Edgar Hoover and Ginsberg that they probably didn't understand. They placed a bunch of grapes, an empty whiskey bottle and a wool hat in front of the church in memoriam.

Larry Fagin, a poet and friend of 40 years, described Ginsberg as one of the first generation of adolescents whose teenage years extended into adulthood. "He was a mother and a father and a protector," said Fagin, who noted Ginsberg also had a penchant for rock stars.

One poet summarised the crowd's sentiment. He said that the first person he thought to tell Allen Ginsberg had died was Allen Ginsberg. For many of the fervent-eyed, shaggy-haired on-lookers, Ginsberg was the man who bought cantaloupes at Lower East Side delicatessens, trailed by handsome assistants. As in his famous poem where Walt Whitman appears at the supermarket, spotting Ginsberg at the corner shop brought mundane transcendence to many of the East Village's young. The crowd at St Mark's Church seemed to share the knowledge that they were saying goodbye to the man who with his beat contemporaries pioneered "hipness", a condition that they can mimic, then sell, but can never attain.

مكتبة من الأصيل

Never mind the bulldogs – let's talk about real life

The French do it better, of course. They don't just think with more style, but with more depth. Even your average Norman, thought by Parisians to be as unsophisticated and dull as one of his cows, can (and will, given half a chance) give you a learned dissertation on the fate of the inner city. They care more about public affairs, and frankly, they know more.

By comparison, we seem to know little about our own affairs, understand less, and care not at all. If the level of argument normally deployed in TV debates and the popular press is anything to go by, we may be entering the 21st century with the least well-informed electorate in Europe.

The differences are starkly illustrated by the behaviour of the medium least able to cope with complex argument – television.

French TV is highly competitive, and underfunded. In theory, it should be spending every minute attracting audiences with soap operas, American mini-series and quizzes. Yet this week alone, the TV schedules show three major TV programmes in prime time which are nothing but serious talkshows of the kind the French adore.

Sacha, the lightest of the three, dealt with the issue of the children of divorced parents for 90 minutes. Sacha took it seriously, wheeling in experts and quizzing the families in detail. That programme went out at 10.40 in the evening – comparable to our own *Newsnight*, but with twice the airtime. And with respect to Paxman and friends, the programme's host is so highly valued that he is reported to be France's highest-paid TV personality.

There are even more heavyweight public affairs shows scheduled in prime time. *Envoyé Spécial* is an investigative programme that runs between 9pm and 11pm and attracts large audiences. *La Marche du Siècle* is a two-hour discussion which this week focused on unemployment.

If this strikes you as a peculiarly uncommercial piece of scheduling, I should point out that Jean-Marie Cavada, the programme's host, is also the station's director. This is not a man likely to put a ratings laser on at ten to nine and let it run for two hours – every week.

Yes, the French are notoriously gabby, ready to talk the hind legs of a frog. But the point is that the French interest in public affairs is not the preserve of a small elite who read big newspapers.

The French explanation for our boredom with these big issues is that we are a nation of islanders interested only in football and sexual perversion. It may be true that we have become used to the intellectual fast food offered by TV and the tabloids, and are increasingly unable to cope with the political or civic equivalent of a decent meal. If so, then we are in danger of ending up with Kentucky Fried Chicken running our affairs. And the result will be that we will have no answer to some of the most important issues facing our people.

First, there has been no discussion, either before or during the election campaign, of the scientific or technological issues that rule our lives. Virtually every great shift in our human history has been attributable to a scientific discovery and its application by engineers.



Trevor Phillips

That vital issues are not being discussed is bad enough; that we don't care enough to discuss them is the real calamity

The printing press, the steam engine, the semiconductor, DNA, nuclear power – every one of these has changed the human race permanently and irrevocably. Yet we hear little of these issues or their 1990s equivalents.

Today, for example, there is no debate on genetic engineering, which will probably transform our diets and eating habits in the next decade, and will be infinitely more important than any passing concern about say, BSE or fish stocks.

The single most revolutionary piece of science is receiving no attention at all. It is responsible for the volatility of financial markets, for the shift of millions of jobs from Europe to the Pacific rim, for our relative uncompetitiveness in any industry that demands high levels of education from its workers; it is what makes a single European currency a virtual inevitability. The instantaneous digital transmission of information has put fiscal policy in the hands of multinational corporations.

The odd pop at Rupert Murdoch, or a promise to put computers in classrooms and to make the Internet available hardly matches up to the scale of the challenge. But surely we should be invited by our next government how to say we feel about these issues?

Secondly, we live longer, break up more often. Where will the 4.4 million extra homes needed in the UK come from? Will we build more on green-belt land? Or

will we clog up our inner cities further with 'homes and offices'? What will we do to prevent another spiral of rising house prices caused by the shortage of homes?

And third, the beast that has been lurking under every discussion of transport and the environment – what shall we do about the car? We love our own cars; but we'd like everybody else's off the road. A new government will have to confront these questions with dramatic measures. Yet beyond a few bland promises to review this, or to tax that, we hear little from the main parties, and certainly don't see a debate of the seriousness of the crisis warrants.

Our ability to debate these issues is said by some to be hampered by the work of the spin doctors. I doubt it. Peter Mandelson, the archetypal spin doctor, is a man who studied politics, philosophy and economics, went off to teach in Tanzania, campaigned against youth unemployment, and sat on Lambeth council in its darkest days. Prince of Darkness may be a good gag, but it's significant that when he went to work in TV, Mandelson chose the most eggheaded, ascetic and demanding of programmes – Brian Walden's *Weekend World*. Not much sign of an instinctive bowdleriser there.

If we need to point the finger, perhaps it should be directed at the political class's fear that the public either does not want to or cannot understand these great issues.

In particular, we seem to believe that anything involving scientific or mathematical explanation will just make the voter's head hurt. If that is true, it is a calamity. In the modern world, where technology and science rule our lives, how can we make a serious choice if we cannot understand the issues involved, or choose not to? And if we the voters fail to make those choices positively, how can any government claim to have a mandate on the things that matter?

A royal bungalow in the Tesco style

by Jonathan Glancey

The Royal Family is not known for its taste in architecture. When, in 1956, James Pope-Hennessy, the immensely grand curator and art historian, went to see Sandringham, the family's grandiose holiday cottage in north Norfolk, he found the Saxe-Coburg-Gothas' lumbering, late-Victorian pile "tremendously vulgar and emphatically, almost defiantly, hideous and gloomy". As the "Pope", a famous snob but an aesthete of impeccable taste, was writing the official biography of Queen Mary at the time, he was doubtless holding back from expressing his true opinion of Sandringham. "To sum up," he wrote judiciously, "this is a hideous house, with a horrible atmosphere in parts and in others no atmosphere at all."

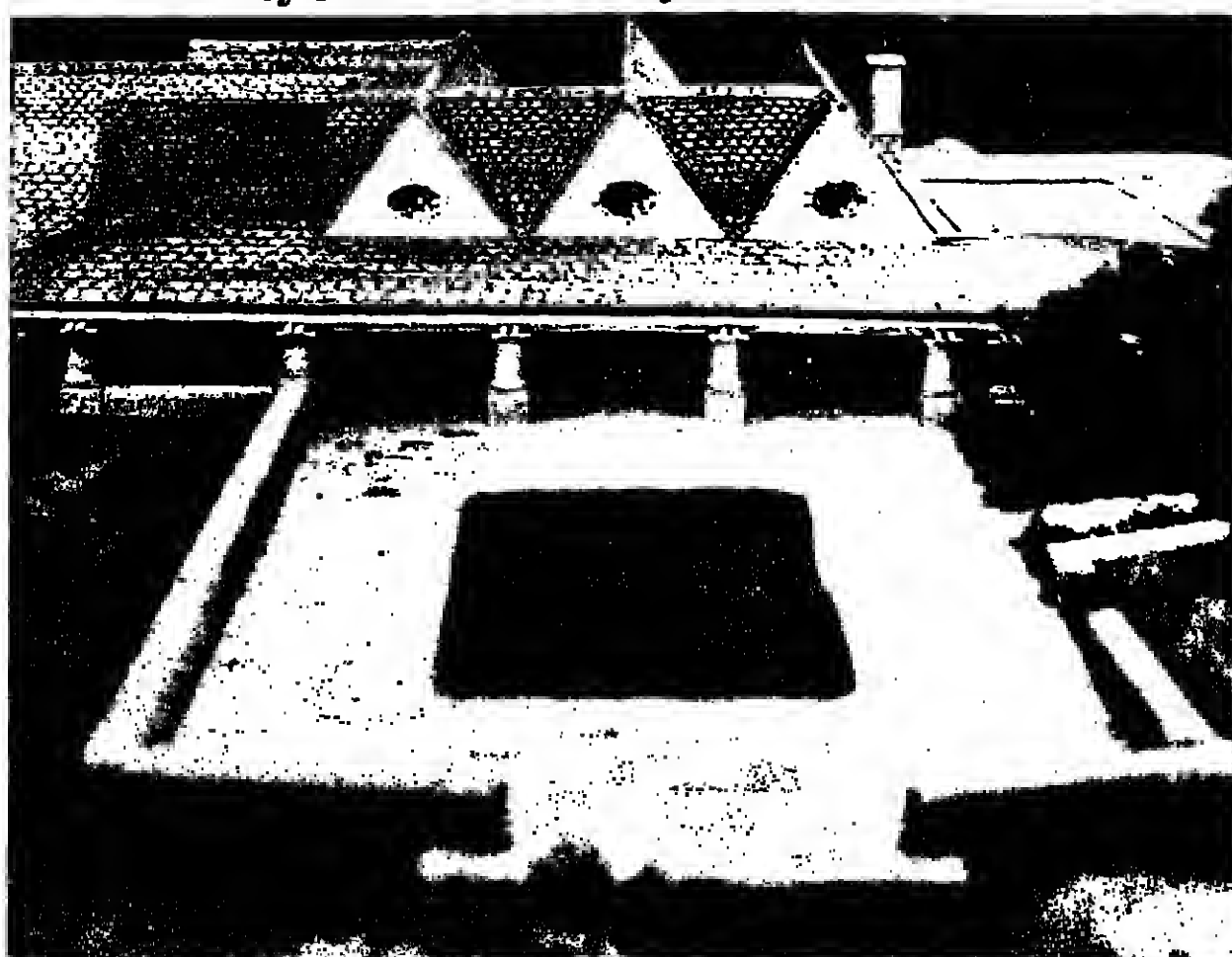
Nine years earlier, Harold Nicholson had been commissioned to write the official biography of George V. He visited York Cottage, the late king's favourite home, an 1860s "cottage" in the grounds of Sandringham, complete with pseudo-Gothic and Joke Oak additions commissioned by George V himself. Nicholson, another man of learning and taste, took a good look round and, drawing on his by no means inconsiderable literary powers, described this representation of royal taste in brick and stone as a "horrid little house".

It should come as no surprise, then, to find that the Prince of Wales's latest venture into the realm of architecture, in his grounds at Highgrove, has met with less than flattering criticism. The Prince purports to stand for fine and noble principles in architectural design, and lambasts modern architects, but when he himself embraces the Mistress Art, things just don't seem to work out.

The "Orchard Room" as a "country building with elegance", which is, it must be said, the sort of line one has come to expect from house-builders who, collectively, are undermining the quality of what remains of our countryside with their "vernacular-style" Neo-Georgian and Tudor-bethan homes.

The Duchy of Cornwall, the Prince's own West Country fiefdom, toes the house-builders' line. Apart from Poundbury, that Tyn Town development on the fringe of Dorchester in Dorset, the Duchy is busy erecting no fewer than three hundred potty "vernacular" houses on the edge of Shepton Mallet, Somerset, and 31 new homes in the guise of "barns", "gate-houses" and "Georgian-style cottages" on the Cornish coast at Pentire.

Sir John Betjeman, whose favourite spot this was, will be turning in his grave. Making barns into houses and architects' studios is bad enough (why not convert them into barns?), but to build two new homes in the guise of old barns



The Orchard Room at Highgrove: a tiny carbuncle, but my dears, just look at those columns

Photograph: SWNS

The Prince of Wales lambasts modern architects, but when he himself embraces the Mistress Art, things just don't seem to work out

who commissioned and built it. Most of all, it follows royal precedent. Poor "Bertie" – Edward VII to you and me – was so upset, when Prince of Wales, by the handsome Georgian house (frantically middle-class) that stood where Sandringham stands today, that he had it demolished and brought in A.J. Humbert as architect and Goggs Bros of Swaffham (builders) to fashion the grim Victorian pile that James Pope-Hennessy was unable to find a kind word for.

The house was made to look even more like a railway hotel than it did when first built by additions made by Colonel R.W. Edis, architect of the Great

Eastern Railway's headquarters at Liverpool Street. Some years ago, Prince Philip wanted to demolish much of Sandringham to build anew, but was stopped in his tracks by the Queen Mother, who thought the family should respect its own history.

You can't say fairer than that. The Prince must be allowed to build "Wimpey"/"Tesco"/"Tyn Town" bungalows in the grounds of his own home. It is, in any case, what many smart people in the area do when not converting barns (thus denying them to more deserving oaks, hats and interesting rodents) or erecting garages (sorry, "carriage houses") in the guise of barns.

Even so, for all our sakes, for those of our children and the future of what we call "the countryside", such buildings must be held in check safely behind the high walls of Highgrove and other royal estates, or in the grounds of those who still wish to court favour with the Royal Family.

The important thing, here, is to keep a sense of proportion, even though the Prince and Mr Morris have failed to do just that (my dears, just look at those columns). The "Orchard Room" is just the tiniest of carbuncles and few people will ever get to see it. It is entirely fit for its purpose and reflects the taste and ambitions of those

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The house was made to look even more like a railway hotel than it did when first built by additions made by Colonel R.W. Edis, architect of the Great

Eastern Railway's headquarters at Liverpool Street. Some years ago, Prince Philip wanted to demolish much of Sandringham to build anew, but was stopped in his tracks by the Queen Mother, who thought the family should respect its own history.

You can't say fairer than that. The Prince must be allowed to build "Wimpey"/"Tesco"/"Tyn Town" bungalows in the grounds of his own home. It is, in any case, what many smart people in the area do when not converting barns (thus denying them to more deserving oaks, hats and interesting rodents) or erecting garages (sorry, "carriage houses") in the guise of barns.

Even so, for all our sakes, for those of our children and the future of what we call "the countryside", such buildings must be held in check safely behind the high walls of Highgrove and other royal estates, or in the grounds of those who still wish to court favour with the Royal Family.

The important thing, here, is to keep a sense of proportion, even though the Prince and Mr Morris have failed to do just that (my dears, just look at those columns). The "Orchard Room" is just the tiniest of carbuncles and few people will ever get to see it. It is entirely fit for its purpose and reflects the taste and ambitions of those

who commissioned and built it. Most of all, it follows royal precedent. Poor "Bertie" – Edward VII to you and me – was so upset, when Prince of Wales, by the handsome Georgian house (frantically middle-class) that stood where Sandringham stands today, that he had it demolished and brought in A.J. Humbert as architect and Goggs Bros of Swaffham (builders) to fashion the grim Victorian pile that James Pope-Hennessy was unable to find a kind word for.

jo brand's week



The *Daily Mail* nailed its misogynist colours to the mast once again this week with its sensitive and caring treatment of Mo Mowlem. In its usual nasty little Home Counties way, it laid into Ms Mowlem because of a weight gain and doubtless because it was another opportunity to have a go at a Labour woman, one of a species, who, in *Daily Mail* land, inhabits dungarees, has girlfriends, and looks like a plumber's mate. The particularly lovely thing about the *Mail* is that the misogyny does not issue forth from the pens solely of male writers, virioli spews forth in equal measure from its female journalists as well. And as for Linda Lee-Potter, throwing abuse around about looks, given she looks as if she's had a narrow escape from running in the Grand National because of a bomb scare, the woman has the most incredible cheek, or no mirrors in the house. Of course Ms Mowlem's weight gain was as a result of being prescribed certain drugs, following the discovery of a brain tumour. Despite

everyone then feeling immense sympathy for her because of her illness, the fact is that the *Daily Mail* shouldn't even be indulging in this sort of trivial and vicious abuse in the first place, whether the woman has a brain tumour or not. As a sufferer of Not-Looking-Like-A-Supermodel syndrome, I have received plenty of this kind of hypocritical judgement myself and maybe it's time the *Daily Mail* turned the critical spotlight on the majority of its female readers – the unbridled, bitter, blue-rinse brigade from the Home Counties. Not many lookers there, I suspect. Of course this is unimportant, but we should bear in mind the more important issue, which is that the milk of human kindness leaked away from these dried-up old boggles a very long time ago and that really is grounds for an attack.

I wonder how it would feel to be a black member of staff at the BBC, knowing that the corporation was involved in producing and showing a

party political broadcast on behalf of the BNP. Pretty similar, perhaps, to being asked as a woman to make a party political broadcast on behalf of a party that wanted to legalise rape. It seems so ridiculous, in an age where we have laws to prevent certain moronic individuals inciting racial hatred, that it's perfectly OK to broadcast such opinions on the screens of millions of viewers. The BBC is protesting that its hands are tied because of election rules, but it withdrew a broadcast by the National Front in 1983, so a precedent has been set. If the corporation shows this particular nasty rant, they

will be letting down their staff and setting back the cause of so many people who have attempted, for many years, to combat the bigotry that infects a handful of very small minds in this country. "It's all gone pear-shaped" has entered the language as a way of describing how things have gone disastrously wrong. However, it certainly has not gone pear-shaped for the usual gaggle of medical experts produced a report on the subject. Apparently, if you store fat in your big end, as opposed to round the tummy, it is much healthier. So at least that's some

consolation for women who have to buy trousers that are two sizes bigger than tops. The report fails to describe the consequence of having a big bottom and a big tummy. Oh well, I'm sure it's not good news.

One of my biggest regrets in life is that, as a 17 year old working in a residential home for adults with learning difficulties, I let my suspicions about a member of staff be ignored by the head of the home. Having noticed that a charge nurse appeared to be behaving inappropriately with female residents, I complained to the head of the home, who pointed out that the charge nurse in question had been in the job for years and I had been there a few months and I would therefore be best if I left. I did. But now, when I read news items like the ones this week about a couple who ran a private home and are charged with running a cruel and abusive regime, I wish I had stuck to my guns and taken the matter further. We now know that it tends to be

those staff who have become as institutionalised as their charges who commit these terrible acts. As a failed whistleblower, I just hope that there are people out there who are less naïve and more sure of themselves than I was.

Bureaucracy is a terrible curse. I was attempting to find out the date whether I was eligible to vote in a particular area of London or not. Having telephoned the local election registrar, I was informed that no questions could be answered on the phone and I had to write. I did. About four days later, I received a form offering me a postal or proxy vote, neither of which I wanted. Still, rather than wasting more time writing back, I requested a proxy vote. This elicited an incredulous phone call asking me to call. I did. I explained myself and was advised about my eligibility and the location of the polling station, which was what I wanted to know in the first place. Good job I didn't have a really complicated question.

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business & city

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High Court stalls £1bn Co-op bid

Nigel Cope
City Correspondent

An audacious £1.2bn break-up bid for the whole of the Co-operative Wholesale Society was thwarted by legal action yesterday when the CWS obtained a High Court order preventing Andrew Regan and his Lanica Trust vehicle from using confidential information.

The move came as Mr Regan was on the point of launching his ambitious attack through Gallileo, an offshoot of Lanica, in a statement issued just before 6pm. Gallileo confirmed that it had intended to announce "today" formal proposals for the conversion of the CWS to a limited company so that Gallileo

could then make an offer to acquire the company.

The bid would have included the Co-operative Bank as well as the food retailing operations, funeral parlours, travel agencies and the chain of opticians. The only business not included in the offer was the Co-operative Insurance Society which would have continued to be owned by its membership.

The statement said Gallileo had been preventing from going ahead with its offer by the court injunction. It added: "Gallileo regrets that the members of the CWS, both individual and corporate, have, for the time being, been denied the opportunity to consider its proposals which it is confident

would benefit members, employees, customers and the co-operative movement as a whole." However, if Gallileo can make its bid without the use of confidential information it could still proceed.

It is understood that the 31-year-old Mr Regan had lined up buyers for all the CWS businesses. The Allied Irish Bank was in line to buy the Co-op Bank from Gallileo, if the bid had been successful.

The court order was granted against Mr Regan, his right hand man David Lyons, Lanica Trust and Gallileo, the arms-length company being used to mount the bid. Also cited was Allan Green who was suspended on Thursday by the

CWS as controller of its retailing operations following suspicions of "recent serious breaches of trust."

The order was granted by Justice Gavin Lightman and prohibits the three men from using any confidential CWS information. They are also required to disclose, under oath, all the information that has been passed to them as well as how the information would have been used. They must do this by 4pm next Tuesday and return all the information to the CWS.

The court injunction and the Gallileo statement ends a dramatic week in what has become one of the most mesmerising "bid" battles of recent years. It came a day after Mr

Green and buying manager David Chambers were suspended by the CWS amid suspicions that they were colluding with Mr Regan. This action was the result of a CWS monitoring operation which included photographs of secret meetings and the logging of telephone calls between Mr Regan and Mr Green.

The CWS said it hoped that the injunction and the suspensions would "bring this matter to a close."

Mr Regan and Lanica Trust were making no comment yesterday. It is thought that the company was in talks with its advisers on how best to proceed after this latest setback.

Early yesterday it looked like

Mr Regan might be set to take the initiative. By mid-morning there were strong rumours in the stock market that there would be an announcement from Lanica "within the hour." This was thought to be a £1.2bn offer for the whole CWS which would have involved the conversion of the society into a limited company and the distribution of £600 to £2,400 to each of the society's individual members. There are 2 million members of the CWS of which 500,000 are considered "active."

But before Mr Regan had a chance to strike, the Co-op moved first by obtaining the court order.

The CWS declined to comment further on the court order. Comment, page 25

'Independent' wins Financial Journal award

The Independent was yesterday named Financial Journal of the Year by the Wincott Foundation. This is the second time the paper has won the award, the most prestigious in financial journalism. It is the only paper to have been given the prize twice. The judges praised the Independent's business, city and economics coverage for its campaigning style, judgement, visual impact and regular scoops. The chairman of the judging panel, Professor Ian Morison, dean of social sciences and humanities at Loughborough University, said it had been struck by the balance and strength of the Independent's economics coverage, led by the economics editor Diane Coyle and supported by the columnists Hamish McRae and Gavin Davies. The judges also applauded the paper's "high scoop content", its coverage of important City stories such as the Peter Young affair and its campaigns on issues including the privatised utilities and share buy-backs.



Jeremy Warner, Business and City editor, receiving the award yesterday from Elizabeth Wincott-Heckett

Professor Morison added that the visual impact and balance of the business section reinforced its reputation as a newspaper that appealed to the professional and lay reader alike. The Senior Financial Journalist of the Year award went to Anatole Kaletsky of The Times and the Young Financial Journalist of the Year Award was shared by William Lewis of the Financial Times and Daniel Livin of The Economist. The Broadcast Business Journalist of the Year was Alison Mitchell and the Business Broadcast of the Year award went to When Rover Met BMW, produced by BBC Bristol.

Exchange deals severe blow to market-makers

Tom Stevenson
City Editor

The Stock Exchange dealt another blow to the endangered business of market-making yesterday when it published recommendations that, if accepted, will put an end to the delayed publication of stock market bargains. The change, to coincide with the introduction of electronic order-driven trading in October, is designed to make the London market more transparent but some believe it represents another nail in the market makers' coffin.

The change in October to immediate notification of deals, no matter how large or small, will mark an end to the privilege market-makers have enjoyed of keeping quiet about large trades for up to 90 minutes in order that they can lay off the risk of holding shares before the market moves against them.

In an effort to even the playing field between the current quote-driven telephone based system of trading and the planned new system of electronically posted buy and sell orders, the privilege is to be ended.

The decision, which although still officially in the consultation phase is understood to be certain to go ahead, is a significant change from the situation in force as recently as last December when the powerful market makers firms were insisting that their protection should be built in to the new system.

Yesterday's move effectively means the market makers have lost out to opponents of their privileges, including the Securities and Investments Board (SIB), the top City regulator, which has argued for greater transparency on the stock market. It represents a notable victory for the Stock Exchange only 15 months after Michael Lawrence, its former chief ex-

ecutive, was effectively ousted by the market-making firms he had crossed.

Others to have been unhappy with market makers' privileges include the London International Financial Futures Exchange, LIFFE, which was unable to price some of its derivative products such as equity traded options with certainty because there was no guarantee that the market price was the price at which large recent trades had actually been transacted. Foreign brokers have also been unhappy that they might be dealing at disadvantageous prices compared to better informed local players.

The Stock Exchange has moved to level the playing field to try and ensure that enough market participants used the new system to make it viable. After recent embarrassments it would have been disastrous for the order-driven system not to have been credible.

The proposals include a changed regime for so-called "worked trades" where market makers will continue to be allowed to delay publication of a trade if the purpose of doing so is to improve the price or size of a large deal for a client. The Stock Exchange is expected to put in place systems to monitor these delays to ensure there is no abuse of the loophole.

Discussions with SIB are happening now to determine both the proportion of a worked trade that must be completed before a bargain becomes notifiable and the size of such a deal that will qualify for the exemption. SIB is understood to favour a deal no smaller than 10 times the normal market size, or about a quarter of the average daily volume in a stock. There is still debate about how big a deal must be before publication can be delayed beyond the end of the working day.



New horizons: (from left) Liberty group managing director Ian Thomson, Denis Cassidy, chairman, Andrew Garety, finance director, discussing plans to develop the upmarket retailer's Regent Street flagship store. The proposed £40m development will increase the shop's trading space by around 50 per cent. Photograph: Mykel Nicolau

Telefonica signs deal with BT

Chris Godsmark
Madrid

Telefonica, Spain's main telephone company, yesterday announced a deal-up with British Telecom and its US partner, MCI, which is a high blow for the international ambitions of AT&T. The Spanish carrier had been the largest member of AT&T's European alliance grouping, called Unisource.

AT&T's chief executive, John Walter, had personally intervened with Juan Villalonga, chairman of Telefonica, to try to prevent the Spanish carrier joining with BT.

Telefonica has a unique prize for BT and MCI, soon to merge to form Concert. It owns controlling stakes in large tele-

phone companies in Argentina, Peru and Chile, giving it the best opportunity to exploit one of the world's fastest-growing markets.

Telefonica has 10 million phone lines in Latin America and almost 900,000 mobile customers. The Spanish carrier has a 25 per cent shareholding in Unisource, alongside PTT of the Netherlands, Telia of Sweden and Swiss Telecom PTT.

Attempts to limit the damage yesterday proved fruitless. As Mr Villalonga was giving a presentation at an official signing ceremony in Madrid with Sir Ian Vallance, BT chairman, his partners in Unisource issued a statement asking Telefonica to leave the alliance.

Earlier Mr Villalonga had

played down suggestions that Telefonica would have to quit Unisource immediately. He said talks would start on Monday with partners. "We will jointly analyse the different implications over the next few days."

Unisource said the deal between Telefonica and Concert was incompatible with its existing alliances. Lars Berg, Unisource chairman, said: "It will lead to customer confusion and will slow down the opening of the European communications market."

It was unclear last night whether the dispute would end in legal action. Unisource said legal consequences were being sorted out. Telefonica insisted its Unisource agreement had not been violated.

Confusion also surrounded whether Unisource would replace Telefonica with the Italian state-owned phone network, Stet. Sir Ian appeared to emphatically rule out Stet joining with BT as well. He said: "That would be straining the concept of competition. It would be hard for the European Commission to swallow."

The scope of the BT/Telefonica deal was wider than expected. BT will buy 2 per cent of the Spanish carrier within a year for £280m, while Telefonica will acquire 1 per cent of BT for the same price. In addition, BT and MCI have the option to buy 10 per cent of Telefonica's international business, Tisa, the vehicle through which it owns its stakes in Latin America.

Racial warning on profits shocks City

Michael Harrison

Shares in Racial Electronics slumped 12 per cent yesterday as the group shocked the City by issuing its second profits warning in the space of six months.

The group, led by Sir Ernest Harrison, chairman, cautioned that profits for the year just ended would be around £40m compared with a market expectation of £50m because of second half losses in its data products division.

Racial said the data losses would be in the region of £7m compared with expectations that the division would record a modest profit. The losses stem from the delayed launch of a new product aimed at the telecoms market which provides a fast data link between computers.

The profit warning sent Racial shares tumbling from 277p to 243.5p, wiping £95m off the company's stock market value. Last November the shares slumped by 25 per cent after Racial warned of losses in its radio division after the failure to win three big orders.

David Elsbury, Racial's chief executive, described the profits warning as a "hiccup" and pledged that the division had now passed its transition phase and was starting to deliver.

Of the £7m loss, £5m is due to extra research and development spending while a further £2m is a trading loss caused by delay in bringing the new product - known as fast-frame relay - to the market.

Justinian Clifford Bowes of Credit Lyonnais said that Racial's target of returning the data products division to profit after a first half loss of £12m had always been "somewhat ambitious". He added that the key challenge still facing the group was its relatively poor level of profitability and expectations that Sir Ernest would have to take further measures to boost shareholder returns in what is his last year with Racial.

But Mr Elsbury said there was no question of any further break-up of the group following the sale of the Chubb security division to Williams Holdings. He said that the business was worth well in excess of the City's estimated 350p break-up value.

Star Mining chief in talks to save stake in Russian gold

John Willcock

Rudolph Agnew has been holding urgent talks in Russia in his capacity as chairman of Star Mining, an Australia-based company, to save the business's stake in Russia's biggest ever gold deposit.

Mr Agnew, chairman of Lamo, separately became chairman of Star Mining on 1 September 1995, when he succeeded the retiring chairman, Neville Wain.

Star Mining owns 34.9 per cent of Sukhoi Log, a gold deposit near lake Baikal in Siberia which has resources of over 30 million troy ounces. Star was

hoping to manage the \$1bn (£600m) development of Sukhoi Log, but has hit legal problems in Russia.

Local courts ruled this month that the old Soviet co-operative Lenzoloto (Lena Gold), which originally worked Sukhoi Log, was incorrectly privatised in 1992. The Supreme Arbitration Court ruled that employees should have been offered shares in the mine, a normal part of the Russian privatisation process.

The ruling's implications are unclear, but resulted in the suspension of Star's shares in Sydney earlier this month.

"It's a hell of a mess," said one mining analyst in the City yes-

terday. "This one has been brewing for years. It's a question of whether Western capital can get into Russia and out again or not."

Mercury Asset Management and other London institutions have stakes in Star via their mining funds. Star is receiving help from JCI, a big South African mining group, to co-develop the Sukhoi Log site.

The legal setback also casts a shadow over other privatisations in the former Soviet Union where Western enterprises have bought in. Many such privatisations may now face court challenges by former workers, according to Russian sources.

Mortgage lending slackens on rate fears

Money supply M4



Diane Coyle
Economics Editor

The fear of an increase in interest rates after the election slowed mortgage lending by banks and building societies last month and led to a slight dip in consumer confidence. But the high street banks reported the biggest rise in their total lending since 1991.

The hesitation in the housing market would not reduce the pressure for a rise in base rates, analysts said. The latest batch of monetary statistics showed that broad money growth, which has alarmed the Bank of England, was still well above target and accelerating.

New lending by building so-

cieties dipped to £995m in March from £1.1bn the previous month. It is at the same level as a year ago. The amount approved in March was slightly down on a year earlier and the number of approvals were the same as in March 1996.

The high street banks also reported a slight dip in mortgage lending from £780m to £755m. But this remained 21 per cent higher than a year earlier and well above the recent monthly average, suggesting the banks gained market share last month.

Adrian Coles, director general of the Building Societies Association, said the housing market recovery remained on track. But, he said: "It is worth noting that the recovery remains

moderate and that spring is traditionally a time when the housing market picks up."

Jonathan Loyne, an economist at HSBC Markets, said: "Mortgage demand has slackened in the run-up to the election. People are worried about where mortgage rates are going."

Other bank lending was stronger than expected, although not as high as the monster totals for January and February. Total lending by banks and building societies was £4.5bn in March, down from £7.8bn the previous month.

The picture was complicated by transactions in the gilts repo market. Last month there seems to have been a repo-re-

lated repayment of loans to overseas banks.

The British Bankers' Association reported a £5.6bn increase in its lending last month, the highest since its figures began in 1991. Much of the increase was new lending to financial companies, especially securities dealers.

Personal lending remained above £1bn but was down from February's record £1.4bn. Credit card lending was half the previous month's level, at £115m.

Separate figures showed a dip in consumer confidence in April. The monthly survey for the European Commission by GfK showed less optimism about household finances and the general economic situation.

Dealers predict A&L will start at 528p

Stock market dealers were betting yesterday that shares in Alliance & Leicester would start trading as high as 528p when dealings officially begin on Monday, writes Clifford German. That would mean that 250 of the 1.1 million members of the former building society, each of whom has been allocated 250 free shares, were looking at a windfall worth £1,300 each.

IG Index, the City book-makers, raised their spread of prices from the overnight 494p-502p to 520p-528p, and still attracted a steady flow of "buy" orders from dealers who would

win money only if the price exceeded the top end of the spread. Shortly before IG Index's dealings closed some sell orders appeared, backing an opening price below 520p and the spread was lowered slightly to 518p-526p. At 518p the individual windfalls would still be worth free shares, but the real action will be in the stock market and much depends on the outcome of the three stage auction of 157 million shares put up for immediate sale by members who want to sell their shares for whatever they will fetch.

STOCK MARKETS					
Index	Close	Day's change	Change %	1996/97 High	1996/97 Low
FTSE 100	4299.50	+4.30	+0.1	4444.30	4056.60
FTSE 250	4524.90	+0.30	+0.0	4729.40	4469.40
FTSE 350	2117.70	+1.70	+0.1	2194.30	2017.90
FTSE SmallCap	2298.38	+1.67	+0.1	2374.20	2178.29
FTSE All-Share	2069.10	+1.64	+0.1	2163.94	1989.78
New York	8705.56	+25.69	+0.4	7085.16	5032.94
Telco	18093.41	+62.21	+0.3	19448.00	17303.65
Hong Kong	12518.23	-65.08	-0.5	13868.24	12055.17
Frankfurt	3363.25	+29.80	+0.9	3480.59	2648.77

INTEREST RATES					
Short sterling*			UK medium gilt*		
Rate	1 Month	3 Month	Rate	1 Year	3 Year
UK	6.03	6.04	7.48	8.12	7.57
US	5.69	6.25	6.83	6.52	7.05
Japan	0.53	0.63	2.18	3.35	-
Germany	3.16	3.38	5.90	6.46	6.59

Money Market Rates					
Index	1 Month	3 Month	6 Month	9 Month	1 Year
UK	6.03	6.04	7.48	8.12	7.57
US	5.69	6.25	6.83	6.52	7.05
Japan	0.53	0.63	2.18	3.35	-
Germany	3.16	3.38	5.90	6.46	6.59

Bond Yields*					
Index	1 Month	3 Month	6 Month	9 Month	1 Year
UK	6.03	6.04	7.48	8.12	7.57
US	5.69	6.25	6.83	6.52	7.05
Japan	0.53	0.63	2.18	3.35	-
Germany	3.16	3.38	5.90	6.46	6.59

CURRENCIES					
Index	1 Month	3 Month	6 Month	9 Month	1 Year
US	1.6221	-0.332	1.5088	-	-
UK	1.6245	-0.106	1.5097	-	-
DM	2.0040	-1.436	2.2737	-	-
¥	204.060	-1.285	163.267	-	-
£ Index	99.7	-0.4	83.8	-	-

MAIN PRICE CHANGES					
Index	1 Month	3 Month	6 Month	9 Month	1 Year
LIB Sports	452	23	5.4	3.0	15
Carlton Comm	528.5	22	4.3	3.0	2.8
Spirax-Sarco Engr	733	26	3.7	3.0	2.1

OTHER INDICATORS					
Index	1 Month	3 Month	6 Month	9 Month	1 Year
OE Brent \$	17.83	-0.06	19.12	-	-
Gold \$	343.05	+2.7	291.45	-	-
Gold £	210.80	-0.78	258.50	-	-
Base Rate	-	-	6.00pc	-	-

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JEREMY WARNER

Mr Reagan's caper doesn't deserve to succeed

I've never met Andrew Reagan, the man who wants to break up the Co-op, but my opinion of him soared on hearing that at the ripe old age of 31, he already has a family of five children. Plainly this is not quite the BMW-driving, bimbo on each arm, 1980s stereotype the Co-operative Wholesale Society would like to imagine. Whether this makes Mr Reagan any more of a serious or fit and proper player in this increasingly bizarre and farcical escapade is a different matter.

The Co-operative Wholesale Society has been in gentle, and in some parts not so gentle, decline for so long now that it perhaps fully deserves to be thrown to the wolves. Nonetheless, every time Mr Reagan suffers a setback, as he undoubtedly did yesterday, I feel an irresistible urge to punch the air in triumph.

This is not just a case of support for the underdog, if indeed the Co-op can fairly be described as that in this battle of the upstart against a 100-year-old tradition. Rather it is to do with a sense of revulsion for what he is trying to do – plunder assets and reserves built up over generations for his own short-term gain and that of his friends in the City. There is a bad smell about this adventure, right down to the news-managed way in which Lanica's various twists and turns are selectively leaked to the media. There appears no substance or purpose behind it.

outside money making, and it doesn't deserve to succeed.

Most people would share this view. The calculation that Mr Reagan has made is that though he may think of himself as an asset stripper and a Mr Nasty, it doesn't really matter. There appear to be no good public policy reasons for stopping him. Even the Labour Party, with its 16 Co-op-sponsored MPs, would be hard pressed to find one. And if the truth be known, many of the CWS's 300 corporate members would dearly like Mr Reagan's money. In some cases it would be enough to refinance their businesses.

The audacity of Mr Reagan's plan defies belief. But for the Co-op's legal spanner in the works, he would yesterday morning have been unveiling a £1.2bn fully underwritten bid. Buyers have been lined up for all the Co-op's various bits and pieces apart from the insurance business, which would have been left with members as a rump interest. Allied Irish Bank would have bought the Co-op Bank, so as to get round any problem the Bank of England might have had with Mr Reagan and his merry men, and there were equally impressive partners waiting in the wings for everything else.

For the time being this grand design is stalled. By court order Mr Reagan is prevented from making use of any of the confidential information he might have obtained from his various spies in the movement.

Since the bid and its delicately balanced financial structure may have drawn on this information, both his lawyers and his bankers have to tread warily. It may well be that they cannot proceed until the court order is lifted.

If and when that hurdle is surmounted, there are others that lie waiting just round the bend. The Co-op is accusing two of its senior executives of colluding with Mr Reagan and giving him confidential information. Secret meetings in car parks, private eyes, logged telephone calls – intrigue on this scale may be more the stuff of thrillers than the real world, but it is also most likely to end in the courts and costs severe doubt on the integrity of this bid. Certainly Mr Reagan's lawyers will want to make absolutely certain that no part of the offer, or the various side deals with partners, is based on stolen information.

This is not the only risk to Mr Reagan and his supporters. By date Mr Reagan has managed to limit his costs very effectively. But these rise exponentially the moment he pulls the trigger. As a result they may already have risen through the £10m mark, which is quite a gamble for such an uncertain outcome. Even if Mr Reagan is right, and it is possible to unlock the Co-op's hidden wealth, there would seem to be a very high possibility of a rival proposal, or of the Co-op doing the exercise itself. Mr Reagan may

have started the ball rolling, but can he really expect to reap the rewards? I find it hard to believe he can.

What do the *Independent's* business pages stand for? Given that we have just won the Whitcomb award as financial journal of the year, I might perhaps be excused a little self-indulgence in attempting to answer this question.

In its ten-and-a-half years on the news stands the *Independent* has tried to stick broadly to the same set of guiding principles in its business coverage. Someone once described us as Thatcherite economics but with a social conscience. While we wouldn't accept that description in its entirety, it's a reasonable caricature. Along the way there have been some errors of judgement, as well as some straying from the path of righteousness. But on the whole the approach has been consistently pro-business, pro-free market (in capital and labour), pro-competition and (here's something Mrs Thatcher wouldn't approve of) pro-European.

By the same token we are naturally anti-monopoly in all its guises, and anti-abuse of commercial and market power. While supportive of British commercial interests, our outlook is essentially international and we don't like Little Englander tendencies.

We believe that on the whole business, enterprise, commerce and markets should

have an unfettered ride, that they should be supported in what they do unless there are very good public policy reasons for restricting them. That is not to say that we are apologetically in favour of everything that business does. We like to think of ourselves as combative and campaigning, and we certainly don't stand in awe of business and the City, or their leaders. Quite a lot of what businesses and markets do is silly, indefensible and destructive. It is part of our purpose to expose humbug, corruption, abuse and other forms of try on when we see it.

Warts and all, however, we believe in the free market system as a force for good, dynamic change, revitalisation and catharsis in society as well as the best method yet discovered for creating wealth. If all this sounds unenviably like New Labour, let it not be forgotten that the *Independent* got there long before Tony Blair. Indeed so much of what the *Independent* stands for on economics and business is now so widely accepted, internationally as well as across the domestic political divide, that there is a perverse inclination to believe it may be time to move on and establish an entirely new agenda. Only kidding. The triumph of the businessman's view of the world in so much of public policy is one of the most striking features of late 20th Century history. In our own small way, we have been a part of that process.

Anglian makes provisions on joint venture in Brazil

Michael Harrison and Chris Godsmark

Anglian Water yesterday confirmed it would be making provisions against losses on a joint venture in Brazil less than a month after denying it was experiencing any problems on the project.

In a statement issued to the Stock Exchange, Anglian said it had conducted a full analysis of its international business and overseas strategy and the outcome and any related provisions would be announced along with its preliminary results in May.

A spokesman later confirmed the provision, expected to be in the region of £15m, would cover some of its operations in Brazil, where it is involved in a £30m waste treatment project in the south of the country with a joint venture partner, Cejen.

Anglian takes legal action in Brazil

Last month *The Independent* disclosed that Anglian was taking legal action in Brazil after running into problems on the high-profile joint venture involving its international arm. A company employee based in Brazil has returned to Britain and is on "garden leave".

According to reports circulating in the industry, Anglian paid up to £1m into the bank account of an individual in Brazil and is now trying to recover the money.

At the time a spokesman said he was not aware the company had lost any money and the company would not be making any provisions because "we haven't lost any cash".

Anglian also denied that its

financial director, Chris Mellor, had signed a bank draft made out to the account of an individual in Brazil or that it had hired private investigators to recover any lost money.

Yesterday it said Mr Mellor and Anglian's company secretary did sign off the financing for the deal but the cheque was made out to a company, not an individual. A spokesman said Anglian had not hired any private detectives but he was unable to say whether any lawyers acting on its behalf had done so.

The Anglian employee who was working in Brazil, Peter Cashen, refused to comment when contacted at his Northamptonshire home last month. There is no suggestion that

Mr Cashen or Cejen were involved in the disappearance of any money.

The Cejen partnership was singled out in Anglian's last annual report as an example of its Brazilian ambitions.

However, one senior water industry figure in Brazil said there were rumours that the partnership with Cejen had ended and that the official opening ceremony of the treatment works had been postponed.

It proved impossible to contact Cejen at its offices in the city of Curitiba, in the southern state of Parana.

The company spokesman denied that the venture itself had become bogged down.

Norwich Union flotation approved



Thumbs up: Policyholders attending an AGM at the London Arena, Docklands, yesterday gave overwhelming support to Norwich's proposed flotation. The vote means 1.8 million with-profit policyholders will get free shares worth an average £1,000

IN BRIEF

Car production increases by 13%

UK car production rose a seasonally adjusted 5.4 per cent in the six months ending March compared with the previous six months, and was up 13.4 per cent on the same period a year ago, according to the Office of National Statistics. In March, the seasonally adjusted index for total car production was 132, down from 133 in February. Production allocated for export rose by 3.1 per cent in the six months to March and rose 27.3 per cent on the same period a year ago. Car production for the domestic market rose by 8.3 per cent in the six months to March and was 0.1 per cent higher on the same period a year ago.

EU set to approve AAC's stake in Lonrho

European Union approval for Anglo American Corp to take a stake in Lonrho is set to be announced next Wednesday, after the South African mining giant agreed to scale back the size of its intended shareholding under pressure from Brussels. Commission officials confirmed that Anglo American offered to cut a 28.4 per cent shareholding in response to warnings that such a stake in Lonrho's platinum division would be in breach of the EU's competition rules. Karel Van Miert, competition commissioner, warned he would block a deal which allowed Anglo American and Lonrho to control the price of platinum charged to European manufacturers. Anglo American is reducing its stake to just under 10 per cent, it is believed, although the Commission said it was not in a position to confirm the exact figure. Brussels, which has the power to veto all mergers which affect the EU market, last year blocked a planned merger between the platinum interests of South Africa's Gencor and Lonrho.

Northern Foods buys Scottish Pride UHT

Northern Foods has acquired the Scottish Pride UHT milk business for £8m from KPMG, the receivers. Scottish Pride UHT had sales in the year to 31 March of £30m. Northern Foods intends to retain and develop the processing facilities at Kirkcubright, which will become part of Northern Dairies' UHT milk operations. The purchase includes all rights to the Scottish Pride brand.

Chemring shares crash on profit warning

The share price of Chemring, the engineering group, crashed from 185p to 122.5p on a warning it would lose close to £2m before exceptional charges of £3m in the six months to March 1996. That compares with a pre-tax profit of £4.5m in the same period last year. The company expects to return to profit in the second half of the year, but at a lower level than last year, with a considerable reduction in full-year profit before tax and exceptional items likely. Sales in the first half will be about £31m, down from £40.9m. The trading performance of Chemring's UK-based defence businesses continues to be affected by the deferment of defence orders, its specialist clothing division is experiencing trading difficulties, and the company has closed its pyrotechnic and explosives division's fireworks operation.

Beales Hunter forecasts downturn

Beales Hunter warned that pre-tax profits for the year to 31 May would fall short of market expectations, sending shares in the electrical equipment company down from 149p to 126p. It attributed the lower forecast to intensified pressure on margins resulting from a significant decline in national refrigerator contractors' sales to major food retailers. Despite the downturn, Beales Hunter intends to recommend an unchanged final dividend of 7.8p net per share.

Peek Holdings warns of interim losses

Shares in Peek Holdings, the UK data and communications company, dived from 75.5p to 44p after it said it was expecting interim losses of £1.5m, a sharp contrast to the £4m of profits made in the same period last year. The company blamed a slowdown in a deferment of government funding for some of its clients worldwide. It said it was unlikely that much of the first-half shortfall would be recovered by the year end. Its traffic businesses in the Netherlands, US and UK expected that sales and a significant reduction in gross profit margin for the first six months of 1997. Acquisitions and investment in technology had lifted costs and margins would be hit by slower-than-expected progress on longer-term contracts where profit was realised at a late stage.

Scottish football club Hearts gets full listing

Magnus Grimond

Heart of Midlothian, one of Scotland's oldest football clubs, is to become the first from north of the border to obtain a full stock market listing in a placing which will raise £50m. However, the £14m valuation being put on the club, traditionally supported by Edinburgh's Protestant community, is some way below hopes it would be valued at up to £20m. It comes just a day after investors warmed to news that the

Midlands-based Aston Villa would be valued at £126m by its float, in the middle of forecasts.

But analysts said they were not surprised to see the valuation coming down in the wake of the increasing number of football clubs coming to market and the fall in their share prices. Hearts' advisers, stockbroker Williams de Broe, described the 140p-a-share placing price for the new shares, nearly 39 per cent of the enlarged capital, as "realistic".

It will still bring a windfall for the club's chief executive, Chris

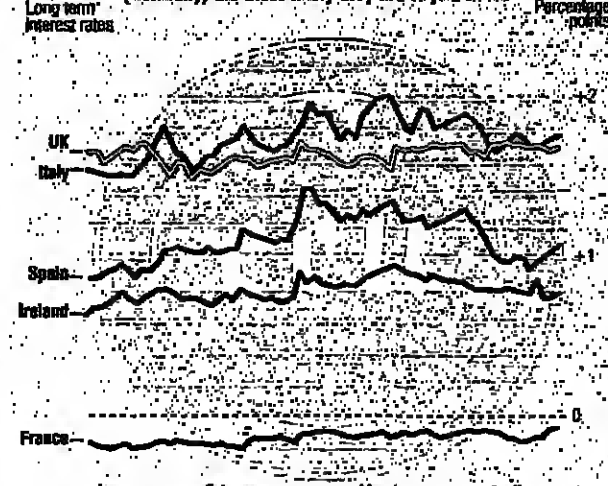
Robinson, the Wheatthorpe catering entrepreneur who with Leslie Deans, the chairman, took control of the club in 1994. Their combined stake, acquired for £2m, will be worth £6.4m after the stock market launch, although neither is selling any shares.

The money being raised will be used to finance a £2.97m stand at the club's Tynecastle Park stadium in Edinburgh, the last part of an £8m development. The new accommodation at the Gorgie Road end, traditional home of Hearts fans, will seat 3,450, taking total capacity to 18,300, and incorporate corporate hospitality, conference and banqueting facilities. Mr Robinson said Tynecastle would become the third-best ground in Scotland, after those of Celtic and Rangers, and would incorporate a £238,000 pitch heating system to reduce the number of games cancelled by bad weather.

The prize for Hearts is a new television deal to replace the agreement between all the Scottish clubs and BSkyB, the BBC and Scottish Television currently worth £16m over four years.

Who will be in EMU? The financial markets' view

The closer other countries get to the black dotted baseline (Germany) the more likely they are to join EMU.



TOWARDS EMU: If the line moves towards the German base line if interest rates no longer require such a high premium for holding that country's bonds compared to German ones, because they are confident the currency won't devalue against the Mark. In other words, they think that country will be locked into a single currency with Germany in ten years' time.

AWAY FROM EMU: However, if they think the country won't be in EMU, but it will have higher inflation, and that there is a risk of a future devaluation against the Mark, then they will demand an extra premium for holding that country's bonds, so the line will move away from the base.

When will EMU start? The City Analysts' View

The Independent asked analysts from: Nikko Europe, Paine Webber, ABN Amro, JP Morgan, Deutsche Morgan Grenfell, Salomon Brothers, Goldman Sachs, HSBC, James Capital, UBS what probability they placed on EMU starting on time.

Probability EMU starts on time:	67%	(80% last week)
Probability EMU is delayed:	23%	(84% last week)
Probability EMU never happens:	10%	(10% last week)

Italian setback on EMU

Italy's prospects of joining EMU in the first wave in 1999 appeared dented this week. There were reports of a Franco-German pact to exclude it from monetary union in 1999 and adverse comments from the European Monetary Institute, the forerunner of the European Central Bank, writes Chris Hughes.

Italian newspaper reports said Germany had persuaded France to agree to exclude Italy on the grounds that corrections to its budget were cosmetic. Many Germans fear the euro would be weaker than the Deutschmark if Italy joined in 1999. The reports suggested that Germany had threatened to delay the entire project.

Alison Cottrell of Paine Webber said the Italian electorate was being softened up for the news that Italy would not be taking part in 1999. While Germany is keen to exclude Italy from the first wave, it may not qualify itself. However, according to Michael Lewis of Deutsche Morgan Grenfell, officials were this week talking about calculating Germany's budget on the basis of the former West Germany.

Foreign Exchange Rates

Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	D-Mark	Spot	1 month	3 months
US	1.6389	7.5	23.19	100	0.5795		
Canada	1.2764	61.52	107.12	29.28	82.80		
Germany	2.0839	10.47	107.15	12.57	33.31		
France	6.5282	22.31	67.64	6.875	100.00		
Italy	2.0719	26.22	71.84	70.12	26.53		
Japan	203.19	29.50	236.20	129.97	67.13		
Spain	14.381	64.50	124.32	10.94	39.39		
Belgium	37.975	15.12	23.35	35.590	7.5		
ECU	1.7129	20.12	70.43	63.45	99.79		
Denmark	3.9280	65.71	146.32	10.94	39.39		
Netherlands	10.246	5.1	5.9	154.32	5.4		
Ireland	11.53	23.21	74.70	17.99	50.25		
Norway	1.3457	12.5	14.70	14.70	14.70		
Sweden	1.374	12.5	14.70	14.70	14.70		
Australia	1.2764	61.52	107.12	29.28	82.80		
South Africa	1.2764	61.52	107.12	29.28	82.80		
Switzerland	1.2764	61.52	107.12	29.28	82.80		
Portugal	1.2764	61.52	107.12	29.28	82.80		
Greece	1.2764	61.52	107.12	29.28	82.80		
New Zealand	1.2764	61.52	107.12	29.28	82.80		
Saudi Arabia	1.2764	61.52	107.12	29.28	82.80		
Singapore	1.2764	61.52	107.12	29.28	82.80		

Other Spot Rates

Country	Spot	Dollar	Country	Spot	Dollar
Argentina	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
Australia	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
Brazil	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
Canada	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
China	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
France	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
Germany	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
Greece	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
India	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
Italy	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
Japan	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
South Africa	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
Spain	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
Sweden	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
Switzerland	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999
UK	1.2764	0.9999	Yugoslavia	1.2764	0.9999

Interest Rates

Country	Rate	Country	Rate	Country	Rate
UK	6.00%	Germany	2.50%	US	5.75%
France	5.50%	Japan	5.00%	Canada	5.00%
Italy	5.50%	Spain	5.50%	Belgium	5.00%
Netherlands	5.50%	Denmark	5.50%	Sweden	5.00%
Switzerland	5.50%	Portugal	5.50%	Greece	5.00%
South Africa	5.50%	India	5.50%	China	5.00%
Japan	5.00%	Canada	5.00%	Australia	5.00%
UK	5.75%	Germany	2.50%	US	5.75%
France	5.50%	Japan	5.00%	Canada	5.00%
Italy	5.50%	Spain	5.50%	Belgium	5.00%
Netherlands	5.50%	Denmark	5.50%	Sweden	5.00%
Switzerland	5.50%	Portugal	5.50%	Greece	5.00%
South Africa	5.50%	India	5.50%	China	5.00%
Japan	5.00%	Canada	5.00%	Australia	5.00%

Money Market Rates

Country	Rate	Country	Rate	Country	Rate
UK	5.75%	Germany	2.50%	US	5.75%
France	5.50%	Japan	5.00%	Canada	5.00%
Italy	5.50%	Spain	5.50%	Belgium	5.00%
Netherlands	5.50%	Denmark	5.50%	Sweden	5.00%
Switzerland	5.50%	Portugal	5.50%	Greece	5.00%
South Africa	5.50%	India	5.50%	China	5.00%
Japan	5.00%	Canada	5.00%	Australia	5.00%
UK	5.75%	Germany	2.50%	US	5.75%
France	5.50%	Japan	5.00%	Canada	5.00%
Italy	5.50%	Spain	5.50%	Belgium	5.00%
Netherlands	5.50%	Denmark	5.50%	Sweden	5.00%
Switzerland	5.50%	Portugal	5.50%	Greece	5.00%
South Africa	5.50%	India	5.50%	China	5.00%
Japan	5.00%	Canada	5.00%	Australia	5.00%

Tourist Rates

Country	Rate	Country	Rate	Country	Rate
UK	5.75%	Germany	2.50%	US	5.75%
France	5.50%	Japan	5.00%	Canada	5.00%
Italy	5.50%	Spain	5.50%	Belgium	5.00%
Netherlands	5.50%	Denmark	5.50%	Sweden	5.00%
Switzerland	5.50%	Portugal	5.50%	Greece	5.00%
South Africa	5.50%	India	5.50%	China	5.00%
Japan	5.00%	Canada	5.00%	Australia	5.00%
UK	5.75%	Germany	2.50%	US	5.75%
France	5.50%	Japan	5.00%	Canada	5.00%
Italy	5.50%	Spain	5.50%	Belgium	5.00%
Netherlands	5.50%	Denmark	5.50%	Sweden	5.00%
Switzerland	5.50%	Portugal	5.50%	Greece	5.00%
South Africa	5.50%	India	5.50%	China	5.00%
Japan	5.00%	Canada	5.00%	Australia	5.00%

Life Financial Futures

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market report / shares

Data Bank

FTSE 100	4310.5	+11.6
FTSE 250	4517.7	-7.2
FTSE 350	2121.5	+3.8
SEAQ VOLUME	679.3m shares	
39,567 bargains		
Giff Index	n/a	

Share spotlight

Share price, pence	Change
500	
450	
400	
350	
300	
250	
200	
150	
100	

Electric profits warnings dull any surge in Footsie

A quartet of electric profit warnings unsettled shares. Footsie struggled for most of the session, ending with a modest 11.6 points gain to 4,310.5.

The surge of cautionary comments, unusually strong even by the usual Friday level, was hardly the sort of prelude the stock market would seek ahead of Monday's fascinating flotation of the former Alliance & Leicester Building Society.

Racal Electronics was the biggest and most famous to blow a fuse. Its shares plunged 33.5p to 243.5p after it admitted profits in the year ended last month would be "in excess" of £40m. There had been hopes it would hit £70m.

Chemring, once a high-flying electronic group which touched 451p last year, fell 62.5p to 122.5p after warning of a loss, before exceptional "not more than" £2m in the

MARKET REPORT
DEREK PAIN

stock market reporter of the year

But cider maker Matthew Clark remained subdued following the HSBC Shares Capital. The shares fell 7p to 289p, they have lost 45.5p this week. PPFM, with 23 per cent, is the biggest shareholder.

Tesco shrugged off Nikko's negative comment, ending 6.5p higher at 360.5p. Drugs had another active session. Shield Diagnostic fell 32.5p to 562.5p after rolling out a surprise cash-raising exercise. It pulled in £2.9m by placing shares at 530p with institutions. Cantab Pharmaceuticals climbed 32.5p to 1,010p, but cautious comments disturbed PPL Therapeutics, off 40p at 392.5p.

Resthold Initial slipped 2.5p to 401.5p as NatWest Securities said it lowered its profit estimates because of sterling's strength and a "sharp slowdown" in the core operations in its second half year.

But the investment house was more kind to the P&O property and shipping group. It suggests the shares could be worth up to 715p. They rose just 0.5p to 609.5p.

Societe Generale Strauss Thurlbult did not have much better luck with Tomkins. It said shares of the buns to guns conglomerate were a buy, forecasting a sharp profit advance to £515m in the year ending this month with £565m likely next year.

Analyst Andy Chambers said: "Whilst some of the bugs are not expected to be resolved in the near term, the company's earnings and cash records warrant a far higher

Taking Stock

Chesterton International, the estate agent and surveyor, improved 5.5p to 69.5p despite an increased interim loss of £3.3m. Director share buying provided the spur. AF 260p.

A sudden bout of Friday nerves hit Sunderland, one of the Premiership clubs struggling against relegation. With unquoted West Ham Utd saying the drop could cost it more than £5m the market started to fret over Sunderland's clash with local rivals and fellow strugglers, Middlesbrough; the shares fell 22.5p to 495p. They have, during their brief market life, been as high as 760p.

Turapye, the engineer which has attracted the attention of ex-Sterling chief David Abell, added 1.25p to 20.25p and Optometrics, the optical equipment group, firmed to 26p following the arrival of a consortium led by solicitor Peter Levene.

Evans 'limbo' a Saracen

Howie, an engineer, held at 31.5p although stockbroker Teather & Greenwood recommends "early purchase of these undervalued shares". It believes profits will be £900,000 this year, rising to £1.2m next. Analyst Adrian Murray says: "Howie aims to develop into a substantial engineering concern".

Alcoholic Beverages									
High	Low	Stock	Price	Chg	Yld	Index	High	Low	Stock
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The projected size of the cumulative television audience for the 64 matches in next summer's World Cup finals in France — more than twice the number who watched last year's Olympics in Atlanta.

for 9th, District Peace, 6-1
2-2 others

Evans v Ferguson
The tactical battle for
supremacy, page 30

sport

The right frame of mind
Peter Ebdon's challenge for snooker's
world championship, page 28

Early decider in Premiership race

Football
GUY HODGSON

The date has stuck out in the congested Premiership fixture list for months. Liverpool versus Manchester United. The requirements of satellite television have even intervened to ensure it will take place with high noon at its fulcrum.

Win and United will be confident of gaining their fourth championship in five seasons. Lose and they will still be best placed, although Liverpool and Arsenal will have renewed hope. The title is never taken or squandered in one match, it will just seem like it today.

"It's a massive game for both of us," Ferguson, United's manager, said, while Roy Evans, his Liverpool counterpart, added: "If we don't win it'll be a kick in the teeth." He went on to say his side could be defeated and still win the championship, although few would concur.

Reliable Liverpool are not. Brilliant frequently, predictable hardly ever. They might have won the title the last two seasons and yet appear likely to finish empty handed. Even the Champions' League place for the runners-up position has been jeopardised by their failings and Arsenal's dogged persistence.

Wednesday was a perfect illustration. They should have

beaten Everton but drew 1-1 and had Robbie Fowler sent off. Ferguson left Goodison early with a broad smile that no doubt grew when his car radio revealed that Liverpool had lost, after today, their most important player for the rest of the season.

Dependability was the theme of the United manager's pre-match thoughts yesterday, a quality, he said, had been forged by familiarity with these high-altitude affairs. Trips to Juventus and Porto come to mind this season, a failure and a success, although he would argue just the experience of being in these places is a plus.

"Some clubs find themselves in a situation like this," he said,

"and it's all new to them, but it's nothing fresh for Manchester United. The players have proved themselves many times in situations like the one they'll face at Anfield. I trust my players, it's a case of letting them get on with it. They've got responsibilities and they'll carry them out."

"They've got ability and they can handle hostile atmospheres. Elland Road is just the same as Anfield in that respect and we did well there earlier this season, winning 4-0."

Last time these two teams met at Anfield, in December 1995, Liverpool won 2-0 and should have scored far more. That day United's central mid-

field consisted of Brian McClair and Lee Sharpe, a soft centre that had been replaced by Roy Keane and Nicky Butt in the FA Cup final.

United's 1-0 win at Wembley was crowned by Eric Cantona's goal, but carved out by the strength and running of Butt and Keane who overwhelmed John Barnes and Jamie Redknapp, forcing them to attempt their passes from too deep. If Andy Cole had a shred of confidence then the match would have been over as a contest in the first 20 minutes.

"Butt has come back from injury and has been fantastic," Ferguson said of the England midfielder. "When others are tiring he's flying all over the

place." As for Keane, he added: "He can handle 60 games a season no bother. It's like signing a fresh player every year."

If Liverpool can confine Butt and Keane without exhausting themselves, then they have ample ability to prevail today. Their problem is that they tend to tire in matches, their second-half performances rarely matching their first. It is why teams like Newcastle have come back at them and why Coventry stole three points in their last game at Anfield.

In Liverpool's favour they have a full squad to choose from which means Evans' dilemma - apart from David James' dreadful lack of confidence - will

be whether to play Rob Jones at right wing-back for his defensive assuredness or Jason McAteer for his runs and crosses. Given the need to win today, McAteer will probably be chosen.

As for United, they will select their team once fitness tests have been undertaken on Peter Schmeichel, Denis Irwin, David May and Ryan Giggs. "The team were superb against Blackburn," Ferguson said. "Anyone fit on top of that will be bonus."

So will any lead after today's match. A United win and the strain of four games in nine days at the season's climax, which the Football Association confirmed yesterday, will diminish.

PFA puts pressure on Jones over writ

ALAN NIXON

Gordon Taylor, the chief executive of the Professional Footballers' Association, yesterday attempted to persuade Vinnie Jones to drop his legal battle with Wimbledon and the Premier League.

Taylor has written to the Wimbledon midfielder asking him to reconsider his attempt to win a free transfer through the courts.

Jones has issued a writ for restraint of trade over his demand to be able to move to another English club for nothing. He argues that the Bosman ruling, which means out of contract players can move on free transfers across European Union boundaries, should also apply to domestic transfers.

Taylor, however, pointed out to the 32-year-old Wimbledon captain that his action would ruin plans to bring in a new transfer system next year.

The PFA - along with the Football Association and the Premier League - are bringing in a rule that scraps fees for any players over 24 and out of contract as of the summer of 1998.

If Jones wins his legal action, then the whole transfer system will change, which Taylor fears could force some clubs to close with the loss of players' jobs.

Blackburn Rovers left for Highbury yesterday without Graeme Le Saux. The left-back, who wants a transfer, has not been at his best in recent games and the decision to omit him from Rovers' vital game at Arsenal could have repercussions when Glenn Hoddle selects his England team for the World Cup match with Georgia later this month.

Neil Warnock should know by tomorrow whether he has a future as the manager of Oldham Athletic. A board meeting is being held over the weekend to discuss whether to ask him to carry on beyond the end of the season. Speculation is rife that Joe Royle could return to the club which he served so successfully until quitting to take over at Everton.

Brighton's long-term survival plans will be announced next Tuesday after a meeting at the FA yesterday worked out final details between the club's owner, Bill Archer, and a consortium led by Dick Knight.

Germans angered by Uefa

The president of the German football federation snubbed an official dinner at Uefa's meeting in Geneva yesterday in protest at the failure of the European game's governing body to give its backing to a single bid from the continent to host the 2006 World Cup finals.

Egidius Braun said he had backed England's campaign for the 1996 European championships in return for a "gentlemen's agreement" with England to give their support to Germany for the World Cup 10 years after. "I am more than disappointed in the English," he said.

The Football Association claims to have no knowledge of such an agreement, news of which apparently was not passed on to them by their former president, Sir Bert Millichip.

Franz Beckenbauer, the former captain and later coach of Germany, who was in Geneva as a special ambassador backing the German bid, was also angry at Uefa's stance, saying that if he met with the president of either Uefa or Fifa, the world game's governing body, "there would have been a decision."

Europe's eight votes within Fifa, which has 24 members, could be split between England and Germany, weakening the Europeans' chances of beating Brazil or South Africa.

In Monday's 20-page sports section



'Given the choice I'd much rather sign up Scottish players, but tell me where they are. If I stick to just home-grown talent, for the good of Scottish football, we probably wouldn't even win domestic honours, let alone get anywhere in Europe'

As Rangers stand on the brink of a ninth consecutive Scottish title, their manager Walter Smith tells Ian Stafford why he will continue to invest in foreign talent

Plus
Glenn Moore on today's Premiership match of the season at Anfield

That Was The Weekend
That Was, our alternative guide to the weekend football programme

Chris Hewett on rugby union

Derek Pringle on cricket

Sports Book of the Week

Sports betting



Jason Gallian (left) and Mark Butcher pile up the runs for England A yesterday as the Rest's Alex Tudor shows signs of suffering

Photograph: David Ashdown

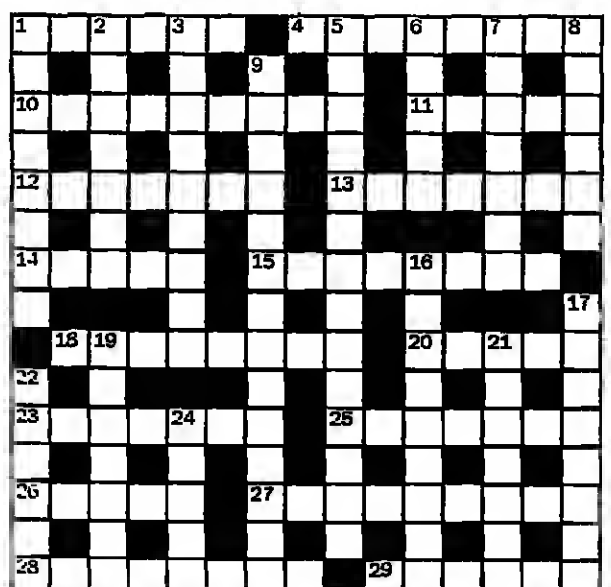
THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No 3277, Saturday 19 April

By Spurius

ACROSS

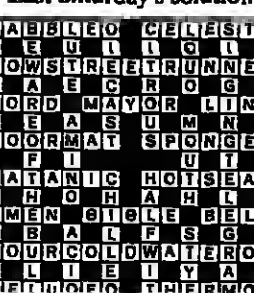
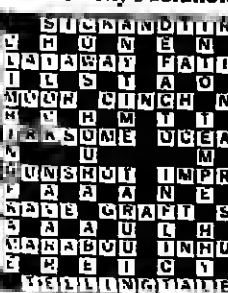
DOWN



- 1 Good luck charm on old lady's bed (6)
- 4 GF has little hesitation approaching hospital department for record (9)
- 10 New family member given CD - it helps with development (9)
- 11 Pan is of recent manufacture (5)
- 12 Bent cop able to identify fake drug (7)
- 13 West round gallery, taken in by fisherman (7)
- 14 Almost time for retirement? (5)
- 15 Coming to Sydney next time, sport? (8)
- 18 Film location not open to the public (2,6)
- 20 Religious leader in Rhode Island entertaining a couple of bishops (5)
- 23 Cosmetic Mum's used to cover a blemish (7)
- 25 Square measure incorrectly given by teacher (7)
- 26 Clever commercial finished in record time (5)
- 27 One given clean-out after surgery to guard against disease (9)
- 28 To begin with, those insisting on coming in late must be quiet (8)
- 29 Ensemble's former violinist at last recruited by group (6)
- 1 Like many a youth girl has shut up? (8)
- 2 Old queen's place, no good for altar? (7)
- 3 Band, in gold, on collar artist depicted (9)
- 5 Description of habit when reasonably well controlled? (7,7)
- 6 Anxious to have selected group of candidates putting up (5)
- 7 Typical of the reaction you get in spring? (7)
- 8 Smart attempt to pocket object (6)
- 9 Short cut to recovery? (5,9)
- 16 Device for holding a dropper making little impact? (9)
- 17 Lieutenant cherishing unjustified belief in safety device (8)
- 19 New stance perhaps just being developed (7)
- 21 Offensively obnoxious article in newspaper (7)
- 22 Damage produced by one appearance in which politician's involved (6)
- 24 Conservative floored by opponent's trick (5)

Friday's solution

Last Saturday's solution



The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive a complimentary copy of the new Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, 2, O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1, Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winners: R Gould, Wiscowick, C Chelms, Boris M Grevenson, Shipley, G Tarnes, Forsyth, C Farnes, Tunbridge Wells.

Butcher emerges from unusual day with credit

Cricket
DEREK PRINGLE
reports from Edgbaston
England A 272-2 v The Rest

This was more a two-blanket occasion than a curtain-raiser as April revealed its schizophrenic nature to all those who had left that extra sweater at home. The pitch was scarcely less two-faced either and Mark Ramprakash, having won the toss and inserted England A on what looked to be a green-top, watched aghast as his bowlers conceded 237 runs before taking their first wicket.

In truth, it was not really bowling weather and this was not the terror track England crumbled upon against the West Indies two years ago. But then the Rest's bowlers, for all their potential, are not Ambrose and co, a fact that Mark Butcher and Jason Gallian both appeared to notice as a brace of hundreds were rattled up by mid-afternoon.

Quite what the selectorial trio present were meant to make of this is uncertain, as testing deliveries, nearly all of them bowled by the gangling Alex Tudor, could be counted on one mitened hand. When bad light eventually ended play an hour and a half early, it was the fielding side who looked the more relieved.

Apart from Chris Silver-

wood, whose line and length did not manage to betray a winter spent on tour with England, the Rest's attack contained three bowlers - Tudor, Dean Cosker and Ben Hollis - with 13 first-class appearances between them. Mind you, Simon Brown betwined his superior experience by bowling dross, the lack of swing upsetting his normally aggressive line.

Of the centuries, Butcher looked the more assured and probably has more to play for than Gallian, who has already had an unconvincing stint at the top, although a broken finger limited his appearances on this winter's England A tour of Australia. His opening partner, Butcher, ended that trip as leading scorer, scoring fifties in seven of his 11 innings.

Having begun life as a howling all-rounder, Butcher, now 24, began to move up the order after injuring his pelvis two seasons ago. These days he is happy to accumulate runs rather than incidents, and with Nick Knight returning from New Zealand with both a smashed finger and a question mark over his suitability as an opener, an early run glut from the Surrey man may well catch the selectorial eye.

Unlike Knight, whose sense of urgency exposes his frailty outside off-stump, Butcher looks unhurried, preferring to get off-side of the ball and tuck it away to leg. Defensively he looks sound, and apart from a

few fresh air drives against his county colleague Tudor, his front foot shots were as crisp and crunchy as newly shredded coleslaw.

His back foot shots, too, were scarcely less than certain and he took the junior Hollis, Ben, down a peg by hoisting him high over mid-wicket into the vast empty quarter of yellow seats. With only 200 spectators braving the Birmingham murk, it hardly felt like a match billed as the modern equivalent to the old Test trials of the Sixties.

Silverwood fed Gallian's cut shot for most of the morning, but his persistence paid fortunate dividends when the Lancashire player cut another straight to Hollis in the gully.

But if that success was scarcely deserved, the wicket of Michael Vaughan, whose off-stump was knocked back by Tudor, was just reward for a game effort. Tudor, another of the Surrey stable to have suffered recent injury, was one of the stars of the England Under-19s' tour of Pakistan. With Brendan Julian unavailable at the Oval this season, he will get his opportunities. And on days when the mercury climbs, his wickets too.

Merv Kitchen, George Sharp, David Shepherd and Peter Willey, England's four representatives on the international panel, have been appointed as umpires for this summer's Ashes Test series.

Central London to the centre of Paris or Brussels.

How many times have you arrived at the airport to find your journey isn't over? You're miles from the centre of town and you have to wait ages for a taxi. When you travel by Eurostar, you arrive in the heart of Paris or Brussels which, after all, is exactly where you want to get to.

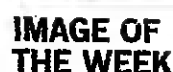
Calls charged at local rate. All calls are monitored for quality.



0345 30 30 30
or see an appointed travel agent or railway station.



مكتبة من الأصل



The temptation to suggest that rather a lot of Conservative candidates need all the help they can get is irresistible, though they probably didn't expect any helpful suggestions from the local constabulary, such as this one did in Stansted, Essex. Photograph by Brian Harris with 160 ASA colour negative film. 500th second at f5.6. 18mm lens. To order a copy of this picture - for £14 - phone 0171-293 2534.

the long weekend

'One of the nuns burst into tears. So I decided she was having a bad veil day'

Actress Fiona Shaw (right) decided to join a nunnery in central London for two weeks. She recorded her experiences for Radio 4



come to the centre of the refectory, kneel in front of Mother General's table – a sort of high table underneath the crucifix – and they kneel in the middle of the floor and declare, as it were, that they had absolutely committed some frightful sin. Of course, all one does is spend one's time surmising what the thought was.

These couples were a wedding party on their wedding day, but on their right hand, because they are brides of Christ. This hijacking of the language of love and passion is all very well and good in relation to love and God, but the metaphor can't suddenly stop at the sort of happy families picture of the bride and bridegroom sitting in their thrones looking down at a happy company.

To be in love with Christ is to be open to him, physically, is to be sexually involved. It's one of the main experiences of falling in love, is a heightened sexual awareness of the other. And I suppose my experience here has been the totality of the absence of the word sex or sexuality. Why is it the thing that most threatens? You don't see any other flesh, ever. You just see these beauti-

ful, beautiful cows moving along the ground. I get awkward talking about their sexual behaviour because I don't want to presume on it.

For all I know, when I leave on Wednesday, there's a big orgy and they have all the priests round—I doubt that. I don't know what you'd do if you had a sexual problem here. I was going upstairs last night and I passed a workman leaving and I went out and I said, do you want to go out? And he said, yes. And I found myself saying, I would give anything to come with you. And he got the fright of his life. I suppose he thought I was a permanent postulant and he had suddenly potentially seduced me away.

Good morning, it's Friday. Am I admitting that this place is working its magic on me? What it is doing is the thing that I do most admire about the theatre or music—somewhere there's a point at which it just bypasses the intellect and becomes an emotional experience.

As soon as it's emotional, of course, one can find the energy behind it, because people don't function from the intellect, neither in nor out

of a convent, so I don't think it's logic that makes any of us live the crazed lives we lead or the over-worked lives we lead. It's emotion. It's usually for the love of somebody or something. And this love of Christ is their gift, because they understood what it is to love something that you can't see, feel, touch or smell.

I had a marvelous time kneeling down in front of the crucifix in my half an hour of adoration. I must say I did find that I was doing it in a different way. I was neither daydreaming nor reacting. I was just asking questions and acknowledging that I was asking questions in relation to that crucifix. I'll give you that. I also found it not unpleasant for the first time. Maybe my knees had got used to it.

It's my last day. I know I'm coming to the end and there's so much I want to say now, because I am suddenly seeing it from the top of a mountain. I am absolutely stunned at how I have come, not full circle, it's not that I'm staying in here or anything, but I am incredibly taken with their way of life.

The miracle of being able to yield and have complete power over yourself at the same time is magical. I think that chastity is or can be a positive act. I have veered, really, from loathing it to admiring it beyond measure. Things that I found absolutely painfully cruel, this kneeling when they sin or when they feel they've sinned, I now see as a remarkable force.

Tonight somebody did it, they dropped a knife against and up they got, knelt down and picked it up. I saw somebody else smiling during vespers and she immediately knelt for a moment. If all of us knelt at the moment of our sin, how many of us would check a much bigger sin that's around the corner? It is a lesson in the kind of possibility that human dignity can have. So if any of my friends notice me having the odd kneel, randomly in the middle of a conversation, they can know from now on that I've had a bad thought.

Kim Novak, the star who gave John Lyttle Vertigo

page 3

Champagne all the way for Stella McCartney

page 22



Travel: Of mysteries, monks and mountains

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Playing in five dimensions

William Hartston devises the game to end all games – and to decide which ones suit you

Games are traditionally classified into categories such as board games, card games, dice games, race games, war games, role-playing games, murder-mystery games and a dozen or more other categories which provide no more than the most superficial description of what the game is all about. Today, we offer a complete taxonomy of competitive games – a classification system that goes beneath the surface of each game to provide a way to judge whether it meets your requirements.

An analysis of the important factors that really distinguish one game from another reveals five major dimensions that need to be taken into account when deciding whether a particular game suits you. The first concerns the number of participants and, in particular, the number on each side. The real question to ask yourself here is whether you want to shoulder absolute responsibility for the result of the game. Or, to put it another way, do you want someone else to blame when you lose? If you demand all the glory of victory, and are prepared to accept the full ignominy of defeat, you will choose chess or backgammon rather than a partnership game such as bridge, or a board game, such as Trivial Pursuit, that can be played in teams. In general, team games are for the gregarious, individual games for the asocial, and partnership games for the anti-social (with only one co-team member to blame when things go wrong, partnership games are perfectly designed to provoke arguments). The situation is, however, further confused by some of the most popular games, such as Monopoly or Cluedo or Scrabble, which allow several individuals to compete at the same time, rather like athletics running in separate lanes. For the most competitive, this offers the chance to beat a number of opponent all at once, while for the less ambitious it offers a sense of community with one's co-losers. (Hint: when playing Scrabble, always try to sit on the immediate left of a non-competitive, social type. They always try to maximise their own score, irrespective of whether it leaves opportunities for the next player to make a killing on a triple word score.)

The second major dimension is the role luck plays in the game. Chance will play its part in any game played with dice (such as backgammon or Monopoly) or played under conditions of incomplete information (bridge or Cluedo) or starting with a shuffle and distribution of the elements of the game in an unequal fashion (almost any card game). In some cases, such as Cluedo and duplicate bridge, the luck element is reduced by placing all players under conditions of equal humerousness, but still some are likely to be favoured by making better guesses than others.

Depending on the degree to which you fancy your luck, you may play backgammon, card games, bingo or the



Spin the wheel for the game of your choice – or just look at the shaded segments to appreciate its true qualities. And don't forget the alcohol.

National Lottery. If you feel congenitally unlucky, you may turn to chess, though even there luck plays its part. Indeed, it has been calculated that a complete beginner, playing legal moves at random, has about a one in 10¹⁷ chance of defeating the world champion. The most attractive balance is a game that enables us to think how clever we are when we win, but to blame our rotten luck when we lose. There is, as far as I know, only one game of total skill, and that is the game of Snap!

Next, we come to the matter of time. If we start playing at midnight, will the game be over by breakfast? Many of the most popular games of recent years, such as Connect-4, or Articulate or Jenga, are over quite quickly, and everything resets in seconds for another game. They are ideal for those of us with short attention spans who require repeated doses of a competitive thrill. Bridge offers a more sophisticated version of that recipe, with a single hand taking only a few minutes, but

having the potential to last considerably longer.

There is the important matter of study. If you want to become good at anything – and even if you are not especially competitive, most games are more enjoyable if you play them well – there are two routes: natural talent or hard work. However talented you are, however, some games demand a certain amount of study if you want to get the most out of them. In backgammon or poker, you need to learn the odds and familiarise yourself with standard techniques; in bridge, there are hiding systems to master, and in chess there are libraries of theory on openings and endgames. The older and more established a game becomes, the more difficult it is to survive on talent alone, and the easier it becomes for a diligent hard-worker to acquire all the abilities needed to compete at a high level. This,

of course, has become the main problem of Trivial Pursuit: trying to answer puzzling questions on a variety of topics was fun until a breed of yuppie-nerds spoiled it all by learning all the answers.

Trivial Pursuit, however, provides us with the key to the final dimension in our taxonomy of games. We have covered competitiveness, commitment, time and talent, but there is one other factor without which many games would be incomplete: alcohol. The final question to ask of any game is: "Will it be more fun if most of the players are at least mildly intoxicated?" Bridge isn't; Poker may seem so at the time, but definitely isn't in the cold morning light of a loser's hangover; chess and backgammon can be; and Monopoly, Cluedo and Trivial Pursuit definitely are improved by an injection of alcohol. So is Snap, for that matter, which shows that even a game of pure talent may be improved if you can introduce a factor that diminishes the skill level.

Games people play

Pandora Melly peers through Loyd Grossman's keyhole

Loyd Grossman, 46, television broadcaster

My only game that I was any good at was tennis. I played a heck of a lot at school but I wasn't a prodigy and began petering out at around 20. I suppose my real game is scuba-diving. I learned when I was 10 in the lovely tropical waters of the Caribbean and was I pretty keeo – until the frigid grey threatening waters of northern New England rather damped the attraction. Once I'd learned, I felt like Jacques Cousteau, and when I went home to do it, it was like being in one of those World War II films about navy saboteurs – very cold, and very hard work. Every year, I am fortunate enough to spend a few weeks in Thailand, during which I go diving every single day. And when I'm back in Britain, I'm involved in a couple of scuba charities which teach disabled people to dive. It means that every now and then, I'll don my scuba gear and jump into a swimming pool. Although after my childhood experience, I only really like warm water.

I am unashamed to admit that I do like a sport that has a lot of kit, and there's plenty of kit with scuba-diving. It's technically demanding, so you can't be sloppy and think about the phone bill. Because you have to concentrate a lot, somehow it's incredibly relaxing. Also, you get to see some great stuff – sharks, rays and eels. You never know what's going to be down there until you get into the water. There's that thrilling moment when you start descending and you just think: "Gosh, this is going to be amazing, I hope."

I suppose I like fishing for the same reason; it's another thing on which you have to concentrate in a marginally Zen-ish way.

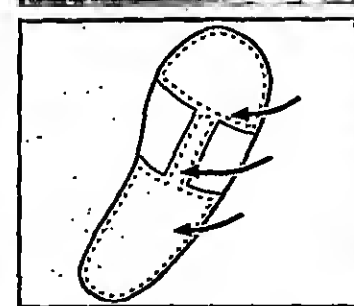
The Surrey-based Scuba Trust (01306-740349) offers subsidised diver training and snorkelling to anyone with a physical disability. Includes regular trips to the Red Sea. Enquiries welcome from disabled divers, volunteer instructors and benefactors. The Latimer Sub-Aqua Club (0181-340-7772) offers a similar London-based service.

Don't junk it... use it

A sticky solution to your holiday packing



When packing for a stay away from home, one is frequently faced with the problem of whether to include bedroom slippers. One never does, of course, but always regrets it. I have found a remarkably simple solution to this dilemma: I pack a tube of glue instead. Then, on arrival at my destination, I can make my own pair of slippers, which are guaranteed to be fit to throw away when it is time to return. All you need is pencil, scissors, a piece of paper, a cardboard box (available at any good refuse bin) and, of course, the glue.

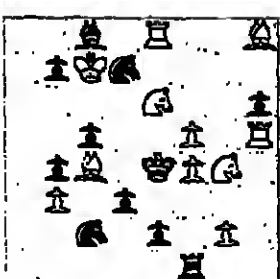


Start by standing on a piece of paper and drawing round your foot (separately round each foot for the highest quality slippers) to make a template. Use the template to cut shapes (at least three per foot) out of the cardboard. Glue two together for the sole of the slipper. In a similar fashion, make the strap of the slipper, starting by wrapping a piece of paper about three inches wide over and around the ball of your foot. Place your foot on the slipper-sole to mark where the strap should be glued, then glue it. Cut and glue additional shapes to fill in the spaces made by the glued strap. Complete with a final sole-shaped piece glued to hold everything in place. It's surprisingly comfortable and will last a short holiday.

Bawn O'Beirne-Ranelagh

The games page is edited by William Hartston

Chess William Hartston



Being by inclination a player rather than a problemist, I generally find mate-in-three problems too difficult. I can solve a mate-in-two, if only by looking at every possibility, but three-movers are too much of a strain. Unless, of course, I cheat by looking up the answer and then appreciating the ingenuity of the composer – which is what I did with the mate-in-three above. Composed by A Lobusov, it won first prize in a composing tournament in the Soviet Union in 1983.

When you first look at the position, it seems quite clear that the key to the action will lie on the e-file. At some stage, the knight will move from e6 to deliver a fatal discovered check. The only trouble is that any move of the knight will leave the pawn on f4 unprotected and let the black king escape with Kd4. We could defend the pawn with 1.g3, but that would let the king escape to C3. No, it's clear that what we have to do is persuade Black to play Rxd4,

blocking that square for his king. So all we need is a first move that contains a threat that can only be met by Rxd4. But why should Black possibly want to play Rxd4?

You will never solve the problem at all if you think in this apparently logical manner. The key is to stop yourself thinking about the e-file, which has no part in the solution.

The answer begins with the unlikely looking 1.Rd8! carrying the remarkable threat of 2.Bd5+! Kxd5 3.Nf6 mate. Black has three possible defences:

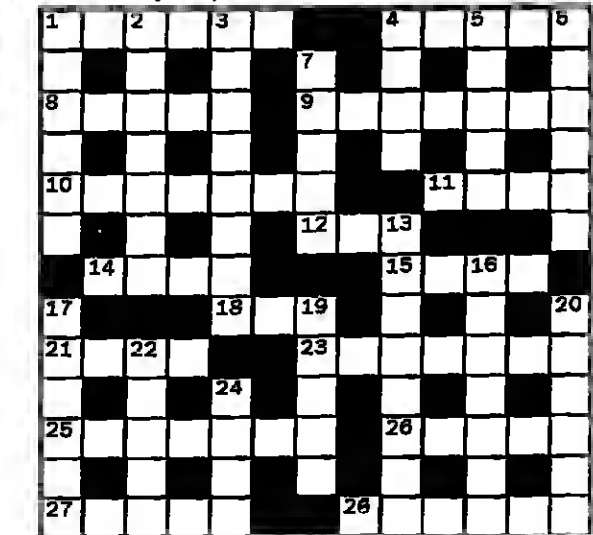
a) 1...Ne5 covers the d5 square but takes away a possible flight square from the black king. White mates with 2.Nf6+ Nxf6 3.Rxd3.
b) 1...d2 creates room to answer 2.Bd5+ with Kd3, but White instead plays 2.Bd3+! Kxd3 3.Nxc5 mate when the pawn on d2 prevents the king from running away.
c) 1...Rxf4 also prevents the main threat (2.Bd5+ Kxd5 3.Nf6 Ke5) but now, because f4 is occupied, White has 2.Nxc5+ Nxc5 3.Bd5 mate.

Quite apart from the beautifully hidden key, the subsequent white moves in the above variations also exhibit a cyclical effect: Bd5 and Nf6, then Nf6 and Bd3, then Bd3 and Nc5, and finally Nc5 and Bd5.

No, I would not have solved it. I had not been able to read the answer.

concise crossword

No. 3277 Saturday 19 April



ACROSS

- 1 Lingerie (6)
- 2 Allied oneself (5)
- 3 Thin biscuit (5)
- 4 Flowering plant (7)
- 5 Lie back (7)
- 6 Vagrant (4)
- 7 Alcoholic drink (3)
- 8 Male deer (4)
- 9 Leave out (4)
- 10 Watering-place (3)
- 11 Competently (4)
- 12 Farm vehicle (7)
- 13 Kettledrums (7)
- 14 Fry quickly (5)
- 15 Cattle farm (5)
- 16 Go upwards (6)

DOWN

- 1 Incautious (6)
- 2 Shortfall (7)
- 3 Wages (8)
- 4 Unwell (4)
- 5 Party with music (5)
- 6 Mythical creature (6)
- 7 Bid (5)
- 8 Thick treacle (8)
- 9 Enter uninvited (7)
- 10 More rapidly (6)
- 11 Upper room (5)
- 12 Chum (6)
- 13 Fruit (5)
- 14 Money (4)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:
ACROSS: 1 Prism, 4 Henry (Primary), 10 Soprano, 11 Dishy, 12 Greed, 13 Abysmal, 15 Ogre, 17 China, 19 Sheep, 21 Lute, 25 Bunnies, 27 Aspid, 29 Solus, 30 Rescued, 31 Plays, 32 Tyros, DOWN: 2 Rupee, 3 Abandon, 5 Under, 6 Residue, 7 Usage, 8 Melior, 9 Types, 14 Best, 16 Galla, 18 Handful, 20 Hearsay, 21 Abuse, 23 Usury, 24 Study, 26 Nasty, 28 Curio.

Bridge Alan Hiron

Game all; dealer East

North	
♠A	♥76542
♦10976	♣J74
East	
♠J542	♥Q1098
♦K3	♠AQJ108
♣J42	♦ooc
♠9862	♠KQ103
South	
♠K763	♥9
♦AKQ853	♠A5

"I think that I muddled that," apologised South after going down in 50 on this deal. "You were unlucky. I am sure that I would have played it the same way," his partner replied, tactfully if not truthfully. Well, how would you have tackled matters after heart leads?

East opened 1♥ and South bid 3♠. In the old-fashioned style still usually played in the rubber game, this was strong and North found a raise to 4♠. South went

on to game in diamonds. West led the king and another heart.

Declarer ruffed and cashed ♠A, expecting to make an early claim. There was a hitch, however, when East showed out. Next came the ♠A, a club to the ace, the ♠K and a spade ruff. It was easy enough to come to hand with a top trump and ruff the last spade, but now the lead was on the table. Declarer led a club but, hardly surprisingly, East was able to win and push through a third round of hearts to promote his partner's ♠J for the setting trick.

Well, what was South's error (which I am quite sure that North had spotted)? It was premature to draw any rounds of trumps before unblocking ♠A. Try the ♠A at trick two – surely safe enough. Now declarer comes to hand with a trump (discovering the now only mildly irritating 3-0 break in the suit), and ruffs a spade. Then he comes to hand with a second top trump, ruffs his last small spade, and still has ♠A as a re-entry to hand to complete the drawing of trumps.

Perplexity

Mixed doubles:

Baby prig chose loon's ringlets slices.

The above sentence conceals three connected answers each of two words. To find them, all you have to do is to group the six given words into three pairs, then rearrange the letters within each pair.

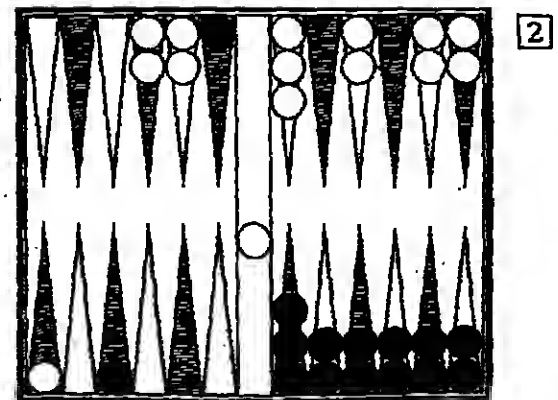
A prize of the new Chambers 21st Dictionary will be awarded

to the sender of the first set of correct answers, when we open entries on 30 April. Answers to: Perplexity, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL.

5 April answers:
Fax machine (chief ax-man)
Mobile phone (Holbein poem),
Word processor (sorrow corpse)

Winner: Roderick Main (Norwich).

Backgammon Chris Bray



I have decided to give myself the hard luck story of the year award for the position above. Playing at the Double Fives against Barry "Bigplay" MacAdam, I was Black and looking forward to eeding Barry's run in the box with a well-deserved gammon.

I rolled 2-1. No excitement there as I moved 10/7. I rolled again and out popped another 2-1. I carefully played 7/5, 6/5, laughingly pointing out to my partner that this was better than 7/4 as it protected against me breaking my board if I oest rolled double 2.

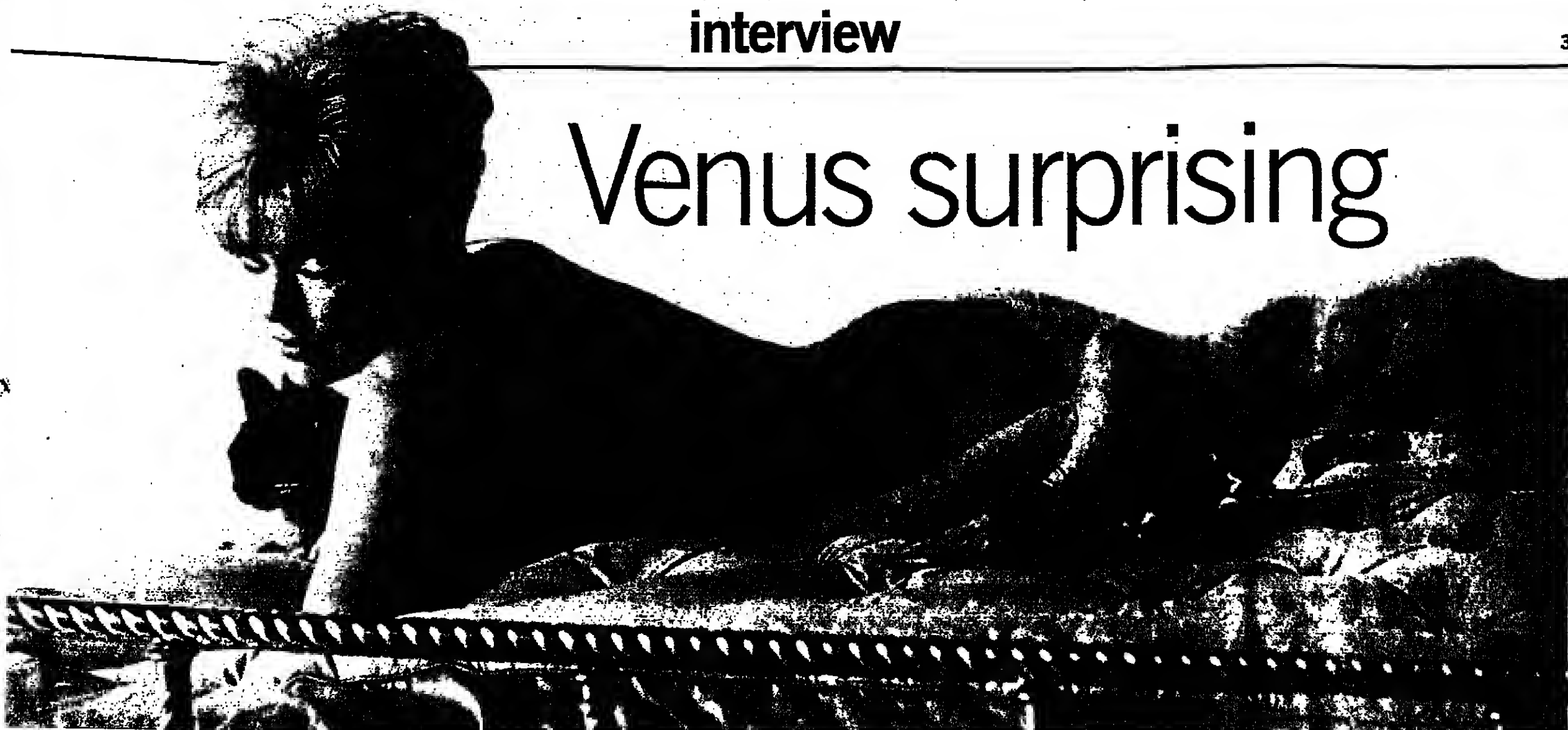
My partner laughed at the joke and I rolled again. Guess what – 2-2! I calmly played 5/1(2) and decided that the fates were being mildly amusing but that one could have too much of a good thing. I shook the dice long and hard, threw them through the baffle box and out popped – you'll never guess – 2-2! With a forced grip, I played 6/2(2). Barry rolled 6-4 which he naturally played bar/19, 13/9. After one of the longest dice shakes ever recorded at the Double Fives, I rolled once more – you will never believe it but, yes, both of those little cubes came to rest with the number '2' uppermost. Now Barry sensed a chance of victory. There are no prizes for guessing his roll. It was 2-2! He played this 9/7(2)*, 7/5(2). I stayed on the bar, he redoubled and my partner and I had to drop.

The odds of not being able to get past a two-point block in five rolls are 59,049 to 1. In the original position, Black will win 97 per cent of the time, 60 per cent of which will be gammons. However, note that White wins 3 per cent (normally as he hits a blot in the bear-off), so remember, ootil you can definitely hear the fat lady singing, oever give up!

interview

Venus surprising

3



A Sex Doll bred for the boudoir: Kim Novak (above) and with James Stewart in Hitchcock's 'Vertigo' (below left); Novak as she is today (below right)

PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY KOEAL (above); TONY BUCKINGHAM (below)

Kim Novak is clad from head to toe in exquisitely cut black-and-pale skin. "You like the pant suit? I wore it to the premiere of *Vertigo* yesterday. Did you enjoy *Vertigo*? You did? The restoration is magnificent. I think *Vertigo* is one of Hitchcock's best..." The voice tunes in and out.

"I was made to feel I was continually saying the wrong thing. It was: little girls should be seen and not heard. I wanted to be heard."

You're obliged to come close, break into what psychologists call Intimate Space to catch the soft breeze of drifting sentences.

Off-screen Kim Novak talks in the same whisper that drives the happily married Kirk Douglas to adultery in *Strangers When We Meet*, and talks as much with her hands as her wet, discreetly pink lips. Delicate, fluttering gestures punctuate points about, oh, why she abandoned Hollywood nearly 30 years ago and "went back to nature"; why she believes in embracing good and bad both, for that's destiny; why her "comfortable, lower-middle-class Chicago upbringing" gave her a security Marilyn never had.

"Marilyn..." Novak says. In the Fifties, industry wisdom ran: Marilyn parodies sex, Mansfield parodies Marilyn, and Novak is sex. "Sex. Sex symbols." Novak shrugs. She repeats the words: maintains your gaze. "Not all of us made it, you know."

Novak did, however, though her fragile, lost and infinitely suffering image may have made her appear an ideal candidate for her own chapter in *Hollywood Babylon*. She's alarmingly tiny: a smoky blonde pocket Venus, a last gasp Sex Doll bred for the boudoir. But then, most of the Golden Age's Love Goddesses were tellingly diminutive, with constricted waists, short necks and harrage-halloon breasts. Even so, they usually towered over the studio chiefs and suffocating pretend-fathers who thought they were charged with running the lives of their ungrateful chattel, no matter how powerful at the box-office. Elizabeth Taylor, five feet and maybe one inch, could look down on MGM's Louis B.

"I think that what some people view as misogyny was jealousy, that Hitchcock may have wanted to have been a beautiful blonde."

Mayer, and Monroe, hardly an amazon but Queen of the Fox lot, was well used to greasing the top of Darryl Zanuck's swollen head. But Kim Novak's ogle was the biggest and the smallest - basilar of the bunch: Columbia's Harry "King" Cohn.

Cohn had made, and was later discarded by, Rita Hayworth, and wasn't about to have Hayworth's successor do the same. Every day, he'd goit aloud how he had taken small-town beauty pageant winner Marilyn Pauline Novak and, through sheer force of will created the cool, creamy Kim, loudly boasting to the good old boys in the press corps that he could select any mug's sister, mother or aunt and perform the same miracle.

"Harry?" Novak sighs. "Harry thought he'd raised me up so he could pull me down, pull me down, pull me down. I'd say, 'Harry, you didn't make me a star. Columbia didn't make me a star. The audience noticed me in *Picnic* and *The Man with the Golden Arm* and they made me a star.' But he'd still call me into his office and read out my bad reviews. He'd repeat the really hurtful lines. He knew I'd remember them. Harry got a kick out of humiliating me."

No wonder she says she's more comfortable with "the real animal world" out there on Big Sur, surrounded, and (one senses) protected, by her adored dogs, cats, deer, horses, trout... She

Kim Novak talks to John Lytle

pendent will or braving the colour bar. For a while, her career stood on the brink. "It just didn't make sense to me. What, I shouldn't see Sammy because he's black and because they won't show my movies in the South? I said to Harry, OK, then they don't show my movies in the South."

"I was going to continue to see Sammy, come hell or high water. I knew lots of blacks and Jews. I identified with minorities. Those feelings shouldn't be lip service, but put into action."

"Harry got his Mob friends involved. They threatened Sammy." Davis married a black dancer three weeks later. "Harry had a heart attack. When I was called to his office after that he would make a show of popping his nitrates. Unbelievable."

"But I feel bad. In his own way, Harry wanted to protect me - I was an investment. I've always felt partially responsible for his dying." She hesitates. "Did you know there was even a reference to me in Harry's will? His curse was, 'Now I'm

render. I thought, 'It's tough fighting them all the time. Perhaps I should go along with it.' And I hated to feel that. I needed a continuation of real life. I had to get clear of Kim Novak."

Yet the public must co-exist with the private. Long fingers fuss through artful gold corkscrew clusters around the smooth, perfect oval of the face, framing clear, Kohl-smudged eyes. Pushing 63, Novak's lustre has become ceremonial; she's aware of what becomes a legend most. Casing the room, instructing her PR handmaiden on the approved type of individual, half-inch false eyelashes required - "black, very, very black" - she studies the available light and instinctively tilts high cheekbones to surf the rays. She's mesmerising, a languid study in slow-motion. Sudden movement is tossed to others. The photographer is ordered to stand, sway, bend, bounce and shoot from above to eliminate any fine lines. He takes mild umbrage, and Novak both teases and charmingly pulls rank: "I've worked with Billy Wilder. I know what I'm doing."

And she does know what she's doing. A switch is flipped. Within seconds she's at full wattage and the photographer is huzzing about, obedient to her command. The seduction would be

scandal sheets' favourite party girl - and every woman who dated Aly Khan was then considered a party girl - but, as Novak points out, the director mostly left her be. Literally. She didn't need assistance playing herself.

"Harry didn't get it," Novak notes. "He didn't want me to do *Vertigo*. He said, 'It's a lousy script.' So I read it expecting a lousy script and I thought, God, this is why I'm here. It wouldn't have been right for anyone else in that period that I can think of. It was predestined. This was who I was. It was what was going on."

Vertigo certainly encapsulates something Novak's other roles exploited. Not just what critics of the period dismissed as her "bovine acceptance" of fate's injuries, although that is stripped, but the idea that she's seldom quite what she's first presented as. In *Bell, Book and Candle*, she's a witch pretending to be human; in *Boys' Night Out*, she's a sociology student posing as a prostitute; in *The Notorious Landlady*, she's an innocent branded a murderess. There's always someone else behind the glittering facade. Hitchcock, she says, understood facades. "Making *Vertigo*, I thought Hitchcock knew exactly, and could feel, the oppression of being a woman. Here was someone who was deathly frightened of being seen for what he really was... Have you noticed in his movie cameos he seldom presents himself straight on? It's a glimpse, a profile..."

"That's why he was so fascinated by women. Our masks. There's an envy too. I think that what many people view as his misogyny is jealousy, that Alfred Hitchcock on some level may have wanted to have been a beautiful blonde. Am I making sense?"

Certainly. It might also explain why Hitchcock allowed himself to be talked into taking Novak on after Vera Miles fell pregnant. "I was too awkward, too self-conscious for Hitchcock. And too inflexible in a lot of ways. But, at the same time, he recognised there was a reason why I was in this: 'There's a reason why I've picked you, though you're not someone I would have first chosen.'"

Perhaps what Hitchcock recognised was the iron will reviewers seldom acknowledged but Harry Cohn sought to crush. Yet what's startling today isn't the flashes of metal under the sequins but Novak's apparent lack of anger. That wouldn't be allowed room on screen until she played Mildred the cockney waitress in the remake of *Of Human Bondage*, and it hastened her career decline. Weren't there ever days when she woke up choking on her own rage? Or is her stoicism also something inherited from her father, a man who renounced his dream of living in the woods so his wife could stay in the city, and never quite recovered? Novak waves the question away. "Be angry? There's no point. I don't scream and shout and wave banners."

What she did instead was escape. "You know what I used to do when I came to London before? I'd bring a bag full of different looks and adopt a disguise and head for Speakers' Corner."

"I'd get on a soapbox and speak passionately about being a woman, about the planet and nature and all those things. And I was thrilled because the crowds didn't know who I was and they still listened. They took me seriously." Novak brushes a speck of imaginary lint off her flattening black pant suit. "But when I was Kim Novak, no one listened. They just wanted to take my picture. I could only be heard when I wasn't her."

'Vertigo' goes on release this Friday



names each as if it's part of a chant and isn't above getting mystical about trees. "Oh, trees move me to tears. They did my father too. A tree is so perfect in its... acceptance. In fact, when I was a girl, I was teased because kids were picking flowers on the way to school and I'd cry. They'd tell me I was crazy."

Harry and Hollywood, of course, told her much the same thing for daring to speak her mind: "Harry said I was being renamed Kit Marlowe and I said no. He exploded. I was stupid. I was dumb."

"I was made to feel I was continually saying the wrong thing. It was: little girls should be seen and not heard. I wanted to be heard."

One way she made herself heard was by dating Sammy Davis Jr., shocking in an era when white women seen with black men could be, and were, beaten. Not that the romance was meant to be a defiant statement about either her inde-

never going to make another movie for you, Novak... After he was gone no one knew how to choose, they were all used to him making the decisions. I didn't get many exciting parts after his death. He was a hilly, but Harry's humiliations made me stronger, not weaker. He taught me to resist."

Yet she, not Cohn has the reputation for temperament. It's followed her off the A-list and down the years, so she could seem a rinky-dink cliché. A nutty Norma Desmond figure with an entire zoo-full of monkeys to bury by candlelight, another great beauty abused by the business and turned a little wacky because of it. Gossip, stale gossip, ancient gossip: she was bitched to Shakespearean Great White Hope Richard Johnson and left him to marry a vet and rear llamas. And no children, just pets and more pets. What does that tell you, huh?

"That's not it," Novak protests. "I never thought of it as a retirement or even a leaving. I was stagnant, playing the same stereotypes. I started to sur-

pure camp if it weren't also utterly professional. Photos taken, Kim Novak switches off as she instantly switched on. Magic Time's over, folks.

Not entirely. She's here in London, sitting pretty at the Dorchester (of course) to promote Hitchcock's *Vertigo*. With the received wisdom of hindsight, the million-dollar Technicolor touch-up is being sold as scarcely sublimated directorial autobiography, Jimmy Stewart's obsessive-compulsive transformation of Novak's Judy into the vision of his dead love Madeleine being exactly the treatment (punishment?) Hitchcock inflicted on his hapless contract signings Tippi Hedren and Vera Miles. Yet the film succeeds in its simultaneously clinical and sumptuously romantic dissection of lovesickness because *Vertigo* is as much Novak's life story as Hitchcock's.

Each ritual sacrifice Stewart forces Judy through - the dye job, the weight loss, the cosmetic refinements - Harry Cohn had already visited upon "the fat Polack". Hitchcock was congratulated for prising a performance out of the

The arts took centre stage, literally, in the election campaign yesterday. Sir Richard Eyre allowed the National Theatre's Lyttelton auditorium to host the main arts debate of the campaign. The only pity was that the cast was one of understudies.

Mark Fisher, the No 2 spokesman for Labour, at least has some claims to what Equity might call star status, as he has written most of Labour's policy. But David Mellor for the Tories is a backbencher, whatever his ministerial past, and cannot speak for the Government at all. At least the two main parties managed to find MPs. The Lib Dems didn't. Janet Ludlow, a Tower Hamlets councillor, was the party's spokeswoman.

So what happened to the desire of Virginia Bottomley, Jack Cunningham and Robert

MacLellan to star at the National Theatre? Jennifer Edwards, director of the National Campaign for the Arts, has organised the four national debates. (The others, in Birmingham, Manchester and Cardiff, attracted their share of understudies too.) The two main parties told her that Mrs Bottomley and Mr Cunningham were too busy campaigning nationally (and we've heard such a lot from them in the past four weeks, haven't we?). Mr MacLellan simply has too many briefs apparently.

Perhaps the main party spokespeople have heard reports about how their understudies were put under the spotlight in Cardiff. After rehearsing several platitudes, they were interrupted by the director of Cardiff's Sherman Theatre, who said Jack

of funding meant his theatre was likely to close and he would be losing redundancies soon. The Welsh MPs on stage agreed they could do nothing about it.

Ms Edwards wearily but accurately summed it up: "No, the arts aren't being given sufficient attention in the campaign. But when you've got



David Lister arts notebook

leaze, Europe and fish out of the way, there doesn't seem to be much time left for other issues."

Perhaps the National Theatre should have advertised the debate on its neon sign overlooking the Thames as "Arts, Sleaze and Fish - The Way Forward". That might have got the party leaders in, and a Dimbleby to chair them.

Talking of David Mellor (briefly, I promise you), I see that his namesake, Dr David Mellor, the art expert who curated the Sixties art exhibition at the Barbican a couple of years ago, is curating *Les Sixties: Great Britain and France 1962-73*, an Anglo-French exhibition for the Brighton Festival. Curiously, on the

publicity material he is now called Dr David Alan Mellor. Why this decision to use his middle name in his middle years? Alan is a nice name, a goodly name. But no need to flaunt it... unless as a serious art historian and academic you are reluctant to be confused with a politician who dabbles in the arts. Dr David Alan is too sensitive. He should relish the confusion. Come the next election campaign, he'll probably be debating arts policy on the stage of the National Theatre.

I'm sorry to learn that the Royal Ballet has cancelled George Balanchine's *Apollo*, one of the highlights of the next month. But for once they should be congratulated on the last-minute cancellation. It emerges that The George Balanchine Trust in New York notified the company that it

requires detailed casting approval and moreover would not give the company a licence to perform *Apollo* until a representative had seen the final dress rehearsal on 29 April, the day before the first performance, with no guarantee that approval would then be given. This patronising and offhand attitude takes the biscuit. Having watched Sarah Widdor bring the house down dancing Juliet this week, and Doreen Bussell and Sylvie Guillem provoke a black market in tickets for *La Bayadere* a fortnight before, I am in no doubt that the Royal Ballet is enjoying a marvellous season. Indeed, *Apollo* was going to star Doreen Bussell and Irak Mukhamedov, not exactly a cast that needs anyone's prior approval. The guardians of the Balanchine Trust should get off their high horses and read some reviews.

arts & books

The mother of reinvention

For three decades, Caryl Churchill has been turning British theatre on its head. Yet, for the past three years, she has gone to ground. With a sudden spate of revivals and new work in the offing, the playwright granted David Benedict a rare interview to explain why

If you could stop MORI polling people about their voting intentions for a few seconds and persuade them to ask people to name this country's greatest living dramatist, most people would probably plump for Harold Pinter or David Hare. Regardless of their incontestable stature – plays as good as *Old Times* or *Racing Demon* don't fall exactly from the trees – a substantial body of opinion would place Caryl Churchill at the top of the list. Only last week, Mark Ravenhill, author of last year's surprise hit *Shopping and Fucking* wrote: "I read *Top Girls* at least once a year and I weep. One day, I think, one day I'll write something as good."

For those unlucky enough never to have seen Churchill's definitive play about the 1980s – a dazzlingly dramatic and politically astute analysis of what it took to rise to the top – which *The Guardian* awarded the backhanded compliment of being "the best play ever from a woman dramatist" – there's some late news just in. It's unofficial, unannounced and unbelievably overdue, but 1997 is the year of Caryl Churchill. Earlier this year, the National Theatre's tour of her 1976 play set around the English Civil War, *Light Shining in Buckinghamshire*, opened at the Cottesloe; *Cloud Nine*, her magnificently funny and sharp-witted modern classic about patriarchy, patriotism and sexual politics is back in a major revival at the Old Vic; *Hotel*, her latest collaborative piece for the trailblazing dance/music-theatre company Second Stride opens in London next week and her new double-bill *Blue Heart* will open at the Edinburgh Festival in August. All of which goes some way to making up for three barren years.

Her astonishingly ambitious *The Striker*, a vast social panorama with Kathryn Hunter as a shape-shifting underworld creature, which took Churchill years to write, opened at the National in 1994 to the bafflement of many, who were misled by the production. Others hailed it as a masterpiece. But since then, apart from her translation of Seneca's *Thyestes* for the Royal Court, the rest has been silence. You could be forgiven for thinking that she'd given up writing. You'd be right. Happily, though, she's had a change of heart: yet the playwright continues to be elusive, shying away from the media circus surrounding the business of theatre. Like much of her finest work, *Top Girls* was directed by Max Stafford-Clark. He deals with her reticence very simply: "She really wants the work to express what she's doing."

Fair enough. This isn't the disdainful aloofness of some theatrical *grande dame*. In fact, when she finally accedes to my request to meet during rehearsals for *Hotel*, she's thoughtful and generous and anxious to dispel any suggestion of frosty, lofty indifference. She apologises for seeming "difficult" but points out the absurdity of our meeting. "It's an odd kind of conversation," she muses, "there's more going on than just two people in a room.



Caryl Churchill: "I just got bored with it. That feeling of 'Was I going to start thinking about another play just because I was a playwright?'" PHOTO: EDWARD STYCES

You're doing your job. It's going to be read by a lot of people, and when it's printed, it has a definitive quality which then gets quoted back at you 15 years later. It's also not a conversation because it's so one way..." And then, all of a sudden, the guarded nervousness gives way to laughter. "Never mind," she says, the shutters opening to reveal a welcoming smile leaping across her face.

She was an only child. Her father, a cartoonist, and her mother, a fashion model, moved from London to Montreal when she was 10, and she began writing short stories and producing living-room pantomimes. At 14, she wrote a full-length children and ponies book and was also improvising plays with a friend. "We would work out in some detail what was going to happen and we would play it, and if we hadn't quite liked how it went, we would play it again." During her time at Oxford at the end of the Fifties, she won first prize at the National Student Drama Festival with her play *Downstairs*. Her first work to receive a professional production was *The Ants*, a radio play, a form which suited her because there was a market for it (and no fringe

theatre in the early Sixties) and because she was raising her children.

The (then) estimable theatre journal *Plays and Players* declared *Light Shining in Buckinghamshire*, in which different actors played the same character, to be "one of the finest pieces of English playwriting for years", but the big break came three years later in 1979 with *Cloud Nine*. Like *Light Shining*, it was written for Max Stafford-Clark's company Joint Stock and its dynamic cast (including Julie Covington, Antony Sher and Miriam Margolyes) who were wittily embracing gender-bending long before anyone dreamed of the term. Joint Stock pioneered a collaborative approach to playwriting, something which has had a marked effect on Churchill and scores of writers since. "It was very exhilarating because it was a completely different way of working." Wasn't it scary giving up authorial control? "Yes, a little bit, but there's a misconception sometimes that the actual writing process becomes collaborative. Some companies create wholly devised plays but I've never gone that far into collaboration." Joint Stock's method was based on

an extended workshop/research period, after which the writer would go away and write. "And then there is more rewriting in rehearsal because you've got a group of people you work with and trust. And they trust you because you've all shared that research time. I would be much more open to changing things than if it had been something I had written alone."

Since then, Churchill's work has split between plays created on her own and those that have grown out of collaboration, notably the dance/theatre works *The Lives of the Great Poisoners* and the forthcoming two-part *Hotel*, both written with long-term co-conspirators choreographer Ian Spink and composer Orlando Gough for Second Stride. "Hotel" started from an idea I had of something which might work as an opera with Orlando, which was of eight lots of people in eight rooms, which would appear on stage as one room. Eyebrows might be raised at the idea of a dance company presenting an opera, but if anyone can pull it off, it's these three whose experience, versatility and sheer success rate with formal experiment is matched by no one in this country except Lloyd Newson and DV8.

"She reinvents herself every time," says Stafford-Clark, who points to Churchill's constant formal experimentation in the creation of overlapping dialogue in *Top Girls* or her comedy of City greed, *Serious Money*, written entirely in (deeply unfashionable) verse. Despite British Telecom's refusal to allow the use of its phones on stage ("This is a production with which no public company would wish to be associated"), it transferred to the West End and became a smash hit. Stafford-Clark, however, admits to finding her challenge terrifying. "She asks you to do things that haven't been done before. You think, 'Maybe it won't work, and we can't do it.' He obviously thrives on the terror, though, and you can hear the thrill in his voice as he prepares to team up again for *Blue Heart*. Other playwrights are more famous, he concedes, but then counters: "Her influence has been enormous and not just on other writers. You go into schools and you tell them 'We're doing some plays by Caryl Churchill' and that she might be involved and teachers faint and genuflect. She shaped the way they teach and think about drama."

When Churchill began writing, virtually the only other major female dramatist was Agatha Christie. Perhaps her most significant move was the shift away from the semi-autobiographical stance adopted by women novelists. Theatre is a much more public art-form and Churchill has taken that to heart, making ideas, emotions and structure indivisible. I point out that almost none of her plays follow the traditional route of the journey of a single protagonist, an idea that surprises her. She mulls it over. "When I was working with Joint Stock, I think there was a strong anti-sentimental feeling about in theatre. There was an attraction to making continuities with dramatic ideas rather than going a long way down an emotional journey... which didn't mean there wouldn't be very emotional things." That's certainly borne out by the poignant final image in Tom Cairns's new production of *Cloud Nine*, where the mother confronts the ghostly image of her younger self.

With all this year's burst of dramatic activity, can it be true that, three years ago, she stopped writing? She tenses up again. Then relaxes. "Oh, I don't mind..." She runs a long hand through a mane of silver hair. "I just got bored with it. That feeling of 'Was I going to start thinking about another play just because I was a playwright?' I've had it before. I remember that, in 1978, I decided I definitely wasn't going to be a writer any more. It took me about four months to get out of my head the idea that I was a writer and once I'd done it, of course, I started writing again." Her laughter fills the chilly rehearsal room. She looks at me, confidently, her gaunt, gravely beautiful head resting on one hand. "I think I wanted to wait until I missed it."

Cloud Nine: Old Vic, London (0171-928 7616) to 26 Apr; *Hotel*: the Place, London from Tues-Sat (0171-387 0161) and the Manchester Dance House 2-3 May (0161-237 9753)

NEXT WEEK IN

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SIAN PHILLIPS

talks to Deborah Ross about marriage to Peter O'Toole, her passion for Madonna and Dame Judi Dench's gardening tips

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David Benedict WEEK IN REVIEW			
overview	THE PLAY	THE FILM	IN CONCERT
	Tom and Clem	Everyone Says I Love You	Jane Birkin
	Richard Wilson directs Stephen Churchill's debut play set at the 1945 Potsdam conference with Michael Gambon as the homosexual, high-church, very left-wing Labour MP Tom Driberg and Alec McCowen as the new Labour PM Clement Attlee plus a spy subplot courtesy of Daniel de la Fataise and Sarah Woodward.	Woody Allen, blithe of spirit, takes his standard plot of a nebbish neurotic in search of love but turns it into a musical comprised of his favourite standards. With Alan Alda, Drew Barrymore, Lukas Haas (the boy from <i>Witness</i>), Goldie Hawn, Julia Roberts, Tim Roth and hot property Edward (Larry Flynt, <i>Primal Fear</i>) Norton.	Chanteuse and actress, (a former National Theatre player in <i>The Women of Troy</i>) Jane Birkin, whose Sixties hit "Je t'aime (Moi Non Plus)" brought a whole new meaning to breath control and is one of the world's greatest one-hit wonders, appeared here for the first time in three years with a band of nine musicians.
	Paul Taylor found it "reasonably entertaining, reasonably thought-provoking and unreasonably derivative... excellent Alec McCowen... Gambon puts on a fine display." "A mixed bag... single entendres are scattered throughout the play... offers more to big name scalp hunters than dinner-table dabblers," agreed the FT. "In Richard Wilson's elegantly staged production, the arguments are projected with great force by the two leading actors... manages to amuse and delight," declared <i>The Guardian</i> . "So entertaining and timely a discussion about the claims of idealism and compromise," applauded <i>The Times</i> . "Thanks to Gambon and McCowen, disgraceful jokes and the subject's spurious topicality, it makes for an entertaining evening," decided <i>The Telegraph</i> . "Close encounters become a high theatrical delight," cheered <i>The Standard</i> .	Adam Mars-Jones enjoyed the mix. "For every piece of wry realism there's an unabashed resort to escapism... Another example of Allen's particular blend of romanticism, therapy, middle-brow comedy and undemanding art film." "There's a lot to be said for the simple joys of escapism... A charming, sweet-natured <i>divertissement</i> . Enjoy yourself," thrilled <i>Time Out</i> . "The sunniest, most light-hearted, most joyous movie of [his] famously ambivalent career," sang <i>The Telegraph</i> . "Rarely less than charming and likeable... one of his wittiest scripts," hummed the <i>New Statesman</i> . "This fragile film is fading away from a malnourished plot," brayed <i>The Times</i> . "A peculiar, unsatisfying confection... If he really wants to do a musical, Stephen Sondheim probably lives only a few blocks away," cried <i>The Guardian</i> .	Magnus Mills was bemused by the adoration of her fans, implicating himself when reporting that "insensitive members of the audience were seen laughing". "The gap-toothed English girl with the thing about Serge Gainsbourg was seldom less than endearing as she exuded a scatty warmth and dispensed any number of moue-moue kisses to her band and fans – the Birkin heads... formidable! Not quite," marked the <i>Standard</i> . "Your reviewer found herself stifling a sob... Quintessentially French balladry with strings and accordion stuck on... thrilling because she was behaving as we imagined a real chanteuse would," sighed <i>The Guardian</i> . "Mawkishness run amok. Birkin's thin, fragile voice appeared close to cracking on occasion, but that is also part of the charm," reckoned <i>The Times</i> .
	At the Aldwych Theatre, London WC2 (D171-836 6404) to 26 July.	Cert 12, 91 mins, on selected release.	Been and gone. (Quelle horreur!).
	Stephen Churchill, aka Marcus, the Mitchell brothers' lawyer on <i>EastEnders</i> , wrote a play and just months later, here it is with stars in the leads in the West End. Underminded but undoubtedly entertaining and well-timed.	When is a musical not a musical? When it's Woody Allen. Deeply superficial, but utterly charming, unless you're allergic to Allen, in which case you wouldn't go anyway. Delightful performances, especially Edward Norton and Goldie Hawn.	Love her or loathe her, la Birkin either rings your bell or induces fits of snorting into your mouchoir. A bona-fide fan event.
KEY			
EXCELLENT	GOOD	OK	POOR
DEADLY			

تحتفظ من الأصل

Paul Gladstone Reid, tired of people telling him to "take off your shirt, put on some baby oil and let's have you on Top of the Pops"



Miracles will happen

At 17, Paul Reid was being hailed as the great black hope of British jazz. A decade later, he's busy reinventing himself as a serious composer. Why, he's even written an opera. By Phil Johnson

Already, perhaps, there are historical dissertations in cultural studies being written about the British jazz revival of the mid-to-late Eighties. This was a period when no larger ad was complete without a toothing bebop saxophonist either in the frame or on the sound-track, and when products as diverse as aftershave and credit cards were given a new jazz spin. It was the period of Courtney Pine's first, incredibly successful album; of an Art Blakey residency at Ronnie Scott's that attracted droves of young jazz aspirants; and of cover stories in the style mags which, being fairly new themselves, were a ready market for cool monochrome pics of elegantly moody black men to place alongside ads for expensive clothes and perfumes.

A new jazz generation of mainly black artists were signed up by the record companies, made their debut albums and then, as the market began to recede, found themselves cruelly abandoned to a career of cappuccino-money gigs in bars and cafes across town. Even the spiritual home of the period, Camden's Jazz Cafe, was taken over by an Irish entrepreneur and had its upstairs bar colonised by drunken ex-Fogues.

The composer and pianist Paul Gladstone Reid is both a casualty and a beneficiary of those years. At the precocious age of 17, he made the cover of jazz mag *The Wire* as Sheffield's answer to avant-garde American free-jazz pianist Cecil Taylor. He supported Norwegian saxophonist Jan Garbarek on a national tour and was assimilated into the avant-garde end of the new jazz ascendancy, mixing

with Taylor and John Cage at the Almeida's contemporary music events and becoming known as a face that *The Face* should watch. Then, as the jazz vogue subsided, he more or less disappeared from view at the ripe old age of 18, while the style mags moved on to dance-music and jazz was once again bumped back down the demographic scale to a niche occupied mainly by middle-aged men in cardigans. Reid hadn't even arrived before he was gone, or so it seemed.

But he has, of course, prevailed and this Thursday his new opera, *Miracles*, is to be premiered at the Royal Albert Hall (no less) as part of the "Miracles Project", a vastly ambitious programme of inner-city youth music and dance that appears as part of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme (and let's see the style mags make a meal of that, even with the attendance of lavvie Prince Edward grooving to the vibes).

Lest it seem that the event is one of those worthy, community-arts "let's do the show right here!" kind of Mickey Rooney Hollywood-updates, Reid's take on the project is that of a latter-day Neo-Platonist, and he has composed a contemporary "Mystery Opera" that places age-old archetypes within a frame of reference that owes more to the hermetic tradition of the Caballa and the Gnostics than it does to the yof-work ethic of Sir Cliff Richard's gloriously camp "The Young Ones".

Arriving slightly late for our interview appointment at his studio - a monk-like cell of a rehearsal room near the Wigmore Hall - Paul Gladstone Reid (whose brief burst of late-Eighties fame was as plain

So it's hello and goodbye, girl

THEATRE The Goodbye Girl Albery Theatre, London

The *Goodbye Girl* had to bid a fairly rapid farewell to Broadway, where the Hamish Zippel musicalisation of Neil Simon's hit movie proved to be no *Hello, Dolly!* at the box-office. Watching the extensively reworked version premiered now at the Albery prompts the thought that, if this really does represent a major improvement, then one needn't be exactly inconsolable at having missed the original.

The fact is that the show rarely justifies itself as a piece of musical theatre. Giving the emotions breathing space in song (and the audience some welcome respite from Simon's relentlessly wise-cracking dialogue) merely exposes how



Ann Crumb and Gary Wilmot Photograph: Tristram Kenton

trite and conceived and/or phony these emotions are. Having a chorus on standby for just two stage-filling numbers (one set in a hilly New York exercise class; the other a spoof-fantasy of a glamorous movie musical) only underlines the basic resistance of this material to being turned into a song-and-dance show.

What the piece needs is heart. But director Rob Bettinson's idea of heart is to dim the stage and throw a shaft of heavenly white radiance on Ann Crumb's heroine, as if a visitation from the angel Gabriel were imminent, whenever she oohsoms herself in a solo song. Crumb, in fine voice, plays Paula, a defensive divorcee (and single parent) who finds herself sharing her apartment with a struggling off-Broadway actor. In the latter role, you need someone who can start out abrasively self-centred and cocky, and gradually find the obligatory warm human being within, as much through contact with the 11-year-old daughter as with the mother.

But if there were a Nobel prize for niceness, you would unhesitatingly award it to Gary Wilmot, whose sunny good nature (the essence of his strong appeal) shines through even in the earlier stages of his winning portrayal of Elliot. Not that the show is much concerned with plausible development. The reasons for the rapport between Elliot and the

daughter are so under-dramatised, you're tempted to put it down to some magic ingredient in the breakfast cereal they eat on the first morning. As played by Lucy Evans, the girl is just the kind of smart-ass American kid that makes you muse longingly on the death of Little Nell.

"You've never seen the world from a father's shoulders. I've never seen the world through a daughter's eyes," Elliot warbles to this beat as he climactically overcomes her mistrust. With Hamish's unblushingly glutinous melody at this point (like most of the score, both anodyne and mechanical) and with the mawkish lyrics of his new collaborator, Don Black, you certainly feel that you've seen

CLASSICAL Handel's Alexander Balus Queen Elizabeth Hall, London

Prospective candidates for "Brain of Britain" would no doubt develop sweaty palms when quizzed about the identity of Alexander Balus, one of those awkward biblical characters who might easily be mistaken for a pioneer of quantum theory or for the inventor of some handy household appliance. His Old Testament status was clearly recognised by Handel's contemporaries, however, allowing the composer and his librettist Thomas Morrell to construct an oratorio on the military campaigns of the Jewish warlord, his love-affair with Cleopatra and hoped for conversion of the infidel to the one true God.

The gist of Morrell's plot, extracted from the First Book of the Maccabees and decorated with fragments drawn from Milton and Shakespeare, turns uncomfortably on the public celebration of Jewish patriotism and the private love of Alexander and Cleopatra. Handel was eager to repeat the popular success in April 1747 of his sabbat-rattling oratorio, *Judas Maccabaeus*, and swiftly ordered another militaristic text from Morrell. History has it that the composer collaborated closely with his librettist on Alexander Balus, although the work reflects

Giving Cleopatra the needle

more its hasty composition than any obvious care taken over dramatic pacing.

Last Wednesday, at the QEH, the conductor Robert King went some way towards redefining the accepted view of Alexander Balus as a "problem" oratorio, responding with verve to Handel's colourful instrumentation and offsetting the score's lack of contrast between major and minor keys by his shrewd choice of speeds. Judicious pruning of certain arias and *da capo* sections served King's cause, as did the industrious, often breathtaking work of his Consort and of New College Choir. But the dramatic torpor of the first two acts outweighed the best efforts of conductor and band, further undermined by the lifeless early contributions of Catherine Denley as Alexander and Charles Daniels' stiff delivery of Jonathan's recitatives.

In matters of style and technique, Denley proved beyond reproach, shifting into vocal top gear for such heroic airs as "Mighty love now calls to arms" and "Fury, with red sparkling eyes". I wish it were possible to apply Dr Burney's remarks on Handel's original Alexander, that

"there was always something spirited and interesting in her manner", with equal force to Denley's performance, but too often it seemed remote and emotionally tepid. Conversely, Lynne Dawson's Cleopatra was sensually hot but lacked the commanding technical control of her partner. She was at her best in the captivating "Hark! hark! he strikes the golden lyre", deliciously scored for two flutes, strings, harp and mandolin, with the orbo and organ continuo, and the genuinely moving "O take me from this hateful light". Cleopatra's initially unaccompanied response to news of the deaths of Alexander and of her treacherous father Ptolemy. Of the other soloists, Claron McFadden did as much as humanly possible to raise Aspasia's airs above the ordinary, succeeding notably in "So shall the sweet attractive smile", while Michael George powerfully underlined Ptolemy's implacable side. Faced with the break-neck speed set for "Fateful man!", Charles Daniels negotiated the prolonged *coloratura* passages without sustaining any obvious injury apart from possible damage to his credentials as a truly heroic Handelian tenor.

Andrew Stewart

THEATRE Lulu (adapted by Angela Carter) Harrogate Theatre, Yorkshire

Frank Wedekind was obviously struggling in his Lulu plays and audiences have struggled with them ever since. He wrote several different versions and subsequently other artists, including Alhan Berg, GW Pabst and Edward Bond, have made their own re-writings. Part of the struggle lay with early 20th-century censorship, but it's clear that part two was with the intractable intensity of Wedekind's vision of sexual relations and the dissonance of his dramatic form.

Andrew Manley's new staging is of Wedekind's original play, *Lulu: A Monster Tragedy*, and premieres the version by the late Angela Carter originally commissioned by the National but never performed there. Some remarks from Carter's 1979 book *The Sadeian Woman* seem to me helpful in finding a way through the play's dramatic difficulties and understanding its thematic concerns. Writing of the "false universals" of myths about sexual relations,

The writing's off the wall

Carter cites graffiti as "the most public form of sexual iconography", one that draws its power from the mythic scheme that in all relations between men and women "man proposes and woman is disposed of". It is this kind of "savage denial of the complexity of human relations", presented in the lurid, brutal and often comic outlines of graffiti, that we can see at work in *Lulu*.

Picked off the streets as a child flower-seller to be seduced and abused by Dr Schoen, Lulu becomes a *femme fatale* whose power, Carter says, comes not from the mystery of some sultry depths, but from her lightsome transparency - a quality here wonderfully created in Federay Holmes's heroic performance. The show's first image presents Lulu as a mannequin, something to be dressed by men. And so she is, in a series of costumes that accentuate her indecency. But if one part of the myth is female control of men's desire, the corresponding part is Lulu's

eventual destruction by the apotheosis of male hatred, Jack the Ripper.

This concluding scene is unsparingly horrific here. The melodramatic *guignol* of earlier scenes, including Lulu's shooting of Schoen, can be seen in retrospect as the graffiti artist in entertaining mood before he sets his pen to its most vicious strokes. This is the dissonant, mixed theatrical style that Brecht was to take up and improve upon.

Like all rep theatres, Harrogate must adjust its programming towards a mean. But artistic director Andrew Manley's pragmatism can, as in his juxtaposing of *Lulu* and *Pygmalion*, produce interesting ideas, especially since each year he always includes a show as bold as this. For the sake of theatre in the region and further afield, it is to be hoped Harrogate's current funding difficulties can be overcome.

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Boyd Tonkin

A week in books

Sickness is a kind of foreign land – a territory with its own rules and rites that most people visit now and then. No one wishes to return (though many will) as an expat on a one-way ticket. And sickroom literature – so grievously enriched by Aids – has more in common with travel writing than case-histories. However bizarre the terrain, reports from the country of the ill can only hold their readers if at least some of the landmarks look familiar.

Hence Jean-Dominique Bauby – former editor-in-chief of *Elle* in Paris – had more than one mountain to climb when he set out to compose a memoir in the wake of the mighty stroke he suffered, aged 42, in December 1995. The way he did so, while deprived of all speech and movement, has already enthralled the global media. Left by the utter paralysis of "Locked-In Syndrome" with just one mobile eyelid, he used it to signal each letter of each word as helpers read the alphabet to him. "Crossword fans and Scrabble players have a head start" in anticipating nascent words, as visitors reel off letters arranged according to their frequency in French: ESARINTULOMDPCFBVHGJQZYXKW.

This, then, is Bauby's despatch from the island of Esarintulom, a lonely colony of Quertyuiop, where other writers live. He published it four days before his death on 9 March. This week, Fourth Estate issues Jeremy Leggart's translation as *The Diving-Bell and the Butterfly* (£9.99). His news comes from an unimaginably distant place: "your chances of being caught in this hellish trap are about as likely as those of winning the lottery". So how can he show us around?

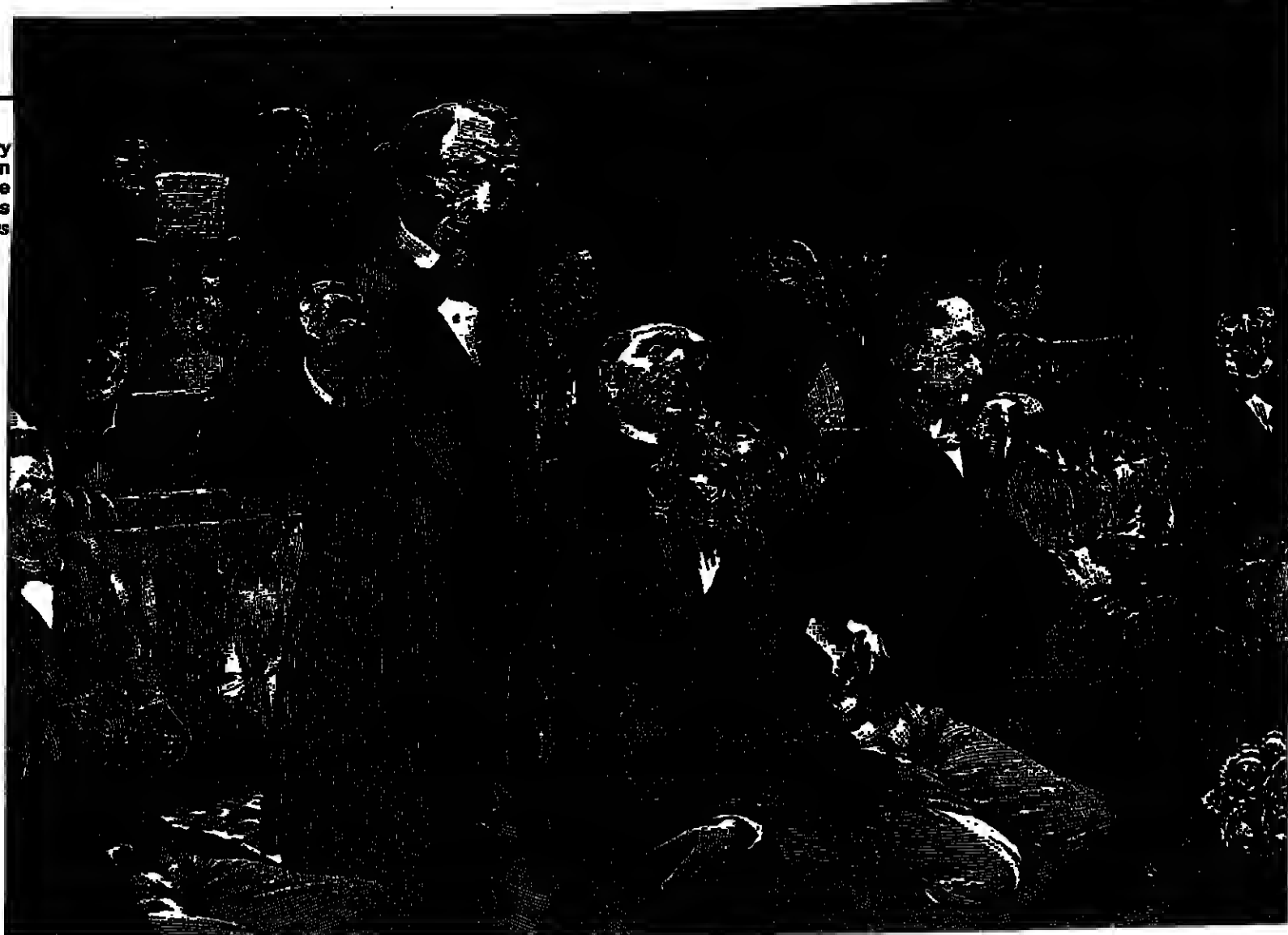
For the most part, he does so by sticking with his old alert, slightly offhand self. This vain and driven personality, you feel, changed not one jot with disability. On the morning of his stroke, the media sultan left "the little warm body of a tall dark-haired girl" who was not his wife to spend the day test-driving a BMW. Having coolly consumed the pleasures of food and wealth, and just as coolly watched them vanish, he sets about restoring them in feats of memory. One day, he will sit down to a meagre banquet of "a dozen snails, a plate of Alsatian sausage with sauerkraut, and a bottle of late-vintage golden Gewürztraminer"; the next, he will fly to Hong Kong and tramp "ocean-bright streets where pocket computers and noodle soup are sold".

As the book records these triumphs of the will, its emotional tone stays muted. "I can weep discreetly", Bauby admits. The tangled drama of his private life – a home abandoned, frantic bids to keep the love of two children, a much younger girlfriend – barely breaks the surface. Jean-Do had no saintly aspirations and, for all his gourmet hedonism, not too much sensitivity. Yet it's just this ruthless bourgeois equipoise that serves him so well as tour-guide to this alien planet. We can share his outlandish isolation precisely because he asks for so little in the way of empathy or absolution. At times, the book reminded me of the icy clarity Simone de Beauvoir brought to her account of Sartre's descent into blind, incontinent confusion in *La Cérémonie des Adieux* – a rigour that, in its own stoic way, crowned a lifetime's love.

With Bauby, that stale cliché about the "Cartesian logic" of French thought proves true, as what is at stake is a total split of mind and body. In his prison, Jean-Do really does exist to think. The result is a hugely absorbing narrative, but not one that tranches or uplifts quite as much as readers might expect. The state of sickness offers some unique sights to literary trippers. But you really wouldn't want to live there.

First, and greatest, of Tory novelists: Benjamin Disraeli addresses the House of Commons
PHOTOGRAPH: MARY EVANS

A cosy Left-Liberal orthodoxy has stunted recent British fiction. D J Taylor cuts down the pinks



What a carve-up

Not long ago, at some literary junket, I found myself locked in solemn discussion with a Booker Prize-winning novelist on the state of politics. Perhaps this is too fey a description for an argument that ended with Novelist X simply repeating, with a kind of talismanic regularity, the words *Mrs Thatcher was evil*. What does one do in such circumstances? I murmured something about parliamentary democracies, the transparent unelectability of the Foot-led Labour Party – all the familiar bromides one comes out with when confronted with this sort of liberal bigotry – but it was no good. *Mrs Thatcher was evil*, you see, and that was all there was to it. In the end I slunk away.

One of the dreariest spectacles of 18 years of Tory rule (and I write as a supporter of the Labour Party) has been the sight of some grand literary panjandrum – Martin Amis, say, or Julian Barnes – rising up to lecture us on the depravity of the modern Conservative Party. This reaction may seem ungenerous, given the quietism of the average literary type, but it stems from the complete lack of political awareness displayed by nearly every leftist novelist since 1979. Four Conservative victories; 14 million votes in 1992. Callaghan, Foot, Kinnock (twice) all lined up and found wanting. An irrevocable shift in the way our national life gets conducted, many of whose stanchions can be found propping up the current Labour Party manifesto, but no – *Mrs Thatcher was evil*.

It is easy enough to ignore such pronouncements, if only because they have no practical effect. Would anyone seriously contemplate voting Labour because Julian Barnes advised them to?

But the consequences of this kind of attitude for the novel have been profoundly depressing. The unreflecting anti-Conservatism of writers has had three main effects. Most obviously, it has produced double standards of the kind that pretend to criticise – say – Kipling's Amis or Anthony Powell on aesthetic grounds while actually denigrating them for being cross-grained old Tories. Second, it has reinforced the literary world's reputation for Hampstead elitism. Third, and most important of all, it has given rise to a particular kind of dramatised sociology masquerading as the literary novel.

«A tract for the times can still harbour people with some kind of life of their own»

To make this point is not to ignore the shelves of popular novels in which happily married families of four on £100,000 a year relocate to the West Country, and Thatcherism is quietly admitted through the back door with the Habitat furnishings; merely to say that in their left-wing equivalents the bait is always stoddier and much more conspicuous. Margaret Drabble's *The Witch of Emsay* (Penguin, £5.99) for example, features a gang of prosperous bourgeois whose abstract interest in social justice is given a practical focus by their dead mother's will. It is underpinned by a fan-

tastic resentment of our contemporary "mud of meatless burgers, drifting garbage, false coinage, hot vomit, corruption, greed, triviality". And hats off to Ms Drabble, you might say, were it not that this clamorous oote dominates to the exclusion of all others and that its authentication comes not in character but from racked-up statistics. There are only 350 child psychotherapists in the whole of Great Britain, the black and ethnic population of Somerset hovers between 0.8 and 1.4 per cent, and it's all the Conservatives' fault!

Worse, perhaps, is the fact that Drabble is still driven to fury by the thought that anyone might derive personal advantage from whatever skills they happen to possess. You leave the book with a queer feeling that any kind of success is inherently suspect because it is achieved at someone else's expense.

The same kind of political claustrophobia, more imaginatively expressed, can be found in fiction set lower down the social scale. Livi Michael's recent *All The Dark Air* (Secker, £9.99) is a painfully hoose and warm-hearted piece of work, but its point, you feel, is much the same as Drabble's. A dim, aimless girl leaves home and picks up with a long-admired but indifferent boyfriend who unbends sufficiently to get her pregnant and install her in his tumbledown house. The book turns into a lowering standoff between the contending claims of his *Socialist Worker* rants and Julie's naive dabbling in alternative healing. No prizes for guessing whose fault it is. The thought that people have the capacity to make choices, that not every homeless person is a direct result of government policy, is washed away on a tide of determinism.

Inevitably, Michael's point – which scarcely applies to Drabble's cargo of after-dinner mint-ribblers – is that many ordinary people don't have the ability to make choices, and that this inaction is abetted by authority. Yet the heroes of great working-class novels of the first half of the century by, for example, Robert Tressell and Walter Greenwood, managed to transcend the crucible in which they were conceived. A tract for the times can still harbour people with some kind of life of their own. Look at the actual political arena, and all that exists is a hole in the air. Critics are fond of pointing out the innate

«Most left-wing novels read as if they were written by contributors to the Guardian letters page»

superiority of American writing. Nowhere is this divide more obvious than in the political novel, where the native answer to *Primary Colors* or an older work like John Gregory Dunne's *The Red, White and Blue* lies in the flaring surfaces and cattleprod psychology of Michael Dobbs and Edwina Currie.

Curiously, when a British novelist does show some political awareness beyond the Thatcher-is-evil reflex, he or she nearly always comes from the Right. For some reason, however old-fashioned their situations, writers such as Max Egremont and Ferdinand Mount

nearly always display a shrewder understanding of the way life in England has changed in the past 20 years.

For all the implausibilities of its storyline – Europhobic defence minister found floating in the Saar, hints of an aristo-Fascist plot – Piers Paul Read's new *Knights of the Cross* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £16.99) touches on a theme that most serious contemporary writers hardly bother to consider: Europe and the national relationships that complicate its evolution. To those novels that consider international themes this tendency is more pronounced. The message of Timothy Mo's *Bromont on Breadfruit Boulevard* – that corruption in the Philippines is the inhabitants' fault – would have the average left-leaning expert on South-East Asia gnashing his teeth in rage, but as a novel it seems much more convincing than the tracts such problems usually throw up.

Meanwhile, what has happened to the radical conscience of the English novel? With a few exceptions (for example, Jonathan Coe's *What A Carve Up!*) you feel that it has largely been taken over by what might be called the Hampstead Redistributive Tendency, to whom the last 18 years have brought only a series of incalculable defeats in the fight for social equity, and who still look the other way whenever a politician mentions the word meritocrat. One lesson that Margaret Drabble and her imitators might learn is that not everyone who voted Conservative between 1979 and 1997 did so out of simple greed. At the moment, though, most left-wing novels read as if they were written by contributors to the *Guardian* letters page, which is a bad thing for politics and for English fiction.

Independent choice: self-help

By Veronica Grocock

Grief is so very personal that to set out to define in words its shades and strands can be highly problematic. Easier, perhaps, to capture its essence in music or painting. "Words just can't express...", we begin, tentatively, as if any attempt at articulating profound loss might somehow dilute its intensity.

Yet in *Out of Me* (Viking, £16), her moving story of a postnatal breakdown following the birth of her second child Jesse, Fiona Shaw succeeds in engaging us totally. This is a harrowing tale, eloquently told, of Shaw's journey to self-understanding through suicidal despair. First came her realisation that "grinning and bearing it" was not an option, then her refusal of food ("making myself into some terrible parody of the baby I had given birth to just nine days earlier"). She arrives in the Mother and Baby unit of a psychiatric hospital, where she is later sectioned: a nurse finds her by the adjacent railway line and leads her indoors "like a naughty child".

What followed reads like the ultimate nightmare scenario: the relentless monitoring and lack of privacy, self-harming, 16 sessions of ECT. Shaw's account of the latter is particularly shocking: the punitive treatment, heaped on suffering, compounded her isolation and diminishing sense of self. Husband Hugh, in his diary, sees her as "shell-shocked". Afterwards, there is no polite conversation or shared stories – merely "stunned silence", with the tea and biscuits and two round red marks on the forehead to mark the patients' "complicity" in "this horrible drama".

Then there was the memory loss, a major legacy of ECT. Shaw writes passionately about life at the edge of the abyss, how it feels to be rendered powerless by "treatment" that seems to border on barbarism. Following one Christmas visit home, her recall is

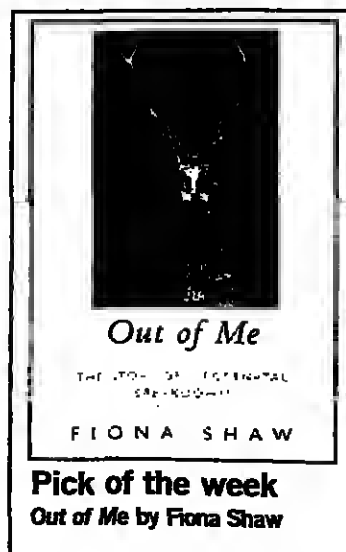
scant: "I know nothing of the hush and touch of my days with Hugh, Eliza and Jesse, not a single breakfast, story, bathtime, tantrum, nappy change or cuddle". All the cherished minutiae of a life have been wiped out forever.

After more ECT, twice-weekly therapy proved the catalyst which, with her writing, has been vital to recovery. Her narrative is interwoven with others' observations. But it is her voice that shines through, angry yet not bitter, hungry for answers, aware that the roots of her breakdown were planted in her early life.

In *The Bird of My Loving*: a personal response to loss and grief (Michael Joseph, £15.99), Mary Shepherson writes in a more down-to-earth way about multiple losses: the death of her baby, the illness and death of her husband. She also includes conversations with others about how they rebuilt their lives.

What angered Fiona Shaw most was the lack of psychological support. That service is lovingly provided by Marie de Hennezel, a psychologist who worked with a team of doctors and nurses in a hospital for the terminally ill in Paris. Her book *Intimate Death: how the dying teach us to live* (Little, Brown, £14.99) is an inspirational record of her experiences in the hospital's Palliative Care Unit. Dying is society's last taboo and this book, in its honesty, warmth and humanity, helps overcome it. Written with compassion and sympathy, the book eschews denial, transforming the unpalatable into something humane.

Its simple, anecdotal style illustrates how death can bring peace, dignity and meaning into lives, enriching both patient and carer – unconditional love in action. The writer encouraged patients to live each day as fully as possible, and an underlying thread is the importance of living in the now. Time can stretch or shrink



according to its context. With the dying, it is moments that matter. In other traumas, like Shaw's postnatal breakdown, time can drag or even stop altogether. In Elizabeth Kaye's *Mid-Life: notes from the halfway mark* (Fourth Estate, £12), time seems more like an enemy, creeping up on us unawares like a thief in the night. Kaye was 35 when she became aware of a deep sorrow "whose cause was not immediately apparent"; she alludes to her own growing obsession with time, "a diagnostic feature of my descent into mid-life crisis". She interweaves her feelings with vivid references to places, landscapes, food. Her writing is inventive and colourful, mixing the sensual and cerebral, mesmerised by "life's choreography, by the balletic precision with which lives intertwine, by the inexorable entrances and exits of friends and circumstances, lovers and family". This is a wistful, but by no means depressing book about the need to let go – of people, expectations, dreams – and the futility of looking back. The "good old days", she avers, are a mirage, never as good as when they are now.

Nice and grim

Dea Birkett breaks the ice

Do White Whales Sing at the Edge of the World? by Paul Wilson, Granta, £15.99

Sometimes clichés illuminate more than any clever phrase ever could. The words we use most – "nice", "grim", "fantastic" – may prove more apt than any inventive adjective. So the fact that this book can be summed up in a stock sentence – "All life is a journey" – is not to be sniffed at. This tired maxim is given fresh meaning by Paul Wilson's disturbing third novel.

Do White Whales Sing at the Edge of the World? takes a familiar footstepping story – 20th-century hero traces the route of pioneering explorer – and twists it into a bleak, powerful and, ultimately, unfamiliar tale. Wilson interweaves the life of Gabriel Emerson, growing up in northern England during the Second World War, with that of his namesake, Emerson the Elizabethan explorer. Both came from the same mining town, both were working class boys, and both longed to be someone and somewhere else.

Gabriel's mother died giving birth to him, and his father became a caretaker for a hotel-cum-brothel frequented by Italian and German internees who worked in the town. When five local boys went missing, including Gabriel's older brother, their families believed it was the internees who had stolen and killed them. Young Gabriel witnessed the town's revenge – the internees were burnt to

death in a barn. From that day, he did not speak and he is put in a local home for the "feeble-minded". To escape, Gabriel recreates in his mind the Elizabethan Emerson's final voyage in search of the North West Passage, "sustained by a journey in a singing sea of ice".

The Elizabethan Emerson is said to have written to his son, "Sometimes, not going is the death. Sometimes, not setting off is the betrayal". For both Emersons, stillness is tantamount to dying. Gabriel's incarceration, Emerson's men trapped in the Arctic ice: both are harbingers of death. The white whales of the title continue innocently feeding in a fjord as the mouth freezes over. Soon, the ice reaches so far that the whales cannot hold their breath long enough to escape under it into the open sea. The ice grows over them until they suffocate.

If all life is a journey, anything that lives must be on the move. In this novel, motions, large or small, are the lungs of life. But all journeys have an ending, and Gabriel's home is closing down. He has nowhere to go except towards death. Refusing to leave, he surrenders to the cold, like his namesake, and is frozen – immobilised – by the ice. Sometimes the book threatens to strangle itself on excessive symbolism, and its bleakness can be trying. These journeys are uncomfortable paths to tread – and read. *Do White Whales Sing at the Edge of the World?* is not a nice novel, but it is grim and fantastic.

مكتبة من الأصل

More Cola than Karma

Sunil Khilnani takes a literary tour of India, where English writing blossoms as the Raj roses fade



Always beguiling, exotic, fragrant, contradictory, and now in "the middle of tumultuous change", welcome to India. Granta's latest release. Wrapped in the amiable kitsch of Hindi cinema, hurrying with stars, this special edition – together with Gita Mehta's assembled musings – signal open season on India. Just in case you haven't worked out why, Mehta's book includes a political chronology whose entry for 1997 reads: "India celebrates 50 years as a sovereign democracy".

Irresistible opportunities for publishers apart, India's fiftieth year is in fact a good moment to reflect on the modern country's history, what it means and why it matters. The reason lies in India's politics, which are the explicit or implicit background to almost all the writing here. After 50 years of steadfast democracy, the deeply transforming effects of the democratic idea have begun to create a world that is rapidly escaping both the imprint of the Raj and the expectations of the nationalist generation that brought India to freedom.

At Independence, Nehru and his fellow nationalists set India the improbable task of trying to achieve simultaneously goals which elsewhere had followed in sequence. They were the development of a self-sufficient industrial economy, the creation of a just social order, and the operation of a stable constitutional democracy, all within a society committed to tolerating its unparalleled differences. As Ian Jack notes in his *Granta* introduction, whether or not India will succeed in this project "remains the greatest conundrum of its future and ours", not least because of the sheer numbers whose lives depend on the outcome.

These two collections aim to register – and even make sense of – the invigorating and bewildering commotion that democratic politics have made of modern

India: The Golden Jubilee: Granta 57 edited by Ian Jack, Granta/Penguin, £7.99
Snakes and Ladders: a view of modern India by Gita Mehta, Secker, £14.99

India. "Here at last is a key to modern India," the blurb to Gita Mehta's book invites us to believe. *Granta* makes no such rash promise nor, wisely, does it claim a representative brief. It sets out simply to celebrate the huge variety of interests and styles of English writing that Indians have produced or that India has stimulated to others, and takes in writers who range in age from thirtysomethings to nonagenarians.



Yet, although both books implicitly claim access to India through the English language, the position of English in India is itself changing. It continues as the language of industry and administration, but has a much more uneasy political and cultural life. English has hurt into flower as an Indian literary language at the very moment when it is arguably ceasing

to be a language of power or of feeling. There is a great deal to enjoy – and be provoked by – in this *Granta* issue, even if it does round up many of the usual suspects. The grand old men are here: Nirad Chaudhuri (a stiff party piece on how he perfected his own English, the closest that either book comes to worrying over the matter of language), R K Narayan, V S Naipaul (pages from the diary out of which emerged *A Wounded Civilization*), Ved Mehta. So too are the old India hands – Ian Jack himself, Trevor Fishlock, Philip Knightley, Mark Tully, James Buchan, Jan Morris. And there is a sprinkling of Indian writers in English. Vikram Seth's contribution, a model of self-restraint, is a three-line poem: did Jack exercise an editorial whip?

But there are also some striking and less familiar women's voices. Urvasi Butalia tackles the most difficult subject for any Indian writer, the experience of Partition – an event without an archive that lives only in family memories. Suketu Mehta has a chilling and humane piece on Bombay in the heyday of the Hindu nationalist Shiv Sena, with some typically gritty photographs of the city's toilers by Sebastião Salgado. There is also an excerpt from the life story of Viramama, an untouchable woman, and the (gloriously overwritten) opening of Arundhati Roy's forthcoming novel.

The India hands sent to scout the changes file some substantial reports, as interesting for what they say about how Britain views its former imperial jewel as about contemporary India. The most ruffled of these is William Dalrymple's piece on Bihar, which excitedly sees the disintegration of the state there as a premonition of India's future. What is no doubt intended as a sardonic portrait of Bihar's Chief Minister – in Dalrymple's picture, a grin-scratching, lolling parvenu, desecrating the once-neat rose garden of the British governor's residence into a crude farm – veers into outraged caricature. James Buchan has an excellently observed piece on the ruined valley of Kashmir, but he lets himself down at the end, when his judgement goes slightly AWOL. By contrast, Trevor Fishlock, who travels in Gujarat on the trail of Mahatma Gandhi's elusive spirit, manages a finer poise.

Several pieces convey the sense of a culture beleaguered by rising and uncivil forces. On one hand the dark and unpre-



Bollywood film poster (above) and (left) details from The Padshahnama (c 1635) PHOTOGRAPH: RICHARD GRANT ARCHIVE

dictable rhythms of ancient passion – caste, religion and community; on the other, an avidity for the gaudyinsel of modern commercial life. It would have been nice to dwell also on some of the other passions millions of Indians delight in: an on-drive by Sachin Tendulkar, say, or Madhuri Dixit's physique.

If there is something doughty about the *Granta* collection, Gita Mehta's contribution to the jubilee festivities is doughty. This potluck of journalistic clippings fails to rise into a book. It stereotypes her as a purveyor of stereotypes, always a saleable genre when it comes to India. When, almost two decades ago, Mehta turned this method to a portrayal of foreigners, the result was *Karma Cola*, a series of hilariously acid portraits of Westerners stumbling over their backpacks in search of mystic India. Now she turns to her fellow Indians, updates the old stereotypes, and intersperses them with fillers on Indian quirks and political

episodes. (She reserves much of her venom for Indira Gandhi, who axed the political career of her father, once among Nehru's blue-eyed boys.) Mehta has in the past shown herself to be a seductive storyteller. In this book, by her own confession, she is unable to find any story to tell. The effect is a series of false starts, thoughts which neither lead anywhere nor crystallise into *aperçus*. Her nervy impatience disables reflection or argument; her method relies on allusion and evocation, but here this accentuates her own indecision over what she really thinks about India.

There is also a deeper problem of tone. She doesn't want to be flip and she's too cool to gush. She ends up by jettisoning the acid of *Karma Cola* in favour of her own mystical reconciliation with India – a watery nationalist chic. She would have been better advised to use her talents as a waspish satirist by making America her subject. This book was not a good idea.

Dragon's blood in paradise

Annabel Freyberg voyages to the end of the earth

Like many Englishmen before him, Tim Mackintosh-Smith has fallen in love with a faraway country and been tempted to express his love in print. Untypically, his acquaintance with Yemen, in the heel of Arabia, is not slight or even temporary. His home since 1982 has been a seven-storey mud town-house in Sanaa, the capital, and the depth of his experience shows.

Medieval history, pre-Islamic myth, the gossip of the marketplace, politics and personal experience have all been pressed into a ranting funny, learned and readable impression of a place where "the past is not another country", nor merely a few centuries old. Some families can trace their lineage back to Adam; oil is extracted from the same area as the frankincense and myrrh route (ruined by the arrival of Christianity in Rome); and the glorious Marib Dam, whose collapse to the 6th century led to a great dispersal of wealthy farmers throughout Arabia, was only replaced ten years ago by a new \$70 million construction.

Mackintosh-Smith taps into this rich history, in which geography, fable and the present meet. He tells of the myth that the dam was eaten away by rats with iron teeth, and of how the King of Marib, warned of the impending disaster by a soothsayer, made his son slap him in public so he could claim he had been insulted, sell the dam and move away. He also gives more prosaic details of the destructive 3.2 million cubic yards of silt washed from the mountains each year, and of how rebuilding the dam symbolised a lost Arab unity.

He is susceptible to romance himself, dating his infatuation with the Arab world to a fascination with his grandmother's fanciful oriental watercolours

Yemen: travels in dictionary land by Tim Mackintosh-Smith, John Murray, £18

and the strange misshapen red globe he father told him was the blood of an Arabian dragon (there are occasional, welcome shades of Bruce Chatwin), but equally entertained by reality. After two years studying Arabic at Oxford, he is unable to ask his way to the lavatory, but tickled by the imaginative possibilities of a phrase such as "Your words reveal the buttocks of your meanings", or that his motorbike is called a "fiery bicycle".

Tim Mackintosh-Smith's choice of Yemen for his university year abroad was governed by the thrilling recreation of Sanaa's suq at the Museum of Mankind in London. He chose well. Thanks to a suspicious Imam who resisted the oilmen's advances in the 1940s, Yemen is the only country on the Arabian peninsula not to have succumbed to grossly speeded-up modernity. Not that old customs have turned it into a museum. Since his arrival, Mackintosh-Smith has witnessed war, revolution, the reunification of North and South Yemen (twice) and the arrival of some million Yemenis thrown out of Saudi Arabia when Yemen incautiously sided with Iraq during the Gulf War.

Although he writes well about the vertiginous terraced highlands, his heart lies in the bustle of Sanaa, the city of which the prophet wrote: "There are three earthly paradises. Merv of Khurasan, Damascus of Syria, and Sanaa of Yemen. And Sanaa is the paradise of these paradises." In a far from tranquil century, Sanaa lost half its population from starvation in a siege in 1905, while in 1948 it was sacked by 250,000 tribesmen to avenge the assassination of the oil-shy Imam. His son



Map of the Arabian Peninsula by Denys Baker

never lived in Sanaa again. Here he can indulge in the daily ritual of qat, as much of the population spends the afternoon chewing themselves into a mildly narcotic state. For centuries qat has been accused of corrupting the nation, and the author puts up a bracing defence of its use which almost convinces. Not so his belief that keeping women out of the public domain is probably for their benefit. His final chapter is about a trip to the

"end of the earth", the inaccessible Island of Soqatra, a third of whose exotic flora is unique. There, he reaches an understated full circle when he climbs a weird-looking, fan-vaulted dragon's blood tree, whose resin was once in great demand as a dye for violin varnish – and remembers his father's lump of it. "It is a book," states his introduction, "which, I admit, treads a thin line between seriousness and frivolity." This is exactly what makes it such fun.

Hooray for Bollywood

Maya Jaggi on sex and violence beside the Arabian Sea

Love and Longing in Bombay by Vikram Chandra, Faber, £12.99

In this compelling collection of linked stories, Vikram Chandra has forsaken the mythological gods of his epic first novel, *Red Earth and Pouring Rain*, for the more quotidian strivings of Bombay city-dwellers. Spanning genres from the ghost story to detective fiction, the five intriguing tales explore grief and loss alongside the love and longing of the title.

In "Dharma", a general whose missing leg begins to ache coofoots a child-ghost – not the kite-flying brother he unknowingly pushed to his death, but his own repressed hotheaded guilt. In "Artha", a Muslim programmer on the trail of a computer virus loses his gay lover to the gangster underworld, while in "Shanti", a man mourns his twin, killed in communal riots.

As Suhramaniyam, the retired civil servant who spins these tales to a fellow-drinker in a Bombay bar, insists: "Some people meet their ghosts, and some don't. But we're all haunted by them." Chandra skilfully layers and textures each story with sub-plots and slippages in time, splicing the present with what the general of "Dharma" sees as "the poisonous seep of memory".

In "Kama", the most resonant tale, a Sikh police inspector uncovering the banal lonely-hearts cravings of a murdered man, along with the sinister Hindu faoticism of his son, struggles with his own erotic memories and self-disgust at his job – the hackhanders, and the violence against suspects that estranged his wife. In a remarkable sex scene with her, which melds physical pleasure with emotional tumult, his fleeting recollection of their first time together vies with the despairing knowledge that this will be their last.

The book is filled with such small epiphanies. In "Shakti", a shopkeeper's daughter turned air hostess, married to an unlikely suitor ("USA-returned and all, but from some place called Utah") achieves a strategic ascent up the affluent slopes of Malabar Hill. She finds her way barred by a cocktail-circuit rival who flaunts a "careless

imperfection ... that can't be learnt, only grown with the bone". As her poet son falls for her rival's daughter, she sees with a sense of bitter justice that "getting what you wanted from the world meant that your own struggles became grubby and irrelevant to your children".

Bombay emerges vibrantly as a city haunted by gangsterism and simmering communal violence, and three with distinctions of religion, ethnicity and class. As the Bombay-born Sikh policeman reflects when he is warned off a case: "There were outsiders and outsiders." Snobberies between old and new money find expression in bilious envy at the perfect crease in another man's trousers, while gay lovers long for a place to meet other than the beach, in a city with the most expensive real estate in the world.

Yet Bombay's tiered exclusions give rise to hope as well as envy. Faced with a silk-clad artist's "expensive English-medium arrogance", his rayon-shirted rival feels only "the eternal dazzlement of the outsider".

Attempting a vast range of characters, from the Malabar Hill elite of Dolly Boatwallah and Cyrus Ready money, to the Bollywood-crazed Fraoike Furtado – assistant station master hut "really a movie star" – Chandra occasionally falters. A sub-plot involving a Malabar Hill cleaning woman fails to come to life. Yet the book's appeal lies partly in its optimism. Despite an undertow of loneliness and morlidity, moments of clarity make these short stories journeys towards freedom and peace. The telling and hearing of tales, Chandra insists, can heal and exorcise. As one character says, what is death but "the world stripped of all its fictions".

The titles – "Dharma", "Shakti", "Kama", "Artha", "Shanti" or, loosely, faith, power, love, meaning, peace – remain untranslated. Chandra belongs to a confident generation of Indian writers in English who feel little compulsion to gloss. On the evidence of these absorbing stories, that confidence seems more than justified.

Paperbacks

By Christopher Hirst and Emma Hagestadt

Life on the Screen by Sherry Turkle (Phoenix, £7.99) To all but the anorak brigade, this in-depth analysis of "identity in the age of the Internet" may be somewhat excessive to requirements. It is hard to imagine many readers eager to slog through 350 tight-packed pages about MUDs ("Multi-User Domains"), such as "Dred's Bar on LambdaMOO", and the sad virtual personalities who inhabit them. Very occasionally, something of interest crops up. Deckard, the hero of *Blade Runner*, turns out to be a practitioner of a modified version of the Turing Test invented by the mathematician to distinguish machines from humans.

The Hat of Victor Noir by Adrian Mathews (Fourth Estate, £6.99) A black Brazilian called Babalu hides out in Père Lachaise cemetery with his pet mouse. A white Brit called Philip sits at home and stares at his Conran chair. What brings them together? A *billet doux* left at the tomb of Victor Noir, Paris's patron saint of unrequited lovers. No, as you might expect, the plot of a bizarre French novel, just a first novel in need of some judicious editing. Good on Paris in the springtime; less good on everything else.

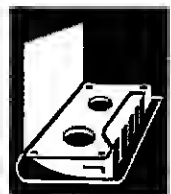
The Land Where the Blues Began by Alan Lomax (Minerva, £8.99) The smell of the Mississippi, "southern America in liquid form", is almost palpable in this oral history of the Delta Blues by a legendary musicologist. In the segregated Forties, Lomax risked beatings or worse from bluesmen both famous and obscure, recording their stark, haunting music on impossibly bulky equipment. This is a book of talk about hard times, occasionally segueing into song. But joy keeps huddling, as in the delightful exchange between Sonny Boy Williamson and Big Bill Broonzy.

The Secret Life of the Seine by Mort Rosenblum (Robson, £8.99) Exploring the great river from source to sea is a wonderful idea and Rosenblum has done his research (he lives on a boat in Paris). As a top foreign correspondent, he can certainly write – so why is this work so annoying? Distressingly pleased with himself, Rosenblum is a stranger to restraint. One of the most toe-curling examples is his gleeful account of a fellow American on his boat bellowing "Envy me!" to gogglers on a *bateau mouche*. It's sad – there's a good book hiding in here somewhere.

The Stories of Tobias Wolff (Bloomsbury, £7.99) Tobias Wolff writes about Vietnam vets, adulterous academics and second-hand car salesmen. Hacking it out in the backwoods of Oregon and Northern California, they experience minor epiphanies in "Denay's" restaurants, but then go home and watch TV anyway. This collection, which brings together Wolff's first two volumes of short stories and his prize-winning novella, *The Barracks Thief*, shows him to be just as good as – and more likeable than – fellow minimalists André Dubus and Richard Ford.

The Life and Times of Mary Ann McCracken by Mary McNeill (Blackstaff Press, £9.99) Sister of the more famous Henry Joy McCracken (executed for his part in the Irish Rebellion of 1798), Mary Ann McCracken had talent in fistfists. As a teenager she set up her own muslin business and organised fashionable harp competitions. In adulthood she devoted herself to Belfast's poor and the cause of women's education. This beautifully old-fashioned biography is so admirably written that for a few heady moments you think you've got the complexities of Irish history taped.

Audiobooks



Listening to Blair Brown's cool, calm and collected reading of Michael Crichton's latest nailbiting technothriller *Airframe* (Random House, £11.99) made a dawn drive from Oxford to Newcastle pass in a flash. The way back was spent equally enjoyably with John Shrapnel's vivid evocation of the eccentric

but intensely attractive characters of Arthur Quiller Couch's *True Nida* (Hodder, £7.99). "But where do we get these tapes?" you write. Any good bookshop now keeps audiobooks and should be able to order for you. The Talking Bookshop at 11 Wigmore Street, London W1, is a mecca for audio converts: Harrods has listening booths. Libraries are a cheap way of hearing the full length ones. Finally, the Talking Book Club (0171 731 6262) has a hire service which includes an excellent and constantly updated catalogue.

Christina Hardymont



Marcel Proust: 'Life's a beach, and then you die'

Search for the hero

Reading these books together forces you to believe in opposites. De Botton engages with his subject out of affection. Dyer out of an irritation not quite splendid enough to be called rage. De Botton employs humour and whimsy. Dyer is relentlessly cross and complaining. De Botton sees the good. Dyer the bad. When you stop comparing and put them side by side, you get a self-portrait of the modern male writer thrashing about in ambivalence, torn between the need for literary heroes and the need, having built them up, to punch them down.

Not all male authors, obviously, believe that writing a book involves oedipal struggle, the slaying of the apparently omnipotent father, but following Dyer on his tortured quest to pin down D.H. Lawrence, you do suspect that you're dealing with the wounding and resurrection of a figure in Dyer's own fantasy. This, of course, was how Lawrence worked. The landscapes he described were simultaneously accounts of his own soul. Dyer is a disciple following in the footsteps of his *cher maître*. Enumerating his blisters is part of his traveller's tale.

Alain de Botton gets close to Proust without being overwhelmed. He dances back a pace or two, between rapture and detachment, knows how to flirt with the old man as well as mock and tease him. His book had me frequently laughing out loud, as well as passionately dis-

Michèle Roberts relishes some fragments of madeleine

How Proust Can Change Your Life by Alain de Botton, Picador, £12.99
Out of Sheer Rage: In the shadow of D.H. Lawrence by Geoff Dyer, Little, Brown, £16.99

agreeing with him on occasion, and that's a pleasure to cherish. His work is characterised by lightness of touch and tongue in cheek. In *Search of Lost Time*, he suggests, can be boiled down to a how-to book: "Far from a memoir tracing the passage of a more lyrical age, it was a practical, universally applicable story about how to stop wasting, and begin appreciating one's life." Reading Proust, according to de Botton, can make us feel very much better.

It began, he tells us, with Proust's father, a good bourgeois who was *épais* by his son's nobby-pammy inability to become a stockbroker, but was himself the bestselling author of 34 volumes, among them *Elements of Hygiene*, aimed at teenage girls. "Dr Proust proposed regular exercise and included a number of strenuous examples – jumping off walls... hopping about... swinging one's arm... and balancing on one foot." He advised on the correct posture for sewing and warned of the dangers of corsets.

Young Marcel confided to his

maid Celeste that he wished he could do as much for his own readers. What he did do, his faithful disciple suggests, is show us how to use our reading to recognise and identify people and types and feelings we've either not encountered before or have forgotten. The pleasure of reading include the pleasures of the outer as well as the inner world. "In How to Take Your Time", de Botton shows how Proust could dream up epics from brief press announcements or from adverts for soap: a lesson to stand and stare a little more.

"How to Suffer Successfully" discusses illness, whether hypochondriacal or terminal, as inspiration, and wittily dissects Proust's relationship with his over-attentive mother as well as his taste in underpants and his predilection for constipation. "How To Be A Good Friend" recommends self-denial and total concentration on the other. For young men brought up to be egotistical, this might be sound counsel but, equally, it reads like a recipe for keeping power by concealing it.

Close friendship, based on trust, requires occasional risk-taking and vulnerability. Deluging your friends with bouquets and lunches while acting as their father confessor, which was Proust's practice, won't necessarily make them feel intimate with

you. They might just take the orchids and *foie gras* and run. Proust doubted he was loveable and did not want people to know him too well.

It's hard to keep a straight face when de Botton excitedly informs us that Proust discovered that not just palaces but also kitchens could be places of beauty. Er, yes. All these morsels of wisdom are served up as gracefully as fragments of madeleine cooked in tinsane, and, like that famous titbit, they provoke a pleasure no less profound for being transient. That, as de Botton knows, is what Proust would have wished.

Where Proust warned against literary tourism, Geoff Dyer lashes himself into a state of indecision, uncertain whether to write non-fiction or a novel. He ends up embarking on a kind of literary pilgrimage which constantly threatens to end in tears before bedtime. Shadowing Lawrence, he's written the shadow of a book, all the hits and pieces normally excised from conventional critical or biographical works. After a while, the self-absorption and self-pity become irritating.

Luckily, in his baggage Dyer also carries a mocking intelligence. When he's discussing Lawrence's letters, say, or his loathing of academics, he's fiery and brisk. But when he's dragging around Italy moaning about awful foreigners, you want to recommend to him that he reads some Proust and discovers how not to be bored and waste his time and yours.

Wrinkly continent

Christopher Harvie on Euro-pessimism

A Grand Illusion? An essay on Europe by Tony Judt, Penguin, £6.99

And now, what will become of us without barbarians? They were a kind of solution. The Romans, in Cavafy's poem, found barbarians necessary. When ours exited in 1989, much triumphalism was heard, not just from capitalists but liberal theorists such as Ralf Dahrendorf. Eight years on, in this elegant essay, Tony Judt is anything but soothing to the hungover tenants of the Gorbachev European Home.

Judt's Euro-pessimism has three main prongs. First, the European Union evolved not from idealism but to negotiate ways out of national predicaments. The most important – the division of Germany – no longer applies. Second, *Mitteleuropa* lacks the wealth and cohesion to be more than a pensioner of the Greater German prosperity zone. Third, globalisation and the dismantling of welfare states – demanded, ironically, by the Maastricht criteria – are creating new inequalities. This "bourgeois regionalism" in favour of the haves, and poverty and instability on Europe's borders, creates the neo-nationalist atmosphere out of which crawl the Le Pens.

Judt's analysis has two lacunae: democracy and technology. The EU has given West Europe more than 20 years in which ethnic authoritarianism – Salazar, Franco, Greek colonels – have been ruled out. This political condom has actually checked the Le Pens while facilitating a benign politics of the environment and of gender equality.

As for technology, its effects are both negative and positive. They include the vacuum philistinism of the McWorld. But there's a sense that, since Chernobyl, national frontiers no longer constrain. A new environmental consensus could match information technology with flexible civic republicanism, rooted in European structures so far created.

Judt's analysis owes a lot to Alan Milward's *The European Rescue of the Nation State* (1992), a far from starry-eyed view of the Rome Treaty's pre-history. Yet the Europe of 1957 – without computers, mass motor and air transport, the pill, the transistor – was in many ways far closer to that of the Kaiser and Czar.

Modern history broke through the Wall in 1989, and evicted the comforting amnesia in which the German economic miracle – Europe's paradigm – had flourished. But Judt's account, sharply and engagingly written, is still restricted. He imagines Europe in 2010 menaced by a "huge, frustrated, bored, unproductive and ultimately unhealthy population of old people" (meaning ME as a Hell's Grandpa), overlooking the capital and voluntary effort wrinkles can supply to society. And racial punch-ups in places like Prenzlauer Berg in Berlin don't necessarily predicate a Europe-wide confrontation.

Judt predicts a coupling of German inertia with ideological blandness that will lead a dysfunctional continent into a succession of "little local difficulties". There is truth in this, but also in the little local opportunities that co-operative federalism has generated. After almost two decades surveying Britain and Germany, I would still bet on the opportunities – helped along by a slug of Anglo-Saxon rule-breaking. Euro-pessimism is – despite Judt's liveliness – a pathologically gloomy condition. Euro-scepticism is Lord Rees-Mogg. Give Euro-opportunism a chance!

Queen of tarts

Joan Smith tracks a Wolf into virgin territory

Everything about Naomi Wolf's new book suggests it is going to be a best seller. A woman's naked torso stretches languidly from top to bottom of the cover, overprinted with one of those pejorative words, this time *Promiscuities*, which feminist writers delight in reclaiming. As a title, it promises radical readings, not just a re-interpretation of the longed-for multiple sexual experience but a new way of thinking about desire.

This impression is reinforced by the sub-title, with its knowing reference to another Secret History – that of Procopius, the Greek historian who chronicled the excesses of the Byzantine emperor Justinian and his wife Theodora. Inside, in her introduction, Wolf picks up the theme of transgression, arguing that "our sexual histories are often utopias attached around great areas of silence". Women who dare acknowledge a sexual "past" are scapegoated, she says, in a

Promiscuities: a secret history of female desire by Naomi Wolf, Chatto & Windus, £12.99

process that whips the rest of us – the "good" girls – into line. "The answer, she argues, is to recover the 'sister' who walks alongside us like a shadow self. She writes that 'It will not be safe for us to live comfortably in our skins until we say: you can no longer separate us out from one another. We are all bad girls'." The way she chooses to do this is by revealing the sexual histories of herself and some of her friends, women who grew up together in San Francisco in the 1970s.

Interact with these stories are passages of anthropology and history, intended to demonstrate that the contempt for female sexuality Wolf and her contemporaries discovered is specific to a time and place – the US West Coast at the height of the sexual revolution. These sit oddly together, from an account of Wolf's successful attempt to fight off a lecherous professor to a discussion of attitudes to desire in the Holy Roman Empire, Native American culture or "ancient Chinese civilisations".

These sketchy accounts of other times, other places, are necessary to protect the book from the charge that it is – like

Wolf's *The Beauty Myth* – a piece of disguised autobiography. So self-obsessed is *Promiscuities* that it seems to exist for the most part without context, its angry rhetoric engaging with female desire as though Wolf is an explorer stepping boldly into virgin territory. She simply does not know, it seems, who or what has gone before.

Yet the book's core question – how girls and women can succeed in defining themselves sexually in a culture which stigmatises the free expression of female desire – has been at the heart of feminist debate for the past three decades. This is true both of the private sphere Wolf writes about – female friends, and in the more structured forum of 1970s consciousness-raising groups – and in a wealth of published material.

Women have been grappling with the problem of reclaiming the sexual self in texts as diverse as Anaïs Nin's diaries, in which she constructed a defiantly sexual persona for public consumption, and the work of Nancy Friday and Shere Hite on female sexuality. The same inquiry is at the heart of Linda Fiorentino's role in John Dahl's film *The Last Seduction*, the recent lesbian thriller *Bound*. Susanna Moore's controversial erotic novel *In The Cut* and almost everything Madonna has ever said or done.



Naomi Wolf: 'we are all bad girls'

PHOTOGRAPH: PHILIP MEECH

This is not to claim that the problem has been solved, or that there is nothing left to say. What it does mean is that the subject requires more than Wolf's artless solipsism: this is a volume, after all, which devotes an entire chapter to how she chose her wedding dress. For a book entitled *Promiscuities*, Wolf's account of her own sexual history is rather pedestrian but it reinforces the impression, gleaned from her two earlier works, that her most

compelling subject is herself. In that sense, the book reveals more about the state of American feminism – its preference for personalisation and its seemingly endless taste for confessional literature – than its ostensible focus. What it emphasises, like her earlier volumes, is that Naomi Wolf has almost everything – passion, anger, self-confidence – an author needs. What she does not have, as *Promiscuities* makes painfully clear, is ideas.

What's the story?

Guy Mannes-Abbott on a florid fabulist

A Way of Being Free by Ben Okri, Phoenix House, £12

Ben Okri has kept at least one eye pointed towards the infinite while composing these non-fiction pieces over the past decade. It makes for singularly utopian convictions. In novels like *The Famished Road* and *Dangerous Love*, Okri was unashamedly metaphysical and ecstatic in appetites and language. Humanity and its creative potential are at stake here, with Okri arguing that "a sense of beauty, of justice, of the inter-connectedness of all things" can redeem and free us.

Throughout these 12 pieces, he is keen to defend his "fronter people of the uncharted and the unknown". He means poets, artists and storytellers, whom he regards as the barometers of an age. He writes that "in a fractured, broken age... we need mystery and a reawakened sense of wonder." In a sceptical era, we must insist on unconstrained visions of the future.

The vessel for Okri's hope is "story" and one of his sources is the great Nigerian writer Chinua Achebe. Achebe has argued that "the mind and will belong first and foremost to the domain of stories" but he harnesses that creativity to specific ends – the rehabilitation of colonised cultures. Okri, however, writes without bounds about "The Joys of Storytelling" in three pieces at the core of this collection.

What are the joys of storytelling? Be warned: in Okri's hands, terms like joy and story are capacious to the point of

occasional inanity. It's as if there is one succinct essay awaiting extraction from these pieces. That essay would include two essential joys: the "artistic discovery" of telling and the "imaginative identification" of listening. "The first involves exploration and suffering and love. The second involves silence and openness and thought". Giving stories teaches humility; receiving them "deepens our humanity".

Okri exhorts poets to struggle and transgress, to keep flying high in spite of others' shrinking horizons. His penultimate novel *Astonishing the Gods* embodied this spirit in a language that led us across a "bridge of dreams". In contrast, *Dangerous Love* conjured an eruptive love amid the psychological tightness of a slum compound. Here, a tribute to Ken Saro-Wiwa ends with Okri arguing that an "eternal human quest for justice" outlives death. "Fables," he says, "are made of this".

Another of his sources is Walter Benjamin's famous essay on "The Storyteller". Benjamin's artisan storyteller was already superseded by the novel, and is fatally threatened by today's dominant forms of communication. This is partly what Okri rails against, but with little of Benjamin's historical grasp or philosophical critique. Combined with a taste for rhapsodic generalisations and wonky aphorisms, such limitations often leave Okri in prematurely sagacious poses. *A Way of Being Free* is like a dish of sushi and blanchmange prepared by an over-earnest chef. I would defy anyone not to try it.

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Being posh is easy, says Jane Furnival. But don't worry - worrying is so middle class

Now's the season to be silly - as long as you are seriously rich enough to afford the prohibitive cost of hating, hampering and hawking required for The Season, that extraordinary social phenomenon that sees the rich and braying cavort their expensive way from Henley to Glyndebourne to Chelsea by way of Ascot.

The time it takes automatically excludes seriously working people and the poor. Only nobs (who inherit top hats) and snobs, their satellite hangers-on tolerated for their money, and corporate cashers-in need apply.

But if you want to hang out with them, where should you be, and what to do? "You go to the Chelsea Flower Show to be seen at the opening gala - that's about £200 a ticket," explained one Season ticket-holder. "You go to Ascot to show off your clothes, or possibly polo, to see Claudia Schiffer land in a helicopter. It's Glyndebourne to see the politicians (if you want to). You might do Wimbledon for the tennis. And you do Henley to get drunk."

But it's no good thinking that attending the same event sipping champagne in a corporate hospitality tent is your passport to poshness. The sobs and yobs in the marquee dedicated to the promotion of Barbie doll (the Heineken hospitality tent) don't realise that this marks them as rank outsiders in the social stakes. Royal Ascot Village is a few hundred yards from the Royal Enclosure, but it might as well be in Siberia.

To be middle class at a Season event is as pointless as gatecrashing a party where you don't know a single guest. The Season can't be shared. It's a class thing, limited and watchdogged by pointless people like Peter Townsend, who makes it his business to phone up debutantes' mothers and persuade them to Come Out.

If you're not born to a world of wealth and privilege, can you squeeze in? Author Charles Jennings, who calls himself "middle-class suburban man," tried just that last Season and describes his experiences in his new book, *People Like Us* (Little Brown, £16.99).

His first hint for high classness is to throw worry to the winds. "Middle-class people worry, and think about things like work, tidiness, stopping things falling apart," he expounds. "But posh people just devote their life to having fun."

That is the meaning of the Season. Fun in the sun. "You have fun but cloak it in a guise of charity. They keep having these events for charity," observes Charles. "Too right. I've even heard posh people describe polo as charity."

Beneath the low-cut ballgowns and gossip-column frivolity lurks an ugly side to the



You go to Ascot to show off your clothes, Glyndebourne to see the politicians (if you want to). You might do Wimbledon for the tennis. And you do Henley to get drunk.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIP MEECH

Nobbling the nobs

Season, which exposes the rotten roots, the snobbery and self-affirming self-indulgence of our class system. Take charity balls. Why don't the organisers and ticket-buyers just quietly give their time and money to the good causes they claim to fund-raise for?

Queen Charlotte's Ball is a classic case. This charity cash bash is the social launch-pad for wealthy debutantes. Sent to report there one year, I saw with horror how these girls were showered with freebies from dresses to hairdos. Meanwhile, uniformed nobs from Queen Charlotte's Hospital, arriving to help after a day's work, weren't even offered a glass of champagne or a word from the Duchess in patronage. While the nobs chomped smoked salmon, they were furious to be asked to go to the Grosvenor House staff canteen. Some had paid for "reduced" tickets costing nearly a week's pay.

If, after this, you are still determined, can you become Seasonably posh material? Not without having enough money and the right accent, concluded Charles Jennings. Money is vital for fun, though Sloane snobbery still rules, okay, yeh?

"Your grandfather made your family fortune last century in packing, but my family made its money in the 14th century," one girl was overheard teasing a friend.

"The voice, the drawl that sounds as if you don't give a sod, is your passport," he assesses. It can't be faked. Your children can learn it the hard way by going to boarding school at an inhumanly young age. "Your hard-core toffs go to Eton, or maybe Marlborough, Rugby, Winchester. Harrow's a bit 'flash' for girls. Try Cheltenham Ladies' College, Roedean or St Mary's, Ascot."

But if you want to leapfrog socially in a single Season, there are some practical steps you can take to becoming posh and securing a ticket to the members' bars and enclosures.

■ Get a funny surname. Posh people have no sense of their ridiculousness.

■ Learn tiny talk. Politics or the state of society is bad manners. Posh people are happy with who they are. If you deviate from this, they'll spit you out. Charles quotes one lady saying: "I'm just looking over your shoulder to see if there's somebody more interesting here."

■ To me more simply. "I wish you'd stop asking me things and saying things," she said.

■ If anyone mentions class, take the opportunity to reinforce your upperness. "They perform a verbal dance," says Charles. "They say: 'I know posh people like that but it's not me.' Then they go into an anecdote which reveals their ancestry."

■ Know lots of words meaning "drunk". Eskimos have many words describing different kinds of snow, because it's the ruling factor in their lives. The Welsh have many words for rain. Posh people have degrees of drunkenness. DD means dead drunk.

■ Make a mess. The filthiest kitchen I ever saw belongs to posh people who use it to feed five hundred on 'corporate' days in the ancestral castle. The dog slept on the microwave.

■ Talking of dogs, get one that can do no wrong. Even New Labour now pins its hopes on an advert showing a bulldog's ugly bottom. Wear expensive suits covered in dog hair. As Camilla Parker-Bowles was praised for doing in last week's *Daily Mail*.

■ Take up smoking. Worrying

about health or taking care in any way is middle class. Centuries of in-breeding has given you the constitution of an ox.

■ Marlboro Lights are the preferred posh puff. Cigs are their great social ice-breaker. "Can I bum one of yours?"

■ Go horsey. Horses epitomise poshness. They're expensive, smelly, good sorts but not too brainy.

■ Go skiing after the Season ends. Not Verbier, despite (or because of) Fergie. "Ghastly - full of Germans."

■ Be a bigot. If you're brainy, keep it under wraps, especially if female. Make your wit as unpolitically correct as possible. "Go on Johnny, do your Desmond Tutu impersonation. It's frightfully funny."

■ Wear signet rings with a crest and family motto. "Our family has been associated with leaping stags for centuries." Men oever wear wedding rings. If you want to cheat, it's too obvious that you're married.

■ Be insensitive to sex, with a roistering, eighteenth-century approach. One *People Like Us* anecdote concerns girls sniffing cocaine from men's private parts in a socialite club.

■ Upon marrying, move to Wiltshire. Posh women must give up their catering or interior design jobs. Buy a place in the country. She'll bring the kids up until about eight, then off they go to boarding school. Says Charles: "Left alone with her husband away all day and the kids off her hands, she'll go quietly mad. Eventually, husband runs off with his Sloane secretary and she'll think of ways of restoring her career." Like organising corporate coachloads of yobs and sobs to Henley next Season.

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Her: Hat: £500 from Philip Treacy. Chanel suit: £1,800. Plus shoes (£290) and handbag (£800).
Hair: £40 from Hugh and Steven of Ebury St, London. Make-up: £290.
Him: Suit: £450. Top hat: £179. Waistcoat: £450 and tie (£50) from Tom Gilbey.
Two bottles of Dom Perignon: £120

Still a small matter of class

You don't have to be unemployed to be affected by seasonal adjustments. According to the Handbook to the Season, which accompanies this month's *Tatler* magazine, the social whirl now runs from the Grand National on 3 April to the Boxing Day dyspepsia of the King George VI Chase at Kempton Park.

Actually, according to Gerri Gallagher, the enthusiastic American who edits this tome, it doesn't stop there. "Really," she says, "it's all year round these days."

Veuve Cliquot print a little pocket-sized calendar that starts in February and goes on to December. "That's not to say that there aren't things going on in January; it's just that we haven't made the decision to do a 12-month calendar yet". *Tatler* seem to have applied broad rules to what constitutes a Seasonal event: if entry requires a significant outlay of cash on tickets, clothes and related equipment, then it's in. Thus next month's schedule includes the Benson and Hedges International

Serena Mackesy on the all-year whirl of our society leaders

Open Golf, the Monaco Grand Prix, the FA Cup Final and the Nations Cup showjumping.

Showjumping? The dowager duchess will be turning in her grave. Although horsey pursuits have always had an important place in the social scheme, showjumping was not part of it. The Princess Royal evented. Harvey Smith showjumped. The traditional British squeamishness about money was such that oo sport was conspicuous for a gentleman if it was possible to make a living from it. We hunt, darling. We don't follow soccer.

Gerri is adamant that this has changed. "I think it's just a reflection of the real, push away from this social class thing that everyone's so anxious to achieve in England," she says. "I think it's just an excuse for everybody to go out and enjoy all the things that are on offer. And there's a lot of corporate sponsorship now, which allows the events to have

dignity and prestige because they've got the backing."

Certainly, Corporate Sponsorship, Corporate Entertainment and the like have rescued many a doldrum-afflicted event and opened up the prospect of attendance to the successful members of car companies' sales teams, but let's face it, we may pretend to be breaking down the class system, but in reality we remain a nation of cliques.

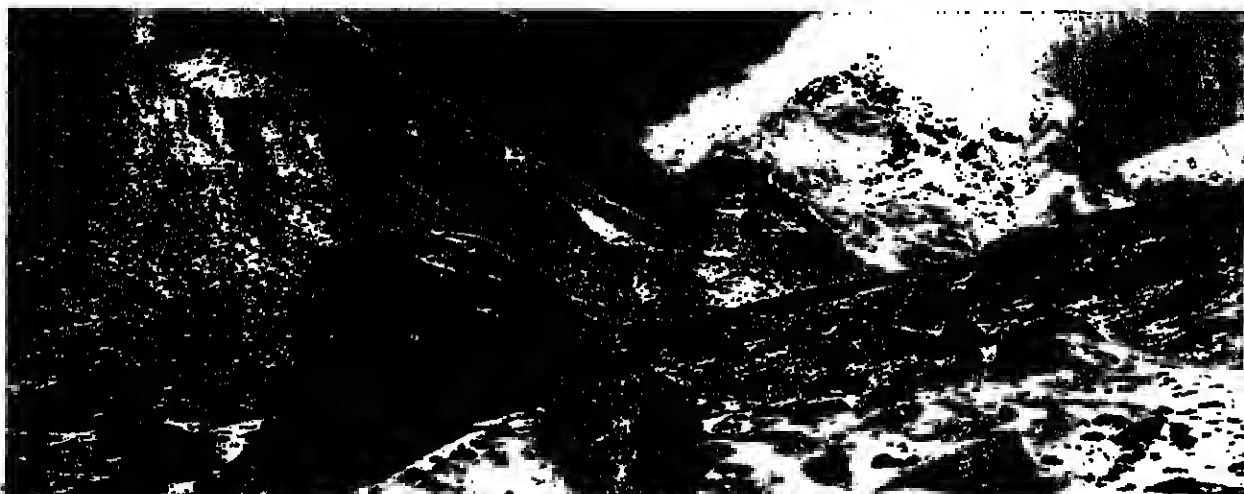
There are, as there always have been, two seasons. The one that gets the coverage is the one where milliners' mothers clash elbows in search of photo opportunities.

The numbers involved in the Real Season are tiny - an elevated social commentator estimates that there are only 150 real debuts every year - and, though these lambs are no longer under pressure to catch a spouse before they're 19, the intent is still deadly serious. There is but one aim in mind: a big black book of suitables. My commentator called it "networking with other girls".

If you network with other girls, you get to meet their brothers, and their brothers' friends.

"Virtually oo-one marries someone from their season any more," says Social Commentator.

A tad disingenuous. Most debts do currently go on to higher education and a job on the administrative side of the creative professions. But the bottom line remains: our upper classes may pay lip service to their daughters mixing with a variety of people, and look fondly on their sons' enthusiasm for Chelsea FC, but woe betide the offspring who brings home a cutie with a regional accent.



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There's Roquefort in them thar hills. Ray Kershaw gets stuck in

From here the village is invisible and the view must be the same as it was when Julius Caesar came with his army conquering Gaul and whose fondness for Roquefort had by the first Christmas made it fashionable in Rome. But the cheese was ancient even then. Far back in mists of time, by one of these caves a young shepherd was opening his packed lunch of bread and cheese when, catching sight of a sheep-herd he thought of better things to do. Rediscovering his cheese a few months later he found it varnished with blue. After tentatively testing it he realised that fate was offering him an opportunity. In the strange wild landscape, alone by some cave,

It is the hour before dusk and the light is at its softest, the grass its richest green, and we wait by the dewwood in that deep rural stillness that endures in France but is only a memory in most parts of Europe – a stillness almost physical, brightened by bird song, the whispering of the wind. Then from somewhere far away Madame Ricard's

But then comes the finale – the platter of 12 Roqueforts – one from every maker, each wonderful but different, fresh from up the road. Where else in the world would such a thing be possible? Already full to bursting point, you sigh and let your belt out. order more wine.

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Pier of the realm

A fortnight from now, the fun officially starts in Brighton. But don't be confused by the calendar. Though the town's festival runs only from 3 to 25 May, Britain's first resort seems to bear a permanently glazed grin – as though a municipal-sized, mood-enhancing narcotic has been washed down with a reassuring pint or two of Fremkin's Ale.

Mind-altering drugs excepted, the quick way to cheer yourself up is to catch a train to Brighton. The entire railway network converges here, with expresses from almost every part of the kingdom. From Edinburgh they arrive, from Cardiff, and from London in less

than 50 minutes. An assortment of rolling stock reaches the South Coast in a flurry of Victorian ironwork. Brighton station, ludicrously grand for a town of 150,000, imbues the visitor with a sense of style. Down the gentle slope to the sea, the arrogance intensifies as Brighton unfolds and the tang of salt air strengthens. And starting this spring, visitors can now tour the town's comic strip of the West Pier (above). The town's pulse is racing.

A certain civic exuberance is justified. To explain Brighton to people who have never been there is like trying to explain the joys of cricket, or Coleridge, to a philistine. Behind the mask of a humdrum provincial town, with the requisite

Brighton is decadent, elegant and endless fun, writes Simon Calder

retailing square footage of Boots, The Gap and McDonald's, lies the creased but much more engaging visage of a resort indulged by royalty, a Bohemian refuge on the Sussex coast. And within that, the weatherworn wrinkles of a fishing village which fell on hard times, and is now hermetically sealed by encroaching urbanisation.

Pause here, in the Lanes, to admire the way the medieval core of Brighton has adapted to change. A maze of alleyways that once housed

a fishing community has been largely overrun by two shops and theme

cafés, but at least the sense of courtyard in a conspiratorial huddle has survived. One restaurant where the ambience has not been imported is English's Oyster Bar, three fishermen's cottages moulded into a narrow restaurant. The walls are heavy with ancient scarlet velvet, the interior so cramped that diners are obliged to scuffle up side by side. Intimacy is Brighton's strong suit. In 1783, the Prince of Wales

spotted the potential for decadence beyond earshot of Looe's gossip-mongers. At first the future George IV rented a modest farmhouse, but once elevated to Prince Regent he was able to create a monumental folly embracing an architectural compendium from imitation Islam via ersatz Egyptian to counterfeit Chinese. John Nash imported to Sussex ideas from all over Asia to create an elaborate Oriental palace adjacent to the coaching road from Looe (now the A23). One moment you are steering south towards the sea – the next you are confronted with Britain's riposte to the Taj Mahal.

The twirling domes and piercing minarets of the Royal Pavilion give

an exotic zest to the town, which could explain why such a jolly collection of curious characters has washed up here. Or it may be the lingering scent of sin. The Prince Regent began the tradition of taking scandal to Sussex, but he was followed south by a procession of other miscreants; 19th-century cartoons hanging in the gallery of the Royal Pavilion show that sleaze is nothing new, and hint at the many adulterous affairs of the high and mighty.

The fun temporarily abated when Victoria was crowned in 1837. The new Queen found Brighton less amusing than her uncle had done. After a bout of regal ass-

stripping – 143 wagons carried the booty to Kensington Palace – the Pavilion was relegated to a series of undignified municipal roles interspersed with patches of dereliction. Now, though the royal fun palace has been resuscitated to its former arrogance. In the grounds, the former royal stables comprise the venue for the Brighton Festival's main events – two weeks from tonight, Sir Simon Rattle opens proceedings in the auditorium whose bald name conceals a grand arena: the Dome. If one or two of the subsequent performances are dull, no matter: the impetuous Royal Pavilion, garishly illuminated, will cheer the emerging audience.

Brighton Tourism (0345 573512); Brighton Festival (01273 292961).

Ghosts of Laughterland

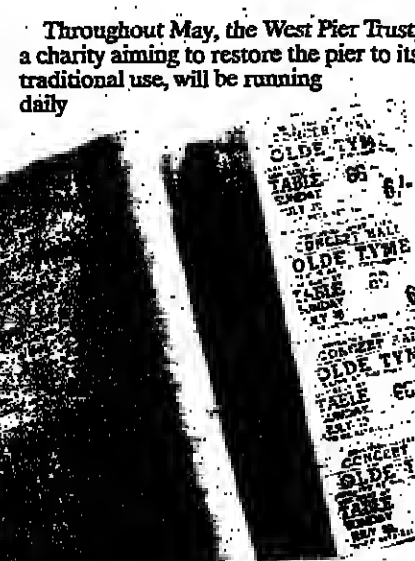
The piers offer a view of Vintage Victoriana, writes Nicola Veash

There was a time, before cheap foreign holidays overwhelmed the holidaying public, when the British coast was in its prime. The promenades were bustling, the hotels were full of town folk eager for sea air, and top performers entertained holidaymakers at the end of the pier.

The belle of the south coast was Brighton, with the Royal Pavilion, imposing town houses, and two piers. Like so many seaside towns it has suffered an ignominious decline, made more visible by the wreck of the West Pier which has scarred the seascape for more than 20 years.

In 1974, Brighton Council made moves to demolish what is the only Grade I listed pier in the country. Outraged residents marched along the seafront to save their beloved, imposing structure. But just a year later it was closed to the public for safety reasons, and the elegant Victorian coastal engineering was left to go to ruin.

The squatters moved in, then the pigeons took hold and the fantastic, mock-grand building, designed by Eugene Birch, fell into a miserable spiral of decay. Yet today, even in its present state of decay, its beautiful architecture is still recognisable.



Throughout May, the West Pier Trust, a charity aiming to restore the pier to its traditional use, will be running daily

tours, to coincide with the Brighton Festival. The hard-hat journey shows the all-but-vanished customs of Britain's once buoyant seaside life. A rust-coloured temporary bridge has been tacked around the pier for the tour parties.

The pavilion nearest the shore hosts original decorative ironwork and is surprisingly good condition. On the wooden-slatted floor lie white iron sea-serpents, once wrapped around gaslights on the pier's promenade, waiting to be returned to their former glory.

But when you step inside the three-storey second pavilion, a sense of eeriness takes hold. Plaster peels from the walls and a painted clown, dusty and decaying, invites you to step inside "Laughterland".

The theatre upstairs once played host to Shakespearean drama and old-time music hall. To this day, the pink and ivory tickets of its last production litter the floor; you feel like a ghost visiting deserted haunts. The downstairs kitchens, with pots and pans rusted into old-fashioned catering stoves, have lain undisturbed for a quarter of a century.

The tours provide a rare opportunity to witness the allure of Britain's decaying seaside. And if you stay until the sun sets over the blackened structure, you may be lucky enough to see thousands of starlings swarming dome-like over the pier, in breathtaking contrast to the red skyline and the deserted wreck of the West Pier.

Pier tours run daily at 11am and 3pm, £15; not suitable for children under 16, for safety reasons (01273 709709).

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A day of knights to remember

Days out: The Magee family took a colourful trip into history at Warwick Castle. By Catherine Stebbings

Warwick Castle punches the sky above the River Avon in celebration of its victory over time and death duties. It is Britain's finest and most complete medieval castle and, since it became part of the Tussauds Group, the best presented. The castle's dramatic position promises much. As you look out from the battlements, it is clear that the surrounding gardens and "Capability" Brown's landscaped park will not disappoint. Within, the moosey of corporate leisure and an engaging and unstuffy approach to history combine to exceed expectations.

The castle is divided into periods reflecting its development, and each part uses a different style to bring social, cultural, political and economic history to life. From the impressive armoury and chilling torture chamber you can join Warwick the Kingmaker's armourers as they prepare for battle in 1471; the atmosphere reeks of urgency and horse in a spectacular display in which waxworks and special effects vividly portray the Middle Ages. The Tudor and Jacobean period is presented in the sturdy Ghost Tower which reopened, refurbished, in March.

By contrast, the elegant state-rooms reflect the opulent taste of the 17th and 18th centuries; rooms are lined with polished cedar panelling, Bruges tapestries and elegant furniture.

Eventually you can swan elegantly into the company of Edward VII, then still an impatient and incorrigible Prince of Wales, and a bookish 23-year-old by the name of Winston Churchill. These unlikely companions, and a *Who's Who* of other late-Victorian political power, are trapped in a house party held here in 1898.

The visitors

Ceci Magee took her children, Julia, 10, and Freddie, eight.

Cec: The variety was brilliant. It was such a bonus that both the children enjoyed themselves equally. It was having a chance to experience life through the centuries that really appealed to them. Freddie enjoyed the medieval part and Julia the Victorian era. It was an educational day.

Everything was well laid out and quite subtly presented – there was nothing tacky about it. Even in high summer the place would still feel like an historic castle. Although there was no jousting or special event happening, there was more than enough to do and we benefited from seeing it on a day when there weren't too many people there. I enjoyed the Kingmarc very much: a good mix of evocative smells, subtle music, historical snippets and the really brilliant anemone.

As there was little labelling we really needed our guidebook, which was lavishly produced and good value. Although we talked to the staff, we would definitely have missed out without it.

The admission charge was high but you could easily spend the day here, picnic in the park, and know that the whole family would be entertained. No one could be bored here. That said, I think small children might be frightened by the dark, and strange noises in the Kingmaker and spiral staircases. It's also not very accessible to buggies.

Freddie: In the armoury I tried on a helmet which was really heavy. I tried to pick up a sword but the lady said we could only use one hand and it was too difficult. There was a horse wearing armour with a

knight on top and lots of swords, crossbows and arrows. The torture chamber was very scary. I wouldn't like to have been the one they did those horrible things to.

I really liked the Kingmaker apart from the horrid smell of candles and horses down there. We saw everyone getting ready for battle: making armour, a blacksmith making horseshoes, a man making a cartwheel and a man putting arrows together using goose feathers. There was also a horse, a cat that moved its tail and a dog sniffing down the loo. I wouldn't have liked to have lived in a medieval castle because it would have been dark, smelly and cold.

I climbed up a tower on to the ramps but my legs felt a bit wobbly because they were very windy steps. From the Mound we could see the peacock garden, the river and the park.

In the staterooms there was a huge canteen where everyone would have eaten from. What they got was "pot lock", and that is where the saying comes from.

Julia: I don't always enjoy history at school, but I thought Warwick Castle was a very interesting place. I really enjoyed the Weekend Party. It was a good idea of what it was.

It gave me a good idea or what it was like in those times - the clothes you would wear, the furniture, the rooms, etc. In one room the ladies were singing around the piano, then in the library the men were reading books and newspapers. Upstairs, the maid was running the bath, the Duchess of Marlborough was getting ready, the Dowager was having her hair done. I would like to have spent a weekend here as a Victorian.

It looked very comfortable, and the clothes were nice but a bit tight; you'd have to wear a corset.

The minor staff in the Weekend



Warwick: money of corporate leisure and an unstuffy approach to history combine to exceed expectations PHOTO: NEWS TEAM/JOHN POTTER

The deal
Warwick Castle (01926 406600) is 2 miles from junction 15 of the M40 and well signposted.

Access: limited free parking in castle car park, 10 minutes' walk away. Spaces for the disabled at the stables and a pedestrian entrance for those using the town car parks. Access around the castle and grounds is on foot. There is limited disabled access and baby buggies are allowed only in certain areas.

Good paths but some steep climbs. Rampart walk is not suitable for the very young or elderly.

Open daily, 10am-6pm (5pm Nov-March) Closed Christmas Day.
Admission: adults £8.75, children 4-6 £5.25, family £24, OAP £6.25.
Special events: 15-23 Feb, Battles and Duels; 28 March-1 April, Easter Siege; May Day Festival; 24-26 May, Jousting. Entertainment every weekend in June and every day in July and August (details, 01926 406600).

Food: The small Stables café serves snacks and drinks. Best for children is the Stables Hayloft restaurant which serves a good lunch, teas and coffee. Baked potato and sausage £3.25, sandwiches £1.95, dish of the day £5.25. The Undercroft restaurant in the castle is more formal but similarly priced. Picnic areas, ice-cream and drink stalls in grounds.

Shops: Three gift shops sell quality souvenirs, gifts, children's toys.

Toilets: Good. Baby changing.

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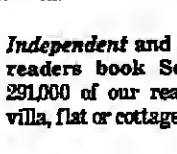
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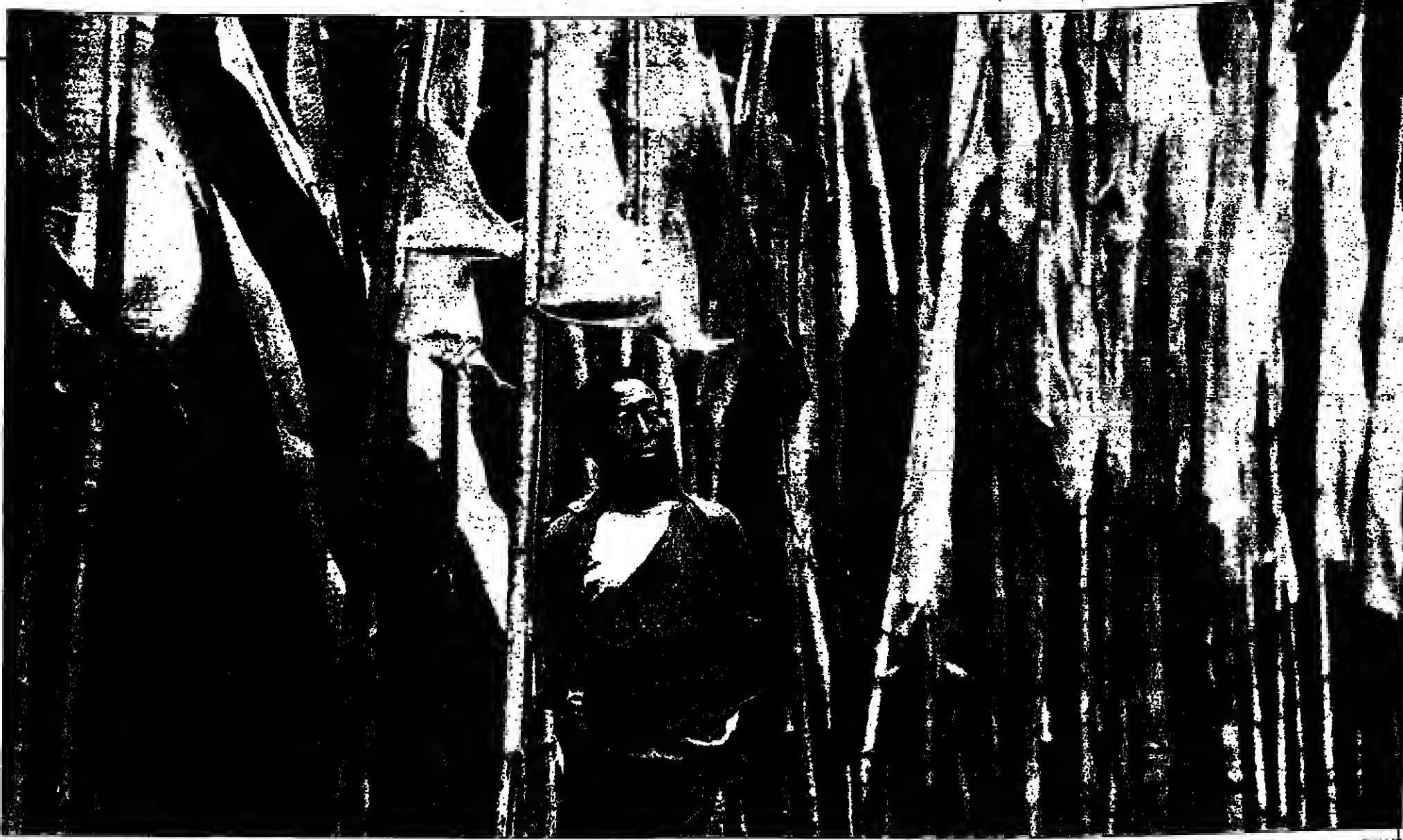
The roof of the world is a crowded place – crowded, that is, with the ultimate mountain range, rather than tourists. Harriet O'Brien, below, found no other visitors to Sikkim; Graham Hoyland, opposite, took some with him to Bhutan

Getting to heaven is literally an uphill task. Or so it seems in the Himalayan state of Sikkim, where monasteries are perched sublimely at the top of tall, forested hills. Spiritually, there's a quick way of finding out how you're doing in the heavenward stakes once you've huffed your way up to Tashiding gompa (monastery). This is one of the most sacred Buddhist monasteries in the small, serene-looking country whose recent history has seen it swallowed up as part of north-east India. Here, you simply follow the groups of monks and ladies devoutly spinning their prayer wheels as they perambulate the monastery and its outlying walls. Then you reach a well-marked point. You stand on one side of the path, close your eyes and put your index finger out. The trick is to walk across the path, still with your eyes closed, and place your finger in a significant hole in the wall. If you hit the spot you're well on the way to heaven. I tried, three times, but at each attempt ended up at a lower indentation. A sort of lesser purgatory perhaps? "It's just a bit of fun," laughed one of the monks who had gathered to watch these familiar antics. "Better luck next time."

At any rate, when you're at Tashiding you feel you're a good half-way to heaven. There you are near the foothills – itching with orchids – of the world's third-largest mountain, Kanchenjunga, amidst avenues of fluttering prayer flags. Butterflies flit past the neatly whitewashed stupas while sociable dogs amble lazily by your side.

On my visit, cheerful, maroon-robed monks emerged blinking into the bright sunshine having taken a break from their chanting and born blowing in the richly painted main hall. They had gathered to pray for the Dalai Lama's trip to Taiwan at the end of last month. Although they follow a different sect of the Tibetan branch of Buddhism, the monks were deeply concerned about the political, as well as spiritual, ramifications of the Dalai Lama's journey. But that didn't cloud the courtesy and sense of fun there. We were offered mugs of Tibetan-style tea, a salty concoction served with splodges of butter, and as we sipped our way through the oleaginous brew, a deaf-and-dumb monastery helper mimed, with evident amusement, his own efforts over the hole in the wall. He had been more successful than me.

Visitors come to Sikkim largely to see the colourful gompas, getting a glimpse into a surviving enclave of Tibetan Buddhist culture; to admire the spectacular scenery of snowcapped mountains, trailing waterfalls, fantastical ferns, flowers and more; and in go trekking through the unspoiled peaks and valleys around Kanchenjunga. They find themselves in a land of easy-going good humour, a place with infinite nuances of delicacy



High society: a Sikkim pilgrim follows the avenues of fluttering prayer flags in the shadow of the world's third largest mountain

PHOTOGRAPH: HUTCHINSON LIBRARY

Halfway to heaven

and politeness. It is a world away from the bustle and hassle of neighbouring West Bengal.

Of course you know you're on your way to a distinctly different region from the red tape involved in reaching Sikkim. The Indian government has designated this a restricted area, and tourists need a permit to get there (see below). Paperwork in order, your starting point is Siliguri. This is the main trading point in Bengal for traffic from Darjeeling, Sikkim and the kingdom of Bhutan. From here you board a bus or hire a taxi-van and gradually twist your way up into the clean greenery of the mountains. Gangtok, the Sikkimese capital, is about three and a half hours away.

The sharp twists of the mountain road are painted with signs in English encouraging safe driving – "Be gentle with the curve" and so forth. Towards Gangtok the signwriters had got carried away with their own moral rectitude: "If you judge people you won't have time to love them" was emblazoned on a particularly perilous hairpin bend. "Imagination is better than wisdom" said another, as if challenging drivers not to get distracted by pondering quite what this means.

The mottoes are painted by a branch of the Indian army whose job it is to make and maintain the roads. And there is a great deal of military activity here: Sikkim is a sensitive area, you are informed, because of its border with Tibet.

Indeed, travelling north to Yumthang, a particularly high and beautiful valley about a day's drive from Gangtok, you pass truckloads of khaki vehicles and squads of crisply laundered soldiers. As the area is only about 35km from the Tibetan frontier, visitors need (another) special permit to get there and are not allowed to bring cameras. We spent the night at the nearby village of Lachung

and got up at dawn the next day to catch the mountains at their best, snowclad peaks glowing in the early-morning light. As we drove up to the valley through a trio of army checkpoints, a Sikh contingent was out on exercise, doing press-ups by the side of the road – turbans neatly in place, moustaches immaculately twiddled and not a hair out of place, despite their exertions. I couldn't help wondering if the corresponding Chinese border guards were as wonderfully well groomed – and numerous.

A Chinese threat is certainly a reason for Indian government sensitivity over Sikkim, but by no means the only one. "In 1959 the Chinese invaded Tibet," I was told at one monastery. "And in 1975 the Indians took over Sikkim." There was much

international criticism at the time. For centuries, Sikkim had been a proud, independent kingdom and its *chogyal*, or ruler, embodied a leadership that was intertwined with the spiritual history of the nation. The Indians took over in the name of democracy that an route was translated into union with themselves.

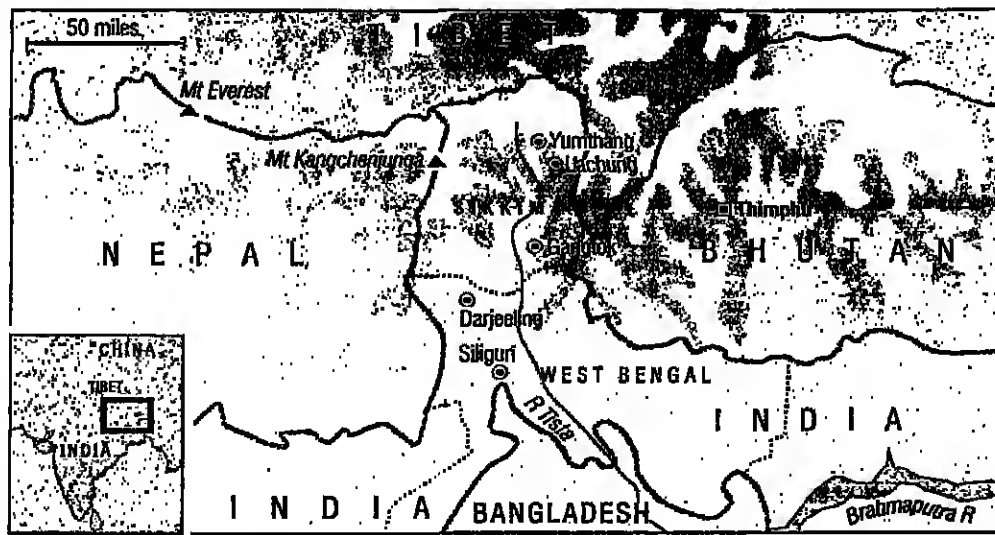
Their recent political involvement started in 1947 when, on independence, they inherited British treaties with Sikkim – largely over border control. Although during the 1962 Sino-Indian border wars the Chinese respected the frontiers of the Himalayan kingdoms of Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan, the Indians were left deeply suspicious. By the early Seventies the government of India

Gandhi was displaying distinct designs on Sikkim. And in 1975, amid democracy demonstrations in Gangtok, the Gandhi government imposed a referendum with the result that Sikkim was annexed as the 22nd state of India. The army surrounded the *chogyal's* palace, stripped him of his powers and placed him under house arrest for two years.

Accusations flew that the Indian government had simply imported the demonstrators from Beogal, had considerably swelled the population with a flood of foreign workers (who had little regard for the independence of Sikkim), and had in any case rigged the elections.

Mass immigration had, in fact, been started last century by the British, who introduced a large wave of Nepalese labourers. The Indians continued the practice and the number of incomers continued to rise, dramatically so after 1975. Today the Sikkimese amount to less than one-quarter of the population of their own country. And heavenly though the Sikkimese monasteries are, Buddhism, too, is in the minority – about 60 per cent of the population are Hindu.

Yet for the Sikkimese, the outlook is not entirely bleak. If their culture is to survive, so must their religion and their monasteries. And to this end the current *chogyal*, who inherited his father's title (but not his former political power) has set in train a movement to revive and preserve Buddhist practices. Meantime the Sikkimese themselves keep an interested watch on matters in neighbouring Bhutan, which has recently seen a similar tidal wave of incoming immigrants. "The Bhutaneses have been very frightened by what happened to us," I was told in Gangtok. "In terms of demographics?" I wanted to know. "Not just that. Ultimately, there's always the possibility of another takeover."



Sikkim and Bhutan fact file

Getting there
British visitors need visas for India: these cost £13 (for three months) from the Visa Section, Indian High Commission, India House, Aldwych, London WC2B 4NA (0891 880880 for recorded information). Permits for Sikkim (15 days) are reasonably easy to obtain, at no extra charge, from the Indian High Commission in London or, in India, from the permit office in Siliguri.

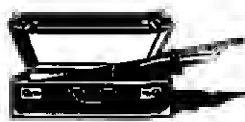
Flights: Harriet O'Brien paid £408 (including tax) for a flight from Heathrow to Delhi with Lufthansa, booked through Trailfinders (0171 938 3366). Internal flights to Bagdogra on Indian Airlines or Jet Airways cost around £70 extra each way. There's also a train to Siliguri but you need plenty of time for this.

Getting around
Travel within Sikkim is fairly restricted. Visitors are permitted to travel west as far as Pelling (visiting the monasteries of Tashiding and Pemayong en route). For journeys further west and to the north you may only travel in groups of four foreigners and you need a special permit. Travel agents in Gangtok are

helpful and numerous – and will look after the paperwork as well as teaming tourists and arranging transport and accommodation. **Accommodation**
Guest houses, offering "fooding and lodging", are generally clean and comfortable. Harriet O'Brien paid 500 rupees (£8.70) a night at the Anola Hotel on MG Marg in Gangtok (03592 23238), and at the Norbu Gang in Pelling, west Sikkim (03593 50566, simi-

lar prices). Bring a hot-water bottle; most places are unheated and get very cold. **When to go**
April and May are prime months to see the Himalayan flowers in their full glory – entire hillsides covered with wild rhododendron blooms. The tourist season ends at the start of June (when the monsoon begins) and resumes in October. December to February it gets jolly chilly at night.

something to declare



A likely story "Let Kula Shaker, INXS, Boyzone and more show you around the world" – MTV press release

From the beachballs of *Holiday* to the hip sunglasses of *Rough Guide*, holiday programmes have to drag you by the scruff of the neck away from the joyless rainy suburbs and deposit you in exotic locations worldwide. MTV World Tour takes the innovative approach of depositing the viewer on an entirely new planet: MTV world.

MTV world is a homogenised world of jump-cuts, (not so)

Steadicam and a spaghetti of different film stocks. Dazzling and dazzling and roughly about nothing, it's an experience which can only be described as "intense".

In the main section, presenter Dan Roland explores the complex world of Cuba, where the last bastion of communism rubs sultan lotion into the shoulders of exploitative tourism. Dan comes to the conclusion that this is a bad thing.

The programme travels to India to share the insights into Delhi of the lead singer of Kula Shaker, Crispian Mills. "Welcome to smelly Delhi," he says. Crispian concludes that Delhi is "intense".

In Israel, the model looks of Christof, a German backpacker, are given the full black-and-white treatment as the film crew follow him on his "Fab Fortnight". Christof climbs trees and does some work with fish

and chicken on a kibbutz and gets drunk a lot. By the way, Christof reckons Jerusalem is "intense".

The MTV World Tour accomplishes in half an hour what the UN has spent fifty years fumbling towards: it levels out all cultures. MTV World Tour will be broadcast every Saturday, Sunday and Monday for the next five weeks.

Anthony Thornton

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Trouble spots

While air travellers from Britain are penalised by Air Passenger Duty (set to double in November), some Central European countries have identified visiting motorists as a potential source of funds. These are some examples of the fees that drivers are liable to pay:

Austria: "Holidaymakers may purchase either weekly or two-monthly discs. The cost of the weekly disc is ATS 70 (about £3.60). The two-monthly disc, which is valid for two consecutive calendar months, will cost ATS 150 (about £7.70)." – Austrian National Tourist Office (0171-629 0461).

Czech Republic: "A motorway toll coupon of Kcs 400 (approx £10) per

car and per calendar year is payable at the Czech border crossing on arrival. Failure to comply may mean being fined by the Czech police." – Cedok brochure.

Switzerland: "If you're going to be motoring in or through Switzerland, you need to obtain a motoring tax disc called 'vignette'. This annual tax of 40 Swiss francs is levied on all cars and motorcycles using the Swiss motorways. An additional fee of 40 Swiss francs applies to trailers and caravans. This tax, which is available at border crossings, can also be purchased by sending a cheque for £18 to Switzerland Tourism, Swiss Centre, Swiss Court, London W1V 8EE." – Switzerland Tourism.

Bargain of the week

Catch the first flight out of London City airport, and you can travel to any Air UK destination for £39 return (plus tax), with no restrictions on the homebound flight.

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no clearly defined market. So Air UK (0345 666777) aims to fill these flights by selling off the first flight out for fare well below average, and also by waiving the normal Saturday night stay at the destination.

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Looking down on Creation

"Gross national happiness is more important than gross national product." So said Jigme Singye Wangchuk, King of Bhutan. It was this statement which first made me curious about a mysterious mountain kingdom squeezed between India and Tibet.

The more I found out, the more fascinating it became. As with Tibet, Bhutan's rulers believed in keeping the foreigner out, which means that the country is virtually untouched by the modern world. It is a medieval land of ancient dzong (monastery-fortresses) and archers, and even today the people wear the traditional national costume — by law. They are of Tibetan stock, and their houses are like beautifully built Swiss chalets with huge eaves and intricate Buddhist motifs to ward off demons. It is a stupendously beautiful country. The southern foothills are covered with tropical jungle; the central valleys are highly cultivated and separated from one another by high ridges. The mountains to the north, part of the Himalayan chain, are mostly unnamed, unclimbed and unlimbed: many are held sacred, or are gods in their own right.

The king allowed Westerners in for the first time in 1974 to witness his coronation, and since then very limited tourism has been allowed. Whereas the Himalayan kingdom of Nepal, to the west, had 250,000 visitors last year, Bhutan allowed in only 4,000, with about 1,000 of those going trekking around the interior. By stipulating that each tourist had to spend a minimum of \$200 a day, and that they travelled in groups of more than five, Bhutan ensured that the maximum foreign exchange entered the country, together with the minimum foreign disturbance. People end up paying more than £3,500 for a three-week walking holiday. Considering the environmental damage done to parts of Nepal by mass tourism, the King chose wisely.

I was fortunate enough to persuade a tour company to send me there as a trek leader. Each group of Westerners walking in the interior is generally accompanied by such a person, whose role is to liaise between the local trekking crew and the

clients. The trek leader has to sort out airport and hotel check-ins, and be a general troubleshooter and an all-round good egg who makes sure everyone is happy. A sort of Butlin's Redcoat in climbing boots. Flying into Bhutan is an adventure in itself. You board a miniature aeroplane in Delhi, and drone over the plains of northern India. Beyond the pilot's head you see the Himalayas rear up in slow motion, and soon he announces that he can see Everest. You strain your eyes into the icy glitter. Then the plane begins a sharp descent. It banks round tightly, skirts a ridge and suddenly lunges at a tiny airstrip. There is an appalling cacophony from the engines, and you are down in the capital, Thimphu.

I had been briefed for this moment. I raced down the steps and legged it for a small wooden garden shed on the airfield perimeter. With 10 people to clear through immigration I wanted to be first. As I received the last stamp I noticed with grim satisfaction some other poor sod of a trek leader, fists full of passports, trying to fight off his clients. We were going to follow a route that was graded "strenuous". It went through the very heart of the country and along Bhutan's border with Tibet. I fancied doing this because I wanted a close look at some of the unclimbed mountains. The motives of my clients were more complicated. In age they ranged from 40 to 58, in occupation from company director to bookkeeper. For one of them it was the trip of a lifetime; for others, I suspect, it was a way of resolving some deep personal questions.

Our journey began at the extraordinary Taksang Monastery, or Tiger's Nest. It is attached, more like a swallow's nest, to a 4,000ft precipice. This is where the Guru Padma Sambhava flew to Tibet on the back of a tiger to defeat demons trying to oppose the flow of Buddhism into Bhutan. We were gazing at this building, which resembles a Western super-Mare guest-house bolted to a cliff, when I ventured the suggestion that as tourists we ultimately destroyed what we had come to see. We were in the country as a privileged vanguard of what I fear will become a torrent, and this thought had been bugging me ever since we'd landed. The homily was greeted with a stony silence.



Tiger's nest: Taksang Monastery clings to a 4,000ft precipice

STILL PICTURES/MARK EDWARDS

And so began the trek proper. It's a congenial life. You are woken soon after dawn and given a steaming cup of tea. Shortly afterwards, as you digest the view of pink mountains through the tent door, an aluminium washing-bowl of hot water is placed outside your tent. Once washed and dressed, you pack a kit-bag and day-pack. The kit bag goes on one of 26 ponies, the day-pack on you. Then, while you eat breakfast at a table outside, the camp staff take down the tents and load the animals.

Then the trials of trek-leadership start. As I was warned, two of the clients — usually the younger men — will decide to walk as fast as they can along the trail to prove that they are

tougher than the others. They then reach a fork, and inevitably choose the path less travelled. They get lost and attempt to rejoin the correct track by traversing a steep and dangerous ridge that intervenes. Eventually they stumble into camp well after dark, bloody and exhausted.

Walking in early morning in Bhutan is entralling. For anyone who likes gardening it is a constant delight; two of the clients were amateur botanists and the air was regularly split with cries of pleasure as they spotted a tree-hanging orchid or a familiar conservatory plant. Lunch might be had sitting on a natural lawn next to a river, or amongst the rocks on a high pass. Another three hours' walking and the

night's camp-site is reached, and usually tea is ready. I loved the way the ponies rolled on the ground with joy when their loads were removed.

Trekking is so few and the country so uninhabited that we were able to have fires most nights. This simply isn't possible in Nepal, a country ravaged by deforestation. One night we camped at the remote village of Laya. The people here are famous for their yak-hair clothes and curious conical bamboo hats. And as I listened that night to the extraordinary singing of the local girls — a strange, hypnotic thenody — I felt oddly dislocated back into a medieval land. Forget time travel, I thought; the past is here, now, and in Bhutan.

Graham Hoyland

Halfway through our conversation, the Consul sent me all the way to the bank. I wasn't laughing. The prospect of a visa was receding with each searching question about my intentions and resources. Being told to hurry off in search of flimsy proof of financial probity seemed a final indignity. But, studying the bank statement intently, he concluded that I was unlikely singlehandedly to undermine society.

After a percussive flurry of rubber-stamping, I emerged with my prize: the right to visit the Co-operative Republic of Guyana, confidante of the USSR. Seven years on, the bureaucratic tangles for travellers to the Soviet Union (plus its friends and distant relations) have unravelled. The queues outside embassies in the "Baywater triangle" in West London have dwindled. Prospective visitors to Poland and



Simon Calder

Hungary, the Czech Republic and Guyana no longer need visas.

Even at the handsome Russian embassy, the officials began to smile and phase out the traditional "No".

Yes, you can have a visa without a detailed, pre-paid itinerary. Yes, if you need to fly to Moscow tomorrow you can have a visa today. The biggest country on earth opened up to the world's largest industry.

On Wednesday, the Cold War broke out again. A fax from the Russian Consulate-General in Edinburgh

revealed that "tit-for-tat" diplomacy has spread to tourism. The problem is Britain's attitude to Russian visitors. Until the collapse of the USSR, restriction on Soviet tourists were academic. Now, thousands of the new Russian *novembra* riches want to visit the West. London is top of the average wish-list. But to get a UK visa often requires a visit to the British Embassy in Moscow. For people who live in Vladivostok,

6,000 miles east, an interview in the Russian capital is not awfully convenient. And even after the one-week train, there is no guarantee that the precious visa will be issued.

The Russians are set to give British travellers a taste of the same medicine. As well as your passport and three mugshots, you must supply "a confirmation issued by a Russian tourist company accredited by the Foreign Ministry".

Even if you clear this mountain of paperwork, "The Consulate General reserves the right to call the applicants for an interview and to ask questions dealing with personal, financial, business issues as well as with your Russian contacts and partners".

A bottle of vodka awaits the reader who reports the best dialogue with the Consul. Meanwhile, I commend a visit to the now genuinely Co-operative Republic of Guyana.

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A corner of London that is forever green

Anna Pavord finds an oasis of self-help

Because gardening teaches you the value of the long view and the virtues of stoicism (plants are great stoics), gardeners generally are not militant – even in their own defence. But when Islington Council withdrew an annual £12,000 grant from the Culpepper Community Garden in north London, the local people who garden there fought hard to defend the patch that provides them (and anyone else who wants to walk there) with a restorative touch of green in an area that desperately needs it.

The garden, next door to a children's playground, is at the south end of Cloudeley Road. Over the railings, you look into a patchwork of tiny gardens, each no more than 10ft by 12ft, growing an extraordinary mixture of trees, fruit, flowers and vegetables. One plot is full of comfrey, grown to make liquid feed. Another has a mouthwatering selection of broccoli. A third has sedum, lavender, euphorbia and daffodils, each daffodil surrounded with scraps of red brick.

Like allotment sites, this community

garden speaks volumes for the inventiveness of gardeners. But this is different from an allotment site. It is gardened by individuals, but done for the pleasure of all. And £12,000 seems a cheap way for Islington Council to fix the patch. They'd pay three times as much to garden it under council tender, as public parks are.

I asked Ken Standing, chairman of Culpepper's management committee, how Islington's grant was spent. Most of it is used to pay a garden worker, Nicola Reynolds, who looks after the bits between the plots and, by her presence, cuts down on the vandalism that is a constant irritation. Some money is needed to repair paths and fences. Some was spent on the sturdy compost bins that stand behind the community hut.

There's no vetting of members. Anybody who lives nearby can ask for a plot, as long as they do not have a garden. Mr Standing said they had Italian gardeners, Spanish and Portuguese. That explained why there were so many good vegetables there. Especially calahrese. And red-

leaved chicory growing with marigolds.

One tiny patch was rather grandly planted with an evergreen *Magnolia grandiflora*. That was worth £6,000 as a heart lift on its own. There were amelanchiers in delicate blossom, and a fine alder tree growing by the hut. Over the brick wall that closes off the garden from Cloudeley Road, a sweet-scented *Clematis armandii* flung long, voluptuous trails.

So what's the fate of the garden now? The Culpepper gardeners won a victory in persuading Islington not to dump them altogether, but the council has halved their grant to £6,000. The management committee is loth to put up garden rents (at present £10 a year) because they don't want the place to become, in Mr Standing's phrase "an inward-looking garden clubby sort of place." The search for alternative funding is on.

If you would like to contribute, go to the Culpepper Community Garden plant sale on Sunday 27 April, 11am-1pm. To join the community garden, call 0171-833 3951.



Communal cause: Culpepper Garden is a shrine to the inventiveness of gardeners. PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIP MEECH

Scented and frilly yellow dancers

I'm not surprised to find that in the 10 years this column has appeared, I've never written about daffodils. What loon would want to write about daffodils when they could be writing about tulips? But, in the interests of fair play, they ought to have an outing. And, of course, they are a great deal easier to please than tulips. It's one of the most irritating things about them in our garden. They swell and increase mightily, while my precious tulips dwindle. Most of them (except the "tazzetta" types such as "Cheerfulness") seem to enjoy the damp, heavy ground.

It didn't surprise me either that, although I keep saying that I'm not mad about them, there are more than 20 different kinds flowering at the moment in the garden.

The ones with a swoony smell are best. That puts "Quail" near the top of the list, along with other jonquils such as "Trevithian" and the much tinier "Baby Moon" which grows to 6in or 7in tall. The original wild jonquils are natives of Spain and Portugal and grow in damp meadows along the river valleys of the Douro, the Tejo and the Guadalquivir. "Quail" has a particularly sweet smell, and is a clear, bright yellow, the cup exactly the same colour as the frill around it. There can be two or three flowers together on a stem, about 12-14in tall. I have them growing in clumps between cones of box in a narrow border.

"Trevithian" and "Quail" are both flowering now. The smaller "Single Jonquil", more like the wild species, comes later this month, fabulously scented, with a clear yellow flower well set against grassy, rich green foliage.

"Thalia" one of the Triandrus narcissus flowering now, is elegant with its creamy flowers and long-fingered petals, but it has no smell. It lights up a dark patch under a spreading arm of ceanothus, but I wouldn't plant it next to a path. There, you need something like the creamy-flowered "Cheerfulness", which grows to about 14in high and is beautifully scented. So is "Geranium", another of this family, with a pure white frill round a small, glowing orange centre.

For naturalising in grass, you need daffodils that look as though they might be growing there of their own accord. That means avoiding the monster

yellow trumpet daffodils such as "Golden Harvest" and "Unsurpassable", which look as though they would break a bone in your foot if they happened to flop on to it. Avoid fancy, orchid-flowering types such as "Cassata", too, in this situation. Choose instead old-fashioned poeticus narcissi such as "Actaea", which flowers from mid-April onwards, and "Pheasant Eye" which picks up the baton in May, to give a long, continuous season of flowering.

Where clumps of daffodils have stopped flowering, you need to lift and divide them, replanting smaller groups of the bulbs in ground refreshed with a couple of handfuls of bonemeal. Water the clumps well when they have been resettled. The best time to do this is between July and September when top growth has died down (and you've forgotten where the clumps were).

Remember that the best flowers are usually produced in the second year after planting, though the greatest number of flowers will probably follow in the third year after planting.

SEE daffodils at Brodie Castle, Forres, Moray, Inverness-shire, Mon-Sat 11am-5.30pm, Sun 1.30pm-5.30pm, admission £3.60; Bainton House, Stamford, Cambs, tomorrow 2pm-5.30pm, admission £1.50; Killerton Garden, near Exeter, Devon, daily 10.30am-dusk, admission £3.20; Algar Mill, Iron Acton, near Bristol, tomorrow 2pm-6pm, admission £1.50; Bramdean House, Bramdean, Hants, tomorrow 2pm-5pm, admission £2.

BUY daffodils in autumn from Ballydon Bulb Farm, Ballydon Hill, Killybegs, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 6QB (01238 541250); Brian Duncan Daffodils, Knowlhead, 15 Ballynahatty Rd, Omagh, Co Tyrone BT78 1PN (01662 242931); Copford Bulbs, Dorsers, Birch Rd, Copford, Colchester, Essex CO6 1DR (01206 330008).

READ 'Narcissus, a Guide to Wild Daffodils' by John Blanchard (Alpine Garden Society £22). Knowing how the various species grow in the wild gives you the best possible guide to making daffodils happy in the garden. JOIN The Daffodil Society; Sec: Mrs Jackie Petherbridge, The Meadows, Puxton, Nr Weston-super-Mare, N Somerset BS24 6TF (01934 833641), subscription £5 a year.

ANNA PAVORD

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CUTTINGS

The National Council for the Conservation of Plants and Gardens has been extraordinarily successful in encouraging national collections of garden plants. There are enormous benefits in having such collections. Selfishly, of course, we think first of the pleasure of being able to go and look at them. But collection owners also do a great deal of work in unravelling wrong names and in saving some of the old cultivars from disappearing altogether from cultivation.

Now three of them have published booklets about their collections. Denis Bradshaw has been building up his honeysuckle collection for 100 years and now has about 100 different kinds. His 24-page booklet (£3.95) includes information on looking after and pruning honeysuckles. Sylvia Norton has written about her collection of lathyrus, cousins of the sweet-pea (£3.95 for a 30-page

Weekend work

of frost has passed. If you have a new lawn in mind, resist the temptation to skip on preparation. Rake soil several times in different directions to get a level surface. Get rid of all stones and shuffle over the soil in your boots to tread down the surface. Choose a

seed mixture to suit the site. Letting nature take its course is all very well, but nature did not invent top-heavy delphiniums. Single bamboo canes are fine for these cathedral spires. Use twiggy pea sticks for plump plants such as Michaelmas

daisies, and tall half-moon stakes for shrub roses such as "Isaphan".

Continue to sow seeds of annuals to flower in the garden this summer. "Full Sun" (Suttons, 95p) is a classic huge yellow sunflower with heads 12in across. "Velvet Queen" (Thompson & Morgan, £1.59) has flowers of a sumptuous mahogany.

This week: focus on special plant collections

booklet). John and Jean Ainsworth's 54-page booklet (£4.95) is about the family of sarracenias, North American pitcher plants. The booklets are all available by post from the NCCPG at The Pines, RHS Garden, Wisley, Woking, Surrey GU24 0QP. Add 50p for postage and packing. Denis Bradshaw's honeysuckle collection is held at J Bradshaw & Son, Busbyfields Nursery, Herne, Herne Bay, Kent CT6 7LJ (01227 375415) and is open Tues-Sat, 10am-5pm, admission £1. Sylvia Norton's collection of lathyrus is at Weavers Cottage, 35 Streetly End, West Wickham, Cambridge CB1 6RP (01223 892399) and is open by appointment only during the sweet pea season. The Ainsworth's collection of more than 120 pitcher plants is at Bank Farm, Bank Head Lane, Bamber Bridge, Preston, PR5 6YR (01772 321557) and is open by appointment only, admission £1.

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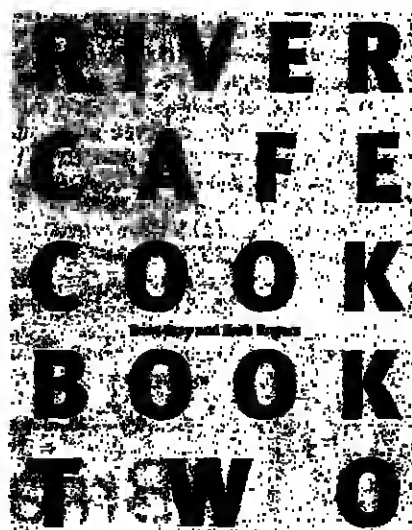
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ROAD TEST Mitsubishi Galant

By John Simister



The reborn company's new sports bike is challenging Honda, writes Roland Brown

The recent news that Triumph's new T595 Daytona sports bike outsold Honda's mighty contender, the CBR900RR Fireblade, in the first three months of this year will have come as no surprise to enthusiasts who have tried to buy one - the British bike is sold out for several months to come.

Such was the response when the 995cc three-cylinder road burner was revealed last autumn that the Triumph was guaranteed a high ranking in the sales charts even before it had turned a wheel in anger.

Why the excitement? The T595 - the factory code name - is the first Hinckley-built bike to compete head-on with the Japanese and Italian firms in the large-capacity super-sports class, motorcycling's most glamorous and hard-fought arena. More to the point, the new British challenger is proving itself good enough to hold its own against the Fireblade and Ducati's 916.

Until now, Triumph's remarkable rise since being relaunched six years ago had been based on fine but conservative models that shared many components, including their frame and most engine parts. This kept production costs down, and allowed Triumph to expand its range quickly. It also prevented the specialisation required to make a competitive sports bike.

The T595 Daytona is significant not just because it is Triumph's best bike yet but because it represents a decision by John Bloor, the firm's boss, to attack the super-sports market with a purpose-built machine for the first time. Even so, Triumph's designers quickly whipped off the fairings to create a second new model, the aggressively styled T509 Speed Triple.

Raising the stakes in such a high-profile way was a bold move for a small company (Triumph employs 450 people), but so far the gamble is paying off. With the 1,550 machines allocated to the British market before August all accounted for, the T595 looks set to be one of the year's best-selling bikes of any category - not bad for a machine that costs almost £10,000. Export demand is high, too.

Amid the euphoria, it barely seems possible that just seven years ago the British motorcycle industry was apparently dead. From BSA to Vincent, the great names had folded one by one. The old Meriden-based Triumph firm had struggled on longer than most, but eventually succumbed to the Japanese-led invasion.

Then Bloor, a Derbyshire builder who had bought the bankrupt Tri-



The new Triumph: good enough to hold its own against Japanese rivals

Japan turns Teutonic

Mitsubishi Galant. Yes, it's all new, as Japanese cars are every four years or so, but I bet you'll find it hard to picture what a new Galant might look like without the prompt of a picture. After all, what we're talking about is just some more grey Japanese porridge. Isn't it? Toyota Carina. Nissan Primera. Mazda 626. Honda Accord. Mitsubishi Galant - none of them exactly leaps out and thrusts its personality at you.

Maybe that's because Japan's economic miracle is abating, production costs are high, profits are disappearing and, more than ever, Japanese car-makers are playing safe, conservative and - the B-word that every UK importer of Japanese cars detests - bland. But wait. See that chiselled nose with its chamfered corners? Not much sign of the default-design inane grin here. See that tidy tail, also rather pleasingly chiselled? It's almost BMW-like. See that curving rear roof-line, the cut of the rear pillars, the broad-shouldered rear wheel arches? Germanic again.

Here's a breath of fresh air: a Japanese car with an identity of its own, and a rather European one as it happens. It's also slightly bigger than most of its mainstream competitors outlined above, virtually Volvo S70-size, an upmarket shift made possible by the recent arrival of the Dutch-built, Mando-confronting Mitsubishi Carisma 1a car whose identity and aura are definitely not eponymous, never mind any solecisms (of spelling).

Talking of which, Mitsubishi is backing a new "Galant" driving course to promote courtesy on the

road as well as the new Galant. This is laudable, if slightly tacky; fortunately, the car is rather good, too. In Japan it gets the new, high-economy, Gasoline Direct Injection engine I described in these pages a few weeks ago, but for Europe that engine is Carisma-bound instead. (It's destined for Volvo's S40 and V40, too, because these cars and the Carisma are fruits of a Mitsubishi/Volvo joint venture.)

So European Galants come with either a 2.0-litre, four-cylinder engine of 134hp or, as in the car I tested, a new 2.5-litre V6 which delivers 161hp. My car also came with the optional automatic transmission, air-conditioning and leather trim, which together push the price up to £23,540 on the road,

but V6s start at £20,610 and you can have a 2.0-litre for £17,210. Estate-car versions are available for an extra £800, but as yet Britain is to be denied the turbocharged, four-wheel-drive, 280bhp VR-4 version offered in Japan. "It's too manic," Shunji Takeshita, the Galant project manager, told me.

There's nothing very adventurous about the Galant's interior, but it's well made out of high-quality materials, and is pleasing enough to the eye provided you don't look too closely at the fake wood. The doors shut with a solid "thunk", the front seats adjust electrically, and the whole car has a feeling of substance that the smaller Carisma lacks.

The impression stays with you as you move off, too, because the V6 engine is both quiet and muscular, and the automatic transmission, which adapts its gear-change strategy to what it considers to be your style of driving over the past few miles, is responsive without being snatchy. It suits the engine well, helping brisk progress to be smooth and serene.

Supple, "multilink" suspension helps here, too; it soaks up humps effectively, while keeping firm control of unwanted lurching and heaving to the benefit of both the occupants' comfort and the precision of the handling. The Galant corners confidently without drifting wide or losing its balance, and the steering feels reassuringly weighty at speed.

I like this car. It looks good, it feels all-of-a-piece, it's satisfying to drive, and it has definite stirrings of personality. Makes a change from all those baughty Germans, too. Just a shame it has a silly name.

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Wheeling back in Triumph

umph from the liquidator in 1983, revealed a hi-tech new factory and the range of three- and four-cylinder superbikes that his firm had been developing in secret. Few could understand why a successful businessman who didn't even ride a motorbike should sink tens of millions of pounds into a doomed industry. But Bloor, 53, hadn't gone from plasterer to multi-millionaire by accident. He had spotted a gap in the market for a high-quality, mass-produced British motorcycle - and has delivered just that.

Bloor's ride has not been easy. Triumph's first bikes quickly gained a reputation for reliable if unspectacular engineering, and sold well in Britain. But progress in the important German market was slow, and Triumph's four-cylinder models were too reminiscent of Japanese bikes of a few years earlier.

One of Triumph's assets is its ability to react quickly. The firm shifted emphasis towards the more distinctive triples, revamped its German network, improved existing bikes and introduced new ones. Production has risen steadily, from 2,000

bikes in 1991 to last year's total of 14,000, of which 70 per cent were exported. And now Bloor has decided Triumph is big enough for a serious super-sports challenge.

Enter the handsome T595 Daytona, with its powerful three-cylinder engine, its innovative frame of oval-section aluminium tubes, and its swoopy all-yellow (or black) bodywork. The 995cc, 12-valve motor is fuel-injected and tuned with the help of Lotus Engineering. It produces a maximum of 128bhp - slightly more than the 916 and Fireblade. The chassis is light, low and fitted with top-quality suspension and brakes.

The result is sensational - a thrillingly fast machine with its own distinct character. Its riding position is unashamedly aggressive, with low handlebars and rearset footrests. The engine is flexible, smooth and hugely powerful, the French-made fuel-injection system gives instant response to hunt the bike towards its 160mph top speed. Only a slight flat-spot at 5000rpm and an occasionally notchy six-speed gearbox earn less than top marks.

Handling is excellent, too. The Daytona's blend of light weight, rigid frame, taut suspension and well-chosen chassis geometry makes the triple slightly less manoeuvrable than the Fireblade, but correspondingly more able.

The naked T509 Speed Triple, which combines the T595's chassis with a denuded, 107bhp engine of the original 885cc capacity, is itself a quick and eye-catching machine. At £8,299 the Triple is considerably less expensive than the £9,649 Daytona, and will not be the only model to benefit from technology developed for the sportster. Rumours are already circulating of others under development.

This year's production will total around 15,000, the highest yet. In the near future Bloor plans to move to a larger factory on an adjacent site - although he says he won't build more than 25,000 bikes, preferring to keep Triumph small and flexible. When you consider that 10 years ago the British bike industry's total production was close to zero, even that would represent an amazing achievement.

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Britain needs Power at its elbow

Reliability was once the single most important factor when buying a new car. This is hardly surprising: after all, if the car failed to perform its primary duty - getting from A to B - then the fetching styling, the low price and the shiny red paint job wouldn't really be of much use. Back in the bad old days of BL, when British cars spent as much time on the hard shoulder as they did in the fast lane, reliability was crucial. It's one reason why BL sales crumbled. It's what gave the Japanese their foothold in Europe.

Now, it's changed. The Japanese have given the world the assumption of mechanical reliability. Everyone else has tried hard to match them. In many cases, they've come close. In all cases, they've improved. If a car fails on the road, it fails in the showroom. There's just no room for the old BL excuses these days - which is why car reliability is no longer the main buying factor. All cars are reliable even if, like equality, some are more reliable than others. Instead, apart from one's own past experience, style is now the number one factor when buying a car.

Yet as a recent plethora of consumer studies have just shown, the differences between the makers of the most reliable cars and the least reliable are still meaningful. As the strugglers try to catch the Japanese, so the Japanese - in turn - just keep getting better.

The best publicised study, on owner satisfaction and car quality, was done by the American consumer group JD Power in conjunction with Top Gear, the television programme and magazine. Viewers and readers of two-year-old cars were urged to respond and, in turn, JD Power sent out questionnaires. There were 16,498 responses. It showed that Subaru was top manufacturer, that the Toyota Corolla was the single model that gave owners most satisfaction, and that big sellers such as the Ford Escort, Vauxhall Astra and Ford Mondeo languished near the bottom - even though 80 per cent of M-reg Ford buyers still found themselves satisfied.

Predictably, those makers who did badly accused JD Power of unfairness. Those manufacturers who did well took out ads. The main accusation is that JD Power uses self-selectors - in other words, people asked to be surveyed, not vice versa. Thus it was not a random survey. Some marketers will tell you that makes it flawed.

A month or two back, What Car? - Top Gear's major magazine rival - had its own survey done in conjunction with

the vehicle leasing company Lex. This one sampled 73,000 fleet cars. It rated Mitsubishi as the maker of the most reliable vehicles, followed by BMW, Mercedes and Honda. There were some massive variations compared with JD Power - Fiat did well in Lex but badly with JD Power - even though, broadly, Japanese makers again did best. Although the Lex survey undoubtedly helps consumers, its main failing is obvious: it did not ask the opinions of private buyers. Nor did it take into account experiences with dealers, one of the key aspects of JD Power, and a major factor in owner satisfaction.

In July, Which? comes out with its annual car reliability survey. This, as with the other two, usually tends to show the primacy of the Japanese, and the failings of Ford, Rover and Vauxhall. These surveys may be inconclusive in some areas, but they're pretty emphatic in others. If you seek solid satisfaction from your car, and your dealer, you're best advised to buy Japanese and, in particular, Toyota, Honda, Subaru or Mitsubishi.

There's little doubt, though, that Britain still lacks the definitive car-buying satisfaction guide. In America, they have it - and it's also done by JD Power. There, makers await the results just as keenly as they await sales data. Indeed, the latter often follows the former. Good JD Power ratings in America can help make a marque (it helped to get rid of Yugo, and out before time).

The key difference in America is that they don't need people volunteering to be surveyed in order to build a database of owners. In America, JD Power, helped by the Freedom of Information Act, buys the names and addresses of the vehicle owners direct from the US equivalent of the DVLA, the state-run DMV (Department of Motor Vehicles). They then send out questionnaires at random. Responses are invariably much bigger. Typically, 30,000 people respond, double the British rate. More questions can also be asked. In America, buyers are asked specifically about their thoughts on initial quality (after 90 days of ownership and again after one year), as well as longer term satisfaction.

JD Power approached the DVLA back in the early Nineties but was rebuffed. Subsequent approaches have also been made. The answer was again no: the DVLA wanted to preserve the confidentiality of its files. A major consumer service was thus denied us. Mind you, part of me retains a grudging respect for an organisation that refuses to sell its "client" data base. If only my bank were that principled.



Gavin Green

01257 267 832

Staying healthy is an uphill fight for mothers.

An exclusive report from Debbie Davies

It starts so well for women. They're so much more grown-up and intelligent about their health lives - good food, exercise, not too much drink, careful on the cigarettes.

Then they get married. Then they have children. Then it all goes wrong.

In their early (15-24) years 71 per cent of women take part in sport and exercise, but by the time they reach 45-54 fewer than one in three are doing so.

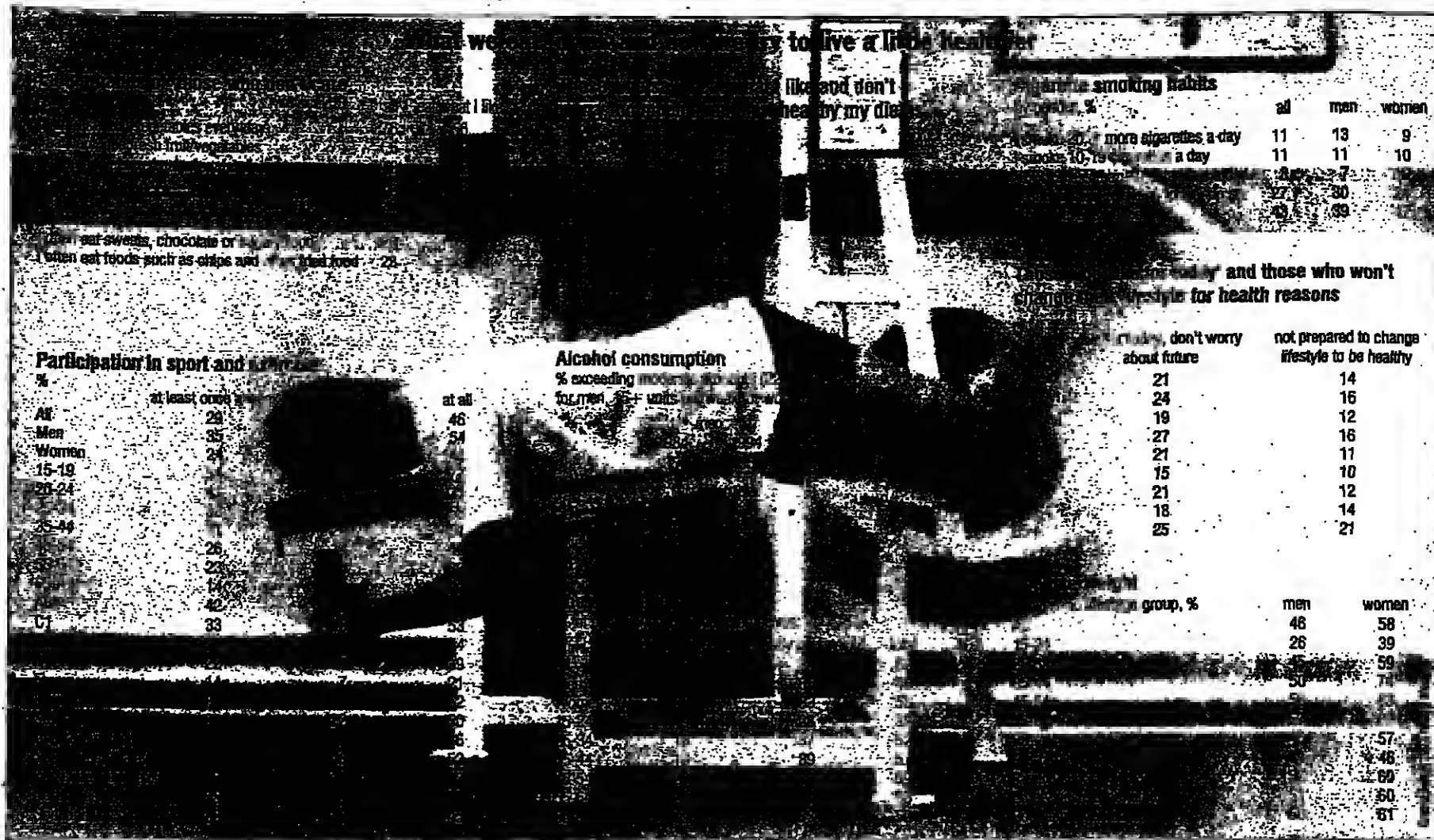
More than half of women under 25 try new health products. This does not occur to two out of three men. Women resist fatty foods and sweets far more determinedly than men in their teens and twenties, and are far more likely to eat fresh fruit and vegetables than men. But with the arrival of children, women's resistance is eroded.

It may well be that women can justifiably claim better dietary habits than men throughout their lives, but the main beneficiaries of their ability to choose a better diet appear to be their partner and their children. According to a report into healthy lifestyles published by Mintel, the market research company, women are generally more likely to eat fresh fruit and vegetables regularly, and to keep down the amount of fat in their diet, than men.

Only once they pass the age of 65 do women express a greater fondness for fish and chips and fried foods than men, and at no stage in their lives does their consumption of red meat exceed that of men. If they have a dietary weakness, it is for sweets and chocolates: more women than men say they occasionally treat themselves to these.

Despite carrying the flag for healthy eating, women are more likely to be obese than men: 16 per cent of women are obese compared to 13 per cent of men, and the trend among women is moving away from government targets. At a time when so many appear to jog, cycle or keep fit, women have become fatter and so face increased risk of coronary disease and strokes.

Mintel's proposition is that the stages women progress through as they grow up, marry and become a parent, explain in part why their best intentions do not always translate into health benefits for themselves. Before marriage and a family,



Why living can be so unfair on the fairer sex

women are the most enthusiastic health consumers, according to Mintel. This is easy to understand. While boys get muscles, girls grow curves, and although their shapes become more voluptuous, they live in a world of ooc-dimensional scree and fashion magazine role models. Consequently, nearly half are keen to try new ways of keeping healthy, and most take exercise. Red meat is definitely off their menu and one in ten claims to be slightly underweight.

Once they acquire a partner, women set about changing their husband's dietary habits for the better. Married men are more likely to eat fresh fruit and vegetables and cut down on red meat consumption, and less likely to eat chips and fatty foods, than men who remain single.

Having children marks the next major change in women's dietary habits. As mothers, their concern about healthy eating increases as they take on the task of moulding a new generation. But in reality, motherhood is more a dietary remoulding process in reverse. Children bring a liking for sausage and chips, followed by ice cream and washed down with fizzy drinks, so parents, especially women, are more likely than those without children to eat sugary and fatty foods on a regular basis.

Once children have left home, women are keen to regain their old eating habits. Vegetables are back on the menu. More than nine out of ten 45 to 54-year-old women, compared to about three-quarters of those in the 35-44 age group, take care to include fresh fruit and vegetables in their diet on a daily basis. As they approach the mid-fifties, their interest in following a low-fat diet is rekindled: nearly two-thirds of women in the 55-64 age group believe they are overweight.

With age comes resignation. One in five post-family women - a higher proportion than in any other group - say they are not prepared to change their lifestyle for the sake of their health. For the first time in their adult lives, women adopt less healthy diets than men. They become less likely than men to opt for a low-fat diet, and having always eschewed a "live for today" lifestyle, they become as likely as men to adopt this attitude. While men's interest in health advice increases as retirement approaches, women's declines.

When women like to get more physical

Men call it sport; women grit their teeth and call it exercise.

According to Mintel's research, women are far more likely than men to endure physical activity for the sake of their health than are men, with one in three women taking part for health reasons compared to only one in four men.

Women's dedication is reflected in their choice of sports. They are most likely to be found swimming, or attending keep-fit classes, both of which are solitary pastimes. By comparison, men choose team sports - football, rugby and cricket spring to mind - and relegate health and fitness considerations to third place, behind the social aspects and competitive element of their pastime.

Men may be less earnest than women in their motivation, but their ability to enjoy their sport makes them better than women at participating regularly. At all ages, bar the 55-60 age group, men are more likely than women to play sport as a matter of course, and this is especially true during middle age when a big decline in female sport and exercise participation occurs as women become mothers.

There is an irony in the way sport is marketed to women, with the focus on fitness rather than enjoyment. According to Mintel, exercise offers women an effective route for tackling obesity. While regular exercisers and those who take little or no exercise admit to similar diets, the two groups demonstrate a clear link between exercise and weight: 64 per cent of non-exercisers, compared with 43 per cent of those who exercise regularly, say they are overweight to some degree; and 37 per cent of those avoiding exercise are "quite a bit overweight" compared to less than one in 10 regular exercisers. Perhaps women need to become less sporty about sport.

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Photographs by Mary McCartney



Not ground-breaking or scary – just great clothes. Tamsin Blanchard meets Stella McCartney



Just don't ask me about my parents," Stella McCartney is slumped over the desk in her small Westbourne Grove white-walled office. Her name hangs around her neck on a gold chain. It is three in the afternoon and she has spent the day either being interviewed or replying to requests for interviews.

The phone rings again for the umpteenth time that minute. "I'm not doing TV," she tells Phoebe, her suetanned, tattoo-backed PA who will be accompanying her on her big move to Paris, to the house of Chloe where she starts work on Monday. Stella McCartney is yet another great British export.

She asks for a can of Diet Coke, a habit she shares with

Karl Lagerfeld, the all-powerful designer from whom she takes over as head designer. She has not met him, and he has been quoted as saying he thought Chloe might go for someone a little older, the implication being, with a little more experience.

The fact is, despite her tender twenty-five years, and scant eighteen months out of Central St Martins, Stella McCartney may prove to be a very clever and appropriate choice for the job. Already, she has gained more column inches for Chloe since Martine Sitton took over as head designer in 1988.

Whether she likes it or not, her name will get the label talked about. When she shows her first collection for the house in October, the world's

press will be there, not so much to see her clothes, but her family and friends sitting no the front row. And while Stella McCartney remembers her mother's pieces of Chloe in the seventies, "the first year Browns bought it" – a dressy jacket, a little silver halter neck top, a cashmere skirt – she was only just out of nappies.

She belongs to the new twenty-something generation and while Karl Lagerfeld prides himself on how up-to-date he is with MTV, Stella McCartney doesn't need to watch it – she lives it anyway. She will bring to Chloe a fresh new look, oozing ground-breaking or scary: just great clothes that she and her friends would love to wear.

She will introduce culottes in the way only someone old enough to have worn them when they flapped their way through the seventies could. "I will make it relevant to our generation. I think there is a whole new generation of consumer. If you really want something, you'll buy it, or borrow money from your dad." Depends how many islands your dad owns, but she has a point.

The phone rings again. "No, this isn't Stella," she says and hands the phone over to Paris, her PR, a friend who was

taken on so they could all "hang out together." According to Stella, life is "cool" at the moment. She was originally approached by Chloe to design another range for the house and then was asked if she thought she could design the main line.

"I haven't ever thought I wanted to be head of a house. It just sort of happened. This is the right time. I'm obviously ready for it. I have to be."

In Paris, she will have whole teams of people working for her, seamstresses, pattern cutters, embroiderers. She need no longer get up at five in the morning to scour flea markets for antique lace. At Chloe there will be the facilities to make all the lace she wants, to her exact specifications. "How cool is that?" she says.

"I can't wait to look through

the archives," says Stella as Paris walks into the office carrying a magnum of champagne that has just arrived. "Bollinger! Nice!" She won't say who it's from, but it looks like it will be flowers and champagne from now on.

Before leaving for Paris on Monday, Stella has to complete production on her own label for autumn/winter, photographed here by her sister, Mary. After just three short seasons, she promises to become highly collectable.

Part of the deal with Chloe is that she will close her own label and work on Chloe exclusively. Karl Lagerfeld designed it alongside his own label, Chanel ready to wear and haute couture, as well as Fendi. "You feel like your own label is your little baby, but I'm relieved in a way. Press and

buyers have been enthusiastic, but it was getting to the stage when I was going to have to start getting serious with it. Now I can do the designing and other people can have the headaches."

The first thing Stella intends to do when she arrives at Rue de Faubourg St Honoré is refit her office. Her own studio has white walls and painted floorboards, an old pink velvet sofa, a seventies floor light that doubles as a fish tank, an old ornate gold and green mirror with the letter M painted on the top, and a sugar coloured glass chandelier hanging in the middle. Music hares from the stereo, from a collection of CDs that ranges from The Beastie Boys to Beethoven.

There are two rails of clothes, the collection for autumn/winter, but most of the samples are out on a shoot for British Vogue. She talks me through the collection in surprisingly plain speak for a designer. There are no hidden references, no deep and profound meanings behind the clothes.

"This is just a double-breasted suit... here's a little waistcoat... I use men's fabrics for my tailoring. This is the sort of white shirt that a man would see and think what a cool chick, what a cool shirt." The shirt is monogrammed with the initials SNM. Stella's middle name is Nina, and the monogram only adds to the impression that this is a very intimate collection designed with herself and her circle of friends in mind.

In Stella's work, there are three main elements: mascu-

line tailoring, feminine lace and lingerie, and a side order of trash in the form of Biba-esque stripes of stretch fabric for a tight little top and high-heeled boots embroidered with the words "daisy roots", cockney rhyming slang for boots, picked up from her time working on Savile Row.

She intends to continue her own style for Chloe. The label is in major need of an overhaul. Browns, the store that has bought Chloe since it opened, dropped the line two years ago, because it was no longer relevant to the customer. In contrast, the store's new younger shop, Browns Focus, has just begun stocking Stella McCartney for spring.

Caroline Burstein of Browns is optimistic: "She'll inject some youth into Chloe, a lighter, younger, sexier touch. That's what's been lacking for a long time. One's always sceptical because she's young and inexperienced, but she's a strong person and I think she is talented. She's got a lot to prove. She's a cow person. I'm sure Chloe haven't done this lightly, and not just because she has famous parents. Hopefully we will be able to buy the label again." Meanwhile, Stella is draining the last drop of her magnum of Bolli and steps into her new daisy roots on Monday morning.

Stella McCartney's Autumn/Winter '97 collection (shown above) will be available from September. The Spring collection is currently on sale at Browns Focus, South Molton St, London S1. Tokio, 309 Brompton Rd, London SW3.

Ready for the here and now

Under the Counter With Lindsay Calder

Highlights of the super-salon

I can't say that my coiffure has progressed much since my student days and Lilian's salon in Scotland, where Lilian, or one of her daughters, had a good stab at a bob for £3.50, and would wrench your hair through a smelly rubber skull-cap to produce straw-coloured (and textured) highlights for a further £15.

Last week, with my roots looking like a freshly tarred runway, I decided it was time to get serious. I needed a Vidal Sassoon, Nicky Clarke – a "salon-to-the-stars" sort of place. John Frieda offered me an immediate appointment with Jake, who was a senior colourist, so highlights would be £90. The receptionist asked if I would be seeing anyone else after Jake. Like who? I said no. This place was so smart that

it didn't even have its name on the outside – it certainly didn't have "students and pensioners half price on Tuesdays". As I reached the door, it opened to a voice saying, "Good afternoon Miss Calder, Jake is expecting you." Spooky. This girl – who would have been a Victorian housemaid in a former life – then stood silently behind me, until someone else came to escort me to Jake.

I had been expecting a camp young fashion victim, but no. Jake was fortysix, grey and heterosexual, and had just stepped out of a Ralph Lauren lifestyle advert. He was a no-shit colourist, and after examining my hair through his round preppy glasses, got to work. I couldn't help staring at him, as he folded up the foils, wondering why he wasn't load-

ing up the Range Rover to take his sons fishing, or at home, sitting on a tartan throw, in front of a log fire, with a Scotch in his hand.

Instead of the usual "going somewhere nice for your holidays?" he talked about art, but fortunately conversation was kept to a minimum, so I watched the rest of the salon through the mirror. All the women were identical – slightly classier versions of Dorien from *Birds of a Feather* – with layered tresses, blinding gashers and perma-taos. Tycoon-wife oest to me had two young men blow-drying her hair and she enjoyed every minute of her own reflection, as they pranced round her chair to achieve maximum uplift. Her Bentley was waiting outside.

During rinsing my ignorance of super-salonn etiquette was revealed. The rinsers asked "who will you be seeing now, Miss Calder?" I looked blank. "Who will be blow-drying you?" That I didn't know the answer to this was clearly a big no-no, and the rinsers excused herself, then scuttled off to have a whispered confab at the desk. On her return she informed me that I hadn't booked to "see anyone afterwards" when I telephoned. The penny dropped – you want blow-dry? You pay extra.

Blow-drier and I got off to a bad start. She sounded like an Aussie, so to make conversation I said, "You're a long way from home. Not from these parts with your accent, are you?" "No," she replied curtly, "I'm from Hertford-

shire." Two and a half hours, three Hellos and two glasses of water later, I was done. The £90 highlights bill had crept up to £110.50 by the time I came to pay: an extra £17.50 for the blow-dry, and, would you believe it, £3 for the water. As if that wasn't bad enough, they didn't take credit cards. OK, the highlights are pretty good – I could stick on a pair of jodhpurs and pose with Jake in a Polo Sport advert and it would all look very natural. But maybe I'll give Lilian a call to see if she's got a cousin in London. She wouldn't have dreamt of charging me for a cuppa.

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Instead of debating the issue, let's start, for a change, with the assumption that the world's equity markets are very highly valued by historical standards. What follows from this conclusion? One plausible explanation, as I mentioned last week, is that there has been a profound and secular change in the way that shares are now valued.

The world-wide fall in inflation, and the consequent reduction in inflation and interest rate expectations, is the obvious why such a change may have occurred. But is it a plausible explanation? And if not, what other factors could be at work?

These questions were addressed this week by the economist Bill Martin and his colleagues at UBS, the big Swiss-owned stockbroking firm. Their conclusion is that the change in inflation alone does not provide an adequate explanation of the stock market's recent climb into stratospheric territory.

Their view is that what has happened is mainly the result of two factors: a reduction in the volatility of economic growth and interest rates all round the world; and



Jonathan Davis

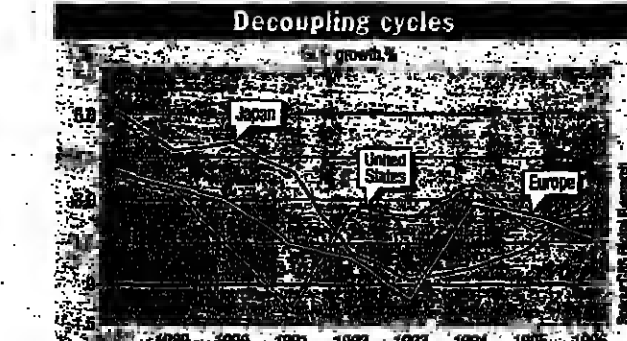
If lower volatility is the new norm it is possible to envisage the 'golden age' staying a while

the decoupling of the American, European and Japanese business cycles for the first time in many years.

Both combine to reduce the traditional uncertainty, or risk, associated with equity investment. They find, from looking at the recent economic data, that much of the re-rating of shares that has taken place can be attributed to the unprecedented stability of changes in the rate of economic growth in the current decade. As Sherlock Holmes might have remarked, the remarkable feature about the 1990s in economic terms, has been the absence of any cyclical shocks.

The US economy for example

has continued to grow at a steady lick with one of the periodic setbacks that one would have expected and the UK's experience has not been much different. Since 1992, at least, the rate of economic growth in this country has been remarkably consistent. Interest rates have also been more predictable, and less volatile, than they were. This has had a steady and benign effect on the price of shares. Dividend yields in the US and UK markets, though out in Japan, have fallen consistently since around 1990, reflecting the growing consensus among investors, in the words of UBS, that the business cycle has "been tamed".



This seems to me a useful insight into what has been happening to share prices. There can be no doubt that the unusual stability of the economic climate has contributed to the remarkable rise in asset values that we have seen recently in financial markets. Investors dislike uncertainty more than anything. In theory, if they can be persuaded that the cyclical ups and downs of the past have been moderated or even eliminated, it is entirely logical for them to pay a higher price for assets, company shares, whose value today ultimately derives from their ability to generate profit and cash flow in the future. The more certain these future cash flows are,

the more valuable the shares will become.

But is this the only explanation of what has happened in stock markets to send them soaring to record levels? UBS is hoarse enough to say it thinks not.

It estimates the lower volatility of returns explains only a portion of the recent remarkable re-rating of shares. So the UBS is reduced to looking for a simpler explanation for this phenomenon. Its suggestion is that the other big factor in the re-rating of shares has been unprecedented decoupling of the American economy from its counterparts overseas.

Whereas before, the three big

regional economies regions, the US, Europe and Japan, have tended to move in a broadly similar direction, that trend has been broken in the 1990s. As my chart suggests, experience since 1991 has been much more unco-ordinated. Partly this seems to be the result of differing policy preoccupations, but partly also of some exceptional events - German reunification, Japan's dose of debt deflation - which have thrown the traditional relationships off course. For investors, critically, what it has meant is that the world economy, taken as a whole, has behaved in a less cyclical way than before.

What matters to investors now is whether this happy, benign state of affairs can persist for much longer. If economic conditions are to become more volatile again in future, then we should expect to see some adverse future impact on share price valuations.

If however, there has been a genuine and profound change in the way that the markets operate, with lower volatility a new norm, then it is possible to envisage the current "golden age" for equities persisting for some while yet.

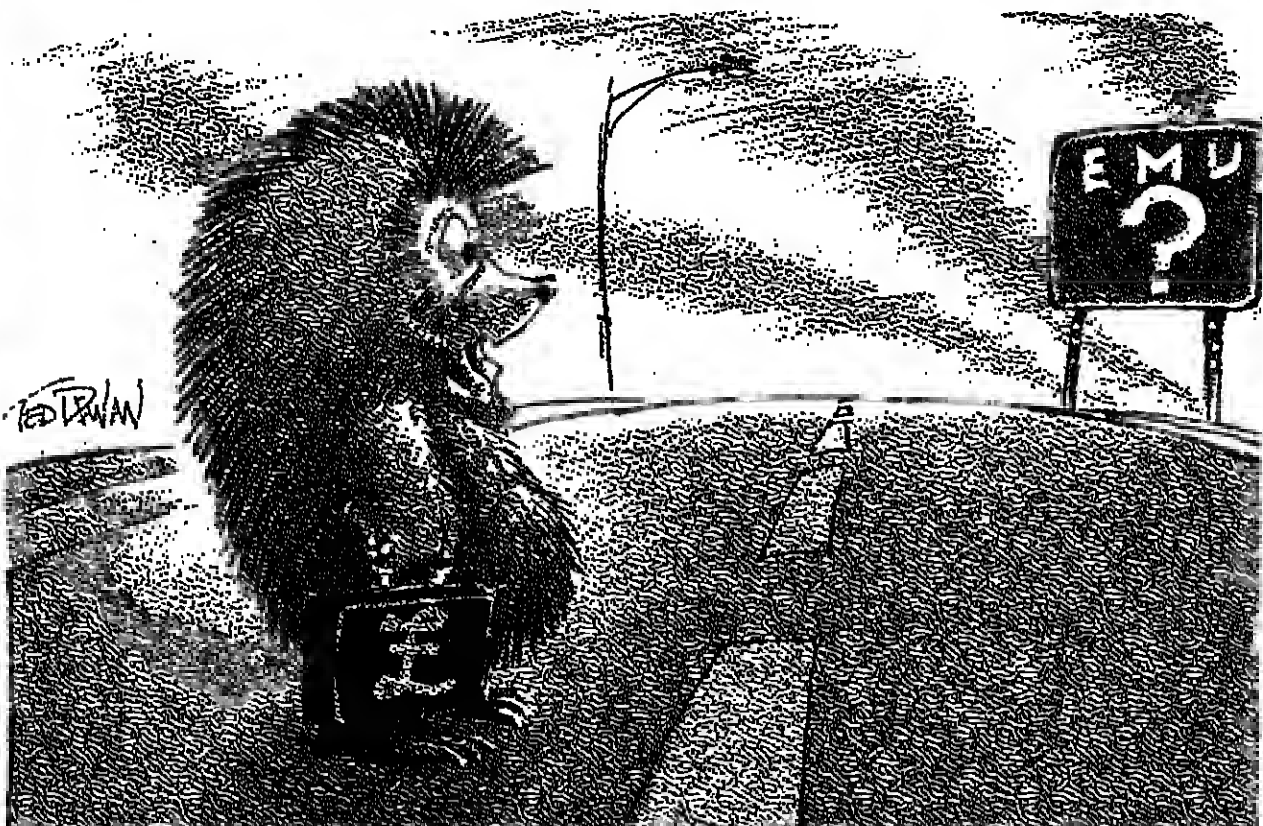
Which will it be? UBS is to the more cautious camp. Mr Martin makes the point that one-off events, by definition, tend not to recur. The recent "decoupling" is largely "a fluke", he says, which is likely to lose its force in the next few years: if history is any guide, volatility will return in due course.

The historical parallels are not entirely encouraging. Previous occasions when economic conditions have been free from violent swings in output and interest rates - such as the 1920s and the late 1960s - have tended to be followed by rather violent setbacks in the value of shares.

The last time that people started talking about the "business cycle" having been "tamed" was, as UBS reminds us, in the bull market of the late 1960s, when blue chip companies on Wall Street were selling at ridiculous multiples - 40 or even 50 times earnings.

Things are not quite so extravagant this time round, but recognising that the current investment climate is benign is a useful cautionary reminder against entertaining too extravagant expectations for the future.

A position on Europe



EMU: Rachel Fixsen reports on the implications for investors

Euro-sceptics may be getting increasingly hot under the collar at the prospect of European monetary union, and even the Prime Minister seems to be getting worked up about the threat of a federal Europe. Most investors however treat the EMU as one big yawn. But whether we in the UK like it or not, Economic and Monetary Union (EMU) is probably going to happen, and its consequences will be anything but dull.

"Within Europe, I would expect EMU to go ahead on time with a core group, and the peripheral countries to join later," says David Aserkoff, equity strategist at securities house Credit Suisse First Boston. "Germany, France and the Netherlands are seen as the core candidates for EMU, with Spain and Italy on the edges."

Supposing this scenario is right, Mr Aserkoff says manufacturing and exporting stocks within the core group, such as Volkswagen and German engineering stock Preussag, could be good buys. In the peripheral group, interest-rate sensitive stocks such as banks might be a better bet, he says. Others say your first move should be to drop shares in countries outside the core group. "My opinion is that the south European countries will not be included," says John L. Marx, European strategist at merchant bank BZW.

Paul O'Connor, UK equity strategist at BZW, says the strength or otherwise of the inner core and outer currencies is the key to how monetary union will impact the UK market - assuming sterling stays outside the euro-zone. If the euro was stronger than the mark it replaced, this would be good for UK exporters like British Steel. And the euro is more likely to be strong if monetary union is limited to a core group of countries, Mr O'Connor says.

Shares of alcoholic drink companies, which tend to export to the peripheral countries like Spain and Italy, could do badly if EMU only includes the core countries and leaves the peseta and the lira to languish.

If you're happy to go against the grain, believing the UK will sign up for a single currency, you could make significant capital gains buying long-term sterling bonds, Mr Aserkoff says. Long-term bond yields in Britain are now two full percentage points higher than their German equivalents and if the pound merged with the mark the UK yields would drop - sending the selling price of the bond steeply higher.

UK bank and insurance stocks would do well if Britain took part in EMU. "Other financial groups would see them as takeover targets," seeing them as a way of getting a business foothold in the exclusive "euro-zone", Mr Aserkoff says.

Exporters would benefit most directly from monetary union, being able to get away without hedging their currency risks, and without the ooise of the exchange rate getting in the way," says Mr O'Connor. He adds that good exporters could well be found in the engineering sector, citing Spirax-Sarco as an example.

Institutional investors can already hold bonds denominated in ecus - a currency based on a basket of European Union currencies and these can be used as an investment bet that monetary union will go ahead. But ecu bonds are denominated in millions of ecus. They are not intended for small investors, and investment funds containing them are hard to find.

You can have an ecu bank account, though. One of the currency funds Fidelity Investments offers, which are designed as deposit accounts, is denominated in ecu. The current rate of interest is 2.9 per cent and you have to have a minimum of £2,000 in your account.

And you can already have euro coins jangling in your pocket. The Isle of Man treasury offers euros in various denominations, minted in silver and gold. These are actually legal tender on the island, although in practice no one pays their shopping bill with them. They are just pretty collectors' items destined to stay in their presentation boxes.

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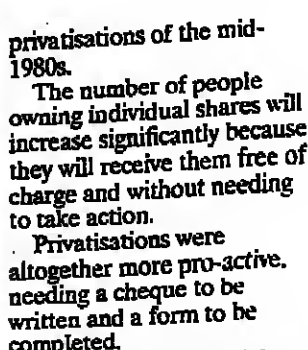
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Speculating on the cheap

Societies and life groups could be high on the takeover hit list



But if a fair chunk of these new capitalists are deciding to turn their windfall into ready cash, we might see a surge in consumer spending equivalent to that spurred on by the housing boom of the 1980s. Moreover, it would be achieved without the earlier profligate period produced. Quite where consumers might distribute their largesse is far from clear, but many expect the holiday trade to be a beneficiary, while home improvements could be in for a boost too.

It might mean that, after this election, we have to look beyond the traditional beneficiaries of building and construction likely to benefit from a higher spending Labour administration.

For myself, I am taking the view that the way ahead is still far from clear. Witness the gyrations in the US, where the Dow took a bit of close to 150 points one day and, within a week, returned to an even higher level, recording the biggest one-day rise since the dead-cat bounce of October 1987. (Dead-cat bounces, by the way, are what happens when a bear market produces a rally and sucks in those who believe the bad news is all over. There is still no evidence that a bear market has started in the US.)

Caution aside, there are still many buying opportunities, but I prefer to restrict myself to smaller companies just at present.

An exception might be Glaxo Wellcome, where the new hepatitis drug, lamivudine, has returned spectacular results in clinical trials. This is the same drug already in use for Aids sufferers, known as Epivir, and is one of range of new products Glaxo is bringing on stream.

The shares yield better than the market average and look a good bet for long-term private client portfolios.

Returning to smaller companies, experience suggests these are less likely to be affected by short-term market gyrations, although values can be decimated in a panic – as we saw in 1987. Trawling the bottom end of the Stock Exchange list has always been fun.

Perhaps I will return there next week.

Brian R Tora is the chairman of the Greig Middleton Investment Strategy Committee
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with its out-of-hours service presently only available to its private medical insurance holders in the Reading area.

The service, designed for policyholders who find it hard to reach a surgery in working hours, allows them to phone a doctor between 7pm and 10pm on weekdays, visit a doctor or have a home visit free of charge.

A 24-hour call-out service is available at £30 a visit and a free telephone advice service for £6 a month.

AA Insurance's latest survey's shows average buildings insurance premiums are down 10 per cent over 12 months but up 1.5 per cent over three months.

Contents policies are down 7 per cent over a year but up 1.4 per cent over the last quarter, while comprehensive car cover is 3.8 per cent higher than it was a year ago and 3.9 per cent up on the last quarter.

The changes include the rise in insurance premium tax for

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Useful brollies for inevitable rainy days

Abigail Montrose offers advice for stretching your money in a special two-page report

Some habits are hard to break, but that is not always a bad thing. Saving is a prime example – the sooner you start the easier it is, and soon you don't even notice.

Adopting a savings strategy is a good idea. By deciding what you are saving for it not only gives you something to work towards, but makes it easier to choose the right vehicle for your savings.

Whatever you want to save for, the first thing to do is build up an emergency fund. This should be a minimum of three months' income and should be easy to get at, such as in an instant access savings account.

This money can then act as a cushion to tide you over in any emergency. So if an unexpected bill does land on your doorstep, you don't have to cash in any of your investments or lose interest on your long-term savings.

Once you have built up your emergency fund, you can then look to save for specific items or events.

If you are saving for the short-term, such as a holiday or Christmas, then realistically your only option is a savings account.

In general, accounts which require you to give some notice before withdrawing your money tend to pay higher rates of interest. Similarly, postal accounts tend to pay better rates of interest than branch-based savings accounts.

There are some notable exceptions, such as the recently formed Sainsbury's Bank instant access account. This is paying an impressive flat rate of 5.75 per cent interest on balances of £1 upwards, which is more than many accounts pay on six-figure balances. But what's good today may not be so impressive in six months time, so savers need to regularly check the rates of interest they are earning on their savings.

For those looking to save regularly for the next couple of years, perhaps to

build up enough money to pay for a car, a wedding or a house deposit, a number of building societies and high street banks offer regular savings schemes with enhanced rates of interest.

If you are saving for the medium term (five years or more), whether it's to help fund your children through university or to turn your own dreams into reality with a Harley Davidson, you can start to look at tax-exempt accounts (Tessas) and stock market investment schemes.

You have to keep a Tessa for five years to receive all the interest on your savings tax free. Tessas pay the best rates of interest among savings accounts, but the maximum you can save is £5,000 over the five year period. Useful to a student, and well on the way to a Harley.

If you can lock your money away for five years, many institutions offer fixed-term savings bonds at attractive rates. Many of these have tiered interest rates – the more you invest, the higher the rate.

Stock market investments have always produced better long-term returns than savings accounts – but their value will fluctuate in line with market moves and company performance, so it would not be wise to put all your money here.

If you need cash in a hurry when the market is doing badly, you will not make as much as you hoped – and if the market really nose-dives, you could even get back less than you originally invested.

Unless you have a large sum to invest – in which case the person to see is probably a stockbroker or independent financial adviser – most people will opt for unit trusts or investment trusts.

The most tax-efficient way to invest in a unit trust is through a personal equity plan (PEP) which means that all the money you make is tax free.



Party-pooper: The wrong investment could mean cheese and crackers on the big day

PHOTOGRAPH: MYKEL NICOLAOU

Turn 2000 in style

Millennium: Abigail Montrose raises a glass in anticipation

Where will you be on 31 December 1999? Wherever you plan to see in the new millennium it's almost certain you'll want to do so with a glass of something special in your hand at the party of a lifetime. And if you will have to pay the bill, now is the time to start saving for it.

If you put £50 a month under the mattress from now until December 1999 you would have £1,650 to celebrate with. Better still, put the money into a savings account – and look around for the best deal.

Some accounts pay as little as 0.5 per cent or less interest, which means your savings, after tax, would grow by just £10.41 to £1,660.41 by December 1999. Whereas if you save in one of the best-paying accounts, such as the new Sainsbury's Bank's instant access account, (5.75 per cent), your savings would grow by £122.58 to £1,772.58. Assuming, of course, the rate of interest remains unchanged.

To save for the big day, your choice is limited to savings accounts. If you were looking to save for five years or more you could consider investing in shares, but with party time less than three years away, this is not advisable.

As Ian Millward, investment marketing director at independent financial advisers Chase de Vere, points out: "Less than three years is too short a time-scale to invest in equities – particularly as that is the longest amount of time any of your money would be

invested. If the market crashed in late 1999 you could end up eating cheese and crackers at your millennium party!"

There are several types of account on offer, and notice accounts tend to pay higher rates. For example, Sun Bank pays 3.75 per cent interest on its instant access account, but 4.75 per cent on its 60-day notice account. The only problem with a long notice period is that you cannot move sav-

By December 1999, £50 a month put under a mattress would total £1,650

ings as swiftly as you may want to without a loss of interest.

Savings accounts operated by post or telephone also tend to offer savers better rates than branch-based accounts. For example, Cheltenham & Gloucester pays 1 per cent interest on its branch-based instant access account, 4 per cent interest on its instant access postal account, and 5.5 per cent on its 30-day optice postal account.

Cheltenham & Gloucester will allow you to open a savings account with as little as £1, others are less accommodating. During the past year building societies have increased the opening balances on their savings accounts to £100, £500 or even £1,000. This is to stop potential carpetbaggers.

Banks and building societies change their rates so check yours every six months totals are added together to count towards higher rates of interest. The account pays 4.5 per cent interest on balances up to £5,000 and 5 per cent on balances up to £10,000.

to make it is still competitive. If not, move elsewhere.

Rates of interest are often tiered, so while you may only get 1 per cent on savings up to £500, you may get 4 per cent on balances over this amount.

If several of you are planning to split the bill for the party of a lifetime it's worth considering Direct Line's instant access accounts, which allow investors to operate linked accounts in which the

three years, and the number of withdrawals is limited – generally to one or two each year.

Some regular savings accounts, such as Bradford & Bingley's, require you to save for at least three years if you are to receive its enhanced rate of interest of 6.5 per cent. Others require you to save for a minimum of two years or less, such as West Bromwich which is paying 6.76 per cent, and Scarborough and Nationwide which both are paying 6.5 per cent.

And don't forget National Savings, which offers two savings accounts. The ordinary account provides instant access and pays 2.5 per cent on balances of £500 or more once the account has been open for at least one year; the investment account which pays 4.75 per cent on a balance of £20 and 5.25 per cent on £500 upwards.

If you are prepared to take a bit of a gamble, of course, you could consider Premium Bonds. While you would not earn any interest, you could win one of Ernie's prizes.

Women leave risks to men

Know-how: Sadly lacking

Women are more averse to risk than men in their savings and investments, according to new research by NOP. Only 12 per cent of women said they would consider an investment in which they risked a loss – compared with 32 per cent of men.

The poll, on behalf of Hill Samuel Asset Management, is one of two pieces of research that underline the huge gap between the risks and rewards of investment and the public perception of them.

As Rob Page, Hill Samuel's marketing director, put it: "These statistics clearly demonstrate the investment industry is failing to reach the mass market and convince the man in the street that stock market investment is a sensible option."

Andrew Buley, investment marketing manager at the TSB, which commissioned the other survey, was even more blunt: "It is clear from our findings that, for many people, savings remain a mystery."

In the Hill Samuel poll, NOP asked people how much £1,000 invested in a typical unit trust would be worth after 10 years: 29 per cent did not know, while a further 31 per cent thought it would have grown to only £1,500.

Only 14 per cent thought that they would at least double their money over a decade.

In fact an investment of £1,000 in the average UK equity income trust would have turned £1,000 into £3,003 over the 10 years to last December.

There is also little knowledge of the stock market, with 55 per cent of respondents believing that the UK market had ended the year lower than it started at least four times since 1980. In fact it has only happened twice – in 1990 and 1994.

Even though inflation is

lower than for 20 years, it still worries savers: 49 per cent of respondents said it was still a significant factor in their savings and investment plans.

Investors' aversion to risk was not based on personal experience. Only 12 per cent of women and 27 per cent of men had made an investment that resulted in a loss.

The findings of the Hill Samuel survey are underlined by the other piece of recent research, also undertaken by NOP, which is bound to raise questions among fund managers about the effectiveness of their marketing activities.

Banks and fund managers spend millions promoting their products every year, making extensive use of direct mail – but despite this extensive advertising only 27 per cent could correctly identify a PEP (personal equity plan) – although a further 7 per cent knew it was some kind of tax-exempt investment and a similar number said that it was simply a savings or investment plan.

Only 44 per cent of those questioned in this poll knew what a Tessa was (tax-exempt special savings account), the same number as the doo's knows.

Only half the sample thought that they were getting the best out of their savings; asked why they had not, in that case, made changes, 24 per cent said they did not have time, but 25 per cent said that savings information was presented in a complicated way.

For the Hill Samuel survey, NOP interviewed 938 adults by telephone during February and March.

The TSB survey, also by telephone, covered 1,006 respondents during March.

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Trusts: Tony Lyons on how small investors can best manage their own portfolios



Ordinary savers have made more money over the years by investing in stocks and shares than in any other type of investment. Over the long term, five years and more, equity investment, directly or indirectly through unit or investment trusts, has produced much better returns than savings in building society or other fixed interest accounts.

But general elections can create uncertainties in the stock market. At least that is what the fund management groups would like ordinary investors and savers to think. The financial pages of newspapers and magazines are full of advertisements extolling the virtues of various savings schemes that will, they claim, offer greater protection against the political uncertainties that lie ahead.

Yet in the broad sweep of things, changes in government have only a short-term effect on stock market sentiment in

this country in regard to equity investment. In the long term, the effect is minimal. The performance of an open stock market such as London depends on world-wide economic trends. Share prices over the long term move in line with global trends, particularly interest rate movements and the future prospects for company growth.

Unless you are a full-time investor, putting all your money into just one or two shares leaves you open to an unnecessary degree of risk.

Normally, you will need investment advice from a stockbroker which comes at a price, and if the performance of one or more of the stocks turns sour, then you will face serious losses.

Growing numbers of people are now managing their own portfolios – often using a PC and a modem to download data from the Internet – or through an investment club.

But for most savers it makes more sense to invest in a collective investment such as unit or investment trusts, or open-ended investment companies when they become available later this year. These offer the saver a stake in a large portfolio of companies.

Of course, unit prices can go down. But by investing in a diversified basket of equities, you will have spread your risks so that if one of the companies in the portfolio goes belly-up, it will not have too great an influence on the rest of the fund.

Since John Major won the 1992 election, the FTSE 100 index has doubled in value. Over the span of his government, most investors in unit and investment trusts have done well.

The tables show the best- and worst-performing funds in this time. Many are specialist funds in smaller companies, particular countries or, in the case of investment trusts, have large international

portfolios, so the top and bottom funds investing in the UK are also shown.

There are more than 1,000 unit trusts and investment trusts to choose from and insurance companies also offer hundreds of unitised insurance funds. Some of these are riskier than others, although still less so than investing in individual shares. Past performance can provide a guide.

As a rule of thumb, investments with lowest risk are those in cash or near-cash funds – but these are unlikely to show any long-term growth. Next in line are the Index trackers, followed by general, balanced funds investing internationally or just in Britain. Highest risk are those specialising in particular countries or sectors such as healthcare. While these may do spectacularly well, they can also fall out of favour rapidly, so a careful watch must be kept on them at all times.

In this context it is worth noting how many funds invested in Japan show up

among the poor performers. For while Japanese industry may lead the way in efficiency and technology, the Tokyo stock market has slumped at a time when other large markets have soared – and foreign investors have also suffered from adverse exchange rate movements.

It is difficult to know if the performance of some of the top funds is due to the investment ethos of the management group or if it is down to the share-picking qualities of individual fund managers.

Smaller groups often have to depend on the investment qualities of just one or two managers. If they leave to join another investment stable, performance can suffer dramatically.

Recently, one of the managers who made the Finsbury Trust stable of investment trusts a leading performer has moved to a rival group and it will be interesting to see what happens to the per-

formance of these funds. Over the long term some groups do appear to do better than others.

A recent survey of consistent long-term performance by *What Investment?* magazine showed that consistent good performers include Schroders, M&G, Gartmore and Fidelity. Over recent years, these have been joined by others such as Perpetual, Crédit Suisse, Jupiter, Provident Mutual, Capel-Cure Myers, Britannia and Martin Currie.

This is not to say that these groups do not have a poor performer or two in their investment stable. Rather, overall, they have more funds in the top 25 per cent of the various sectors and appear to do consistently better than their competitors.

To outperform means taking a risk. For every successful investment there are many failures. So it will pay to remember that high-risk investments can seriously damage your wealth.

Stock market investments can go down as well as up...

Top performing unit trusts %growth over five years

HSBC Hong Kong Growth	255.1
Mercury Gold & General	238.0
Jupiter Income	236.8
Hill Samuel UK Emerging Cos	230.0
GT Orient Accumulator	229.2
Gartmore Amer Emerging Growth	225.1
Prolific Technology	215.5
Jupiter European	216.6
Old Mutual European	207.4
Jupiter UK Growth	207.3

Top performing investment trusts %growth over five years

Jupiter Income	255.1
Hill Samuel UK Emerging Cos	238.0
Jupiter Income	236.8
BW Global	230.0
Perpetual Growth	229.2
Hill Samuel UK Emerging Cos	225.1
Thames Valley	215.5
Jupiter European	216.6
Old Mutual European	207.4
Jupiter UK Growth	207.3

Top performing investment trusts %growth over five years

INVESTCO English & International	521.1
TR European Growth	311.1
North Atlantic Smaller Cos	292.0
Primadona	266.1
First Philippine	240.6
New Zealand	221.6
Asia Pacific Trust	218.4
Blackburn Strata	211.0
World Income	198.3
Investco Partners	198.1

Worst performing unit trusts %growth over five years

Govett FOF Japan Index	-5.9
S&P Japan Small Cos	-10.5
M&G Japan & General Acc	-10.8
Barclays Unicorn Japan Inc	-14.5
Fidelity Japan Smaller Cos	-16.2
Friends Prov Japanese Small Cos	-19.2
Govett Japan Strategy	-20.7
Govett FOF Japan Bear	-26.6
Govett FOF UK Bear	-36.8
Govett FOF US Bear	-37.1

Worst performing investment trusts %growth over five years

M&G Smaller Cos	-5.9
Mayflower British Index	-10.5
S&P UK Smaller Cos	-10.8
GT UK Growth Inc	-14.5
Thornton UK Small Cos Dividend	-16.2
OM AMR British Growth Inc	-19.2
Equitable Smaller Cos	-20.7
Exeter High Income	-26.6
Equitable Special Situations	-36.8
City Financial J Siddall I&C	-37.1

Worst performing investment trusts %growth over five years

Investco Japanese	34.1
Investco Emerging Markets	25.0
Latin American	24.8
Edinburgh Java	18.8
GT Japan	14.3
Baillie Gifford Japan	4.2
Korea-Europe	-4.4
INVESTCO Korea	-16.1
Baillie Gifford Shin Nippon	-20.5
Korea Liberalisation	-22.8

Calculations based on offer to bid price and assume that all net income is reinvested. Although past performance is no certain guide to the future, it is more likely that good performers will maintain their records than that they will be overtaken by those which have done badly in the past. Note that not all the funds shown among the top performers offer monthly savings plans.

Source: HSW (01625 511311)

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It is an ill windfall...

PEPs: Ken Welsby and Tony Lyons on how to blow £20bn

Following in the wake of Alliance & Leicester and the Colonial Mutual, the coming months will see some 20 million people become shareholders in the building societies and life offices converting to plc status. Of these, around half will own shares for the first time.

Altogether, some £20bn will be distributed in free shares. Biggest of all will be the Halifax which demutualises in June which will be one of the largest companies in the FTSE 100 with an expected value in excess of £12bn.

While many will decide to sell their shares immediately, holding on could prove more sensible. The precedent of Abbey National – which joined the stock market in 1989 – shows the benefits of not selling windfall shares right away. Since its flotation the price of its shares has climbed from the initial 130p to around 790p today. So anyone who had £1,000 worth of shares in the company when it converted would now have a holding worth almost £6,000 today – in addition to a dividend every year.

Even better: if you put your windfall shares into a PEP all the income and capital gains are tax-free.

Although people often talk about investing in a PEP, strictly speaking you can't: a PEP is simply a tax-free wrapper that contains other investments – including shares and unit trusts.

There are hundreds of different PEPs to choose from – from banks, fund managers and stockbrokers, as well as the converting mutuals themselves. But to make sure you make the most of your windfall shares it's worth doing some homework before making a decision.

To comply with Inland Revenue rules, you must have completed the transfer into the PEP within 42 days from the date on which the shares are issued – which will

be some days before the date on which you receive the paperwork.

There are two main types of plan: general and single-company. To qualify for tax-free status, general PEPs can hold shares worth up to £6,000 in many companies, and put a further £3,000 in a single-company plan.

These are annual figures. You can invest in one of each type of PEP each tax year – every year. So if you are in line for free shares from more than one company it makes sense to put them in a general PEP.

Remember that, since your free shares cost nothing, they don't count towards the £6,000 limit. You can consider using them as the foundations of a tax-free market portfolio, by adding a lump sum, or through a monthly savings plan.

The building societies that are converting have their own plans, but these may not offer the best deal because they will only accept their own shares. As Clifford German reports on page 27, more fund managers are announcing their windfall plans every week – so, unless you are an Alliance & Leicester investor, it may be sensible to watch developments, but make no final decisions until May-end.

In this context there is one last rule to remember: you can only have one PEP manager. So if you want to hold on to the shares through a PEP check that the plan manager is an investment group that will let you retain them, rather than simply taking them into their fund in exchange for units.

Not all the windfall PEP arrangements are simple. Some schemes have complex rules so it is worth taking time to study the small print. It sounds more complicated than it is. But you should follow a few simple rules:

□ Send for information from several fund management groups which advertise special windfall

arrangements and read the literature they send – and if you are sure on any point, telephone them and ask. (Many funds have free or low-cost numbers.) □ Bear in mind that although a fund's past record is not a certain guide to the

future, good performers are more likely to continue doing well than the also-rans are to overtake them.

□ Don't put all your eggs in one basket. Share prices fluctuate – and if you need cash you could be forced to sell at the wrong time.

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inside back

TO FIND OUT WHAT'S ON TV, WHERE TO GO AND WHEN, READ TODAY'S **eye**



Serena Mackesy
In my week

Groups form - a dozen or more bad haircuts crowding up to the glass to pull faces at us, take photos, point, fall about laughing

Neil reclines on a set of ethnic cushions in a white lace Dolce and Gabbana shirt, sunglasses primed against the light which streams through the plate glass. One arm behind his head and his feet propped on the edge of a red wooden bowl filled with copies of *The Face*, his copy of *Macbeth* is tucked down to the side of his thigh, out of sight. He's been learning the dagger speech ready for the new term at the Guildhall. "People," he says, "get really fascinated when you're kipping. They form really big knots then. They don't feel like you're looking back at them."

People are forming knots as he speaks. We are sitting in the window of Selfridges being living mannequins, so to some extent we are asking for it. "There was this guy," says Neil, "when I was in here with Lucille one afternoon. He sat down on the bench opposite the window for about an hour, just glaring at us. And then he got up and started banging on the window, trying to get Lucille's attention. He was going 'You shouldn't be with that guy! He's mad! You should be with a girl!'. He drinks from a bottle of mineral water; it's equatorially hot and the sweat is pouring off us."

Oxford Street is a classic illustration of crowd psychology in action. As people pass us, they react by pretending they aren't. Nobody walks past a shop window and makes out that they're not looking at it in normal circumstances. But that's what they do: keep their faces pointed forward while straining from the corners of their eyes.

Some stop once they get to the edge of the window, as if convinced that we can't see them there. Others make a couple of passes, burning up the pavement in their frenzy not to seem directly interested. But everyone is unwilling to actually stop and gawp until someone else has given them a lead. When that happens, groups form, and quickly lose their inhibitions: a dozen or more bad haircuts crowding

up to the glass to pull faces at us, take photos, point, fall about laughing. "It really is like being an animal in a zoo," says Neil. "They do the weirdest things, like coming up to the glass and kicking it at the level where your feet are, the way people try to get fish in aquariums to notice them." They resort to less subtle approaches, as well.



Some people stick with waving and grinning; an aged hippy woman with beamed hair starts writing messages to Neil on the window with her finger. She is, of course, writing backwards; he performs an elaborate French-style shrug. She shrugs back.

Then the ugly boys arrive. Three of them, in Umbro sweat-shirts, on the platform of a No 98 bus. They point, and waggle their shoulders with ugly boy gracelessness. Then they jump off, and take turns to walk past the window clutching their crotches. I ignore them. They don't like this, and come back again, taking longer about it this time. Then they get frustrated. The fat one with the shaved head goes over to where Neil is sitting, pulls an ugly face and goes on the window. They elbow each other in congratulation over this masterpiece of wit, and lope lumpy off. "We'll have to get someone to wash that off," says Neil mildly.

Nicky climbs in over the back, drops dressed in party clothes, and drops onto her bum on our side. She usually works on the

shop floor, but has been seconded for the week, presumably because she is so beautiful. "It's weird how aggressive some people can get," she says. "I was sitting with another girl, and this woman came along with a baby in a pushchair. She just stopped on the pavement and stood there screaming at us. We could hear her through the glass. She was going 'Fuck off, fuck off you bitches' - she kept it up for ages."

Some software salesmen - we can tell they're software salesmen because they are wearing suits and polyester ties - gather to imitate our hand movements and peer down our cleavage. As all women are aware, our secondary sexual characteristics are a source of endless fascination for the weaker sex, usually, though, they limit their activities to sneaking glances when they think your concentration is elsewhere. The fact of one's being on display removes this inhibition. Now the stares are full-on, with transfixed smiles of joy like a kid in a sweetshop. The funny thing is, rather than pulling the old "Excuse me, I'm up here" routine, I find that I don't really mind. It's all part of a day's work, after all.

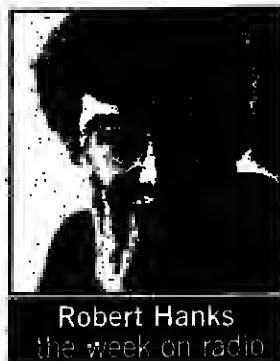
An old lady with crumpled red lipstick spends five minutes minutely examining every object on display, standing on tiptoes to peer into the bowl, bending down to look at the floor cushions, but never once directs a glance at any of us. A girl in black rushes up to the window, taps on it, and Nicky jumps to her feet. "It's my best friend from when I was little!" she says, then shouts "Meet you in handbags!" and bounces over the backdoor like a young gazelle.

"Oh, look," says Neil. I turn back to the street. A skinny man in jeans with shoulder-length grey hair stands in front of me, wagging his hips from side to side like the serial killer in *The Silence of the Lambs*. He lifts up his T-shirt to give me a full-frontal of his nipples. Then, laughing, he dances away up the pavement.

Lie back and think of elephant

We imagine that we are all blind when we listen to the radio - that since there are no pictures to look at, a blind person and a sighted person are listening to *Gardeners' Question Time* or *Simon Mayo* on roughly equal terms. A few seconds thought suggests that this can't really be true, though. You can't really understand a blind person's experience of the world by shutting your eyes and groping your way around the house for 10 minutes: to be blind is not simply to have the pictures taken away, any more than radio is simply television without the pictures - a point movingly demonstrated in *Touching the Elephant* (Wednesday, Radio 4).

Matt Thompson's feature borrowed its premise from the old Indian fable of the blind men disputing the nature of an elephant they've come across: one feels its trunk, and thinks it is some sort of snake; one gropes its leg and deduces it must be a tree, and so forth. Taking this rather literally, *Touching the Elephant* confronted four



Robert Hanks
the week on radio

blind people with an elephant at London Zoo.

The most interesting part of the programme, and the part it's easiest to talk about, was the initial interviews, when Kim Norman asked the four what they expected from an elephant. All of them knew that it was big, and that it had a trunk; but after that their ideas diverged wildly. Danni knew that it would have big ears, but imagined them standing up, like an Alsatian; Lauren, a 10-year-old with a vivid imagination, got pretty well all the details right until she was asked how it would feel: furry, was her guess.

Tom, a piano-tuner with a philosophical bent, got closest with a description couched in fairly abstract terms: "You couldn't but be overwhelmed by the size of the thing, and you would have to look up at it... You would have to be amazed and perhaps appalled by the trunk and the tusks... which must mean, I think, that it doesn't really have a face." Elephant enthusiasts may disagree, but I think this is not a bad way of describing the way so many incongruous features are pulled together on an elephant's head.

But the programme still illustrated an extraordinary gulf not so much between the sighted and the blind (especially those who have never seen, who have no visual memories to refer to). In the most obvious sense, it's a difference between the haves and the have-nots; but without being sentimental or pretentious about it, the programme drew you to the view that it cuts both ways. Asked what she thought of sighted people, Danni said: "They take things for granted quite a lot, in life." The programme

bore that out, especially in the final encounters with the elephant, when all four were excited, overjoyed even, at meeting a creature whose size and strangeness is for most of us commonplace. This was more touching than I would have believed.

Along the way, Tom mentioned that blind people have excellent memories, which he felt might give him something in common with the elephant. He didn't say whether, as popular myth has it, they can also tell when somebody is lying by the sound of his voice. Not that this talent would be much use today. The most depressing feature of the election campaign has been that politicians no longer bother lying; they simply fail to state anything substantial enough to be called the truth.

Listening to Today earlier this week, when John Humphrys was trying to get Michael Portillo to give a firm answer about his views on Europe, I had a sudden intuition that this must be what it's like to grope your way around an elephant. Only much, much less fun.

Lights, camera, politicians

During the 1992 election, everybody deplored the fact that the campaign was wholly conducted on the virtual stump of the television screen. This time round, we've all accepted the centrality of the small screen's role, and are far more exercised by the politicians' new addition to negative campaigning. In 2002, that in turn will have become part of the electoral furniture, and we'll all get a lot more hot and bothered about some other ovelty of the busters: the television debate between the prime ministerial candidates, perhaps, that will surely come to pass next time round.

It's only appropriate that there will be no debate between the party leaders, as there has been no debate between anyone else. You only wish some candidate or other would own up to a cocaine habit, so that for a change we could all deplore a different sort of party line. But the cancellation of the leaders' debate is mainly regrettable because we will never know the answer to the intriguing question of which monstrous ego would have had the satisfaction of chairing it. The channels would no doubt have had as much difficulty bartering over this one as the parties did their own differences. Our Dimbleby or yours? The patriarchy or the squirty one? They might have had to go



Jasper Rees
the week on television

for a compromise candidate inoffensive to all (as opposed to Jeremy Paxman, who is offensive to all). Someone like Vincent Hanna. He has been chairing some editions of *Around Midnight* (C4, Mon, Tues, Wed and Thurs) with a refreshing disdain for the conventional solemnities of the job. On Monday's edition he advised panelists that negative debating techniques would be met with a blast from his klanon. The camera gleefully caught an appalled Ann Widcombe shaking her buffalo head in disgust.

Because the programme goes out at the witching hour, the normal rules of smooth presentation have been relaxed. Hanna fluffs his lines from the teleprompt, and repudiates others for telling jokes, on which he has granted

himself a monopoly, while much of the verbal swordplay is thrillingly childish. Mooday brought the surreal novelty of Billy Bragg, having offered his thoughts to the panel in speech, singing in the commercial break with one of his polemics. No one clapped. But Michael Mansfield, groovy old so-and-so that he is, visibly nodded his head to the beat.

Hanna discounts himself because he's too busy showing off to be a ruthless chair. With three male candidates, political correctness deems that the referee ought to have been a woman. Which one, though? Sheena MacDonald, the only Celtic candidate who isn't called Kirsty, took over from Hanna on Wednesday and Thursday and, with more civilised women panellists, kept better order. Over on ITV 500 (ITV, Mon), in front of the big-headed constituents of Basildon, Sue Lawley ruled the three men who would be met with a blast from his klanon. The camera gleefully caught an appalled Ann Widcombe shaking her buffalo head in disgust. Because the programme goes out at the witching hour, the normal rules of smooth presentation have been relaxed. Hanna fluffs his lines from the teleprompt, and repudiates others for telling jokes, on which he has granted

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DAMIEN HURTS...and his painfully creative struggle

ERM PASANDA... YOU KNOW HOW I'M ALWAYS LEADING THE WAY IN FASHION..... YES DAMEY!

OH NOTHING! COME ON, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND!

HOW DID YOU KNOW? KNOW WHAT? THAT I HAD MY BRAIN PIERCED. COOL!

Whatever happened to? Anneka Rice

Grain of Rice
A new phenomenon hits our screens in 1992: Anneka Rice. Blonde-haired, blue-eyed, aged mid-20s. Not all that new here. But in a new format: via helicopter, scouring the country on behalf of two studio contestants to find a £1,000 prize. *Treasure Hunt*, a leading show in the new Channel 4's line-up has her as the "original high octane Heidi" (*The Mail*), in lurid stretch-to-fit cat-suit running to get that prize. And the position of the camera means we

always get a view of one part of her anatomy as it chases her. People want to get to the bottom of the question as to why she is always in the news. In 1986 she wins Miss Rears of the Year. Followed by more success with *Television Personality of the Year* in 1987. She then finds happiness with marriage to theatre-promoter Nick Allott in 1988.

Rice of passage
But after having a baby in 1989, she is

replaced on *Treasure Hunt* by Annabel Croft. She'd become, according to her Channel 4 commissioning editor, "rather screechy".

She hits back with *Challenge Anneka* in the same year, which instead of her running for clues against the clock has her building things and talking to people against the clock, as part of the BBC's drive down-market. She delivers £500,000 worth of aid to Malawi and renovates an orphanage in Romania.

Rice girl
But a survey by *Esquire* in August 1992 on the sexual preferences of middle-class men between the ages of 18 and 45 gives Patsy Kensit the top vote at 21 per cent, with Anneka a lowly five per cent.

Stop the clock
Challenge Anneka is scrapped, with viewing figures down from 12 to 8 million in October 1993 and after *A Holiday of a Lifetime* ends too she buys a Cotswold

country cottage in 1994 for semi-retirement - "I just want some peace". But some consider her a national asset. Jane Gordon of *The Mail* suggests she get involved with bigger projects, including helping to speed up the building of the British Library.

Today echoes another view - that "what people would really like to see is Anneka herself sent on a holiday of a lifetime. To the North Pole."

James Anfenast

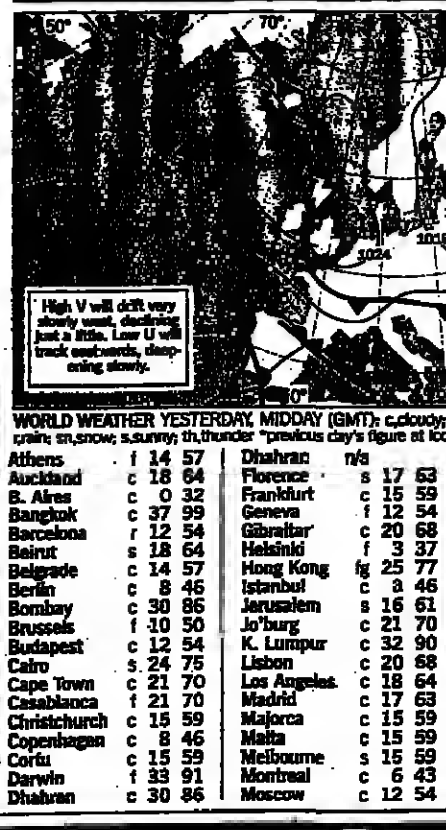
WEATHER



General Summary and Outlook

England and Wales will start cloudy, perhaps with a little rain over the hills in western areas. However, brighter weather in the east will spread westwards to most places leaving a fine afternoon with good sunny spells, although it will be rather cool. Western Scotland and Northern Ireland should also brighten up after a cloudy start with a much better chance of some decent sunshine this afternoon. Eastern Scotland will be rather cold but dry and bright with sunshine at times. Tomorrow, Northern Ireland and southern Scotland will turn overcast with light rain later. Meanwhile, any early fog over England and Wales with some sunshine, although there may be some duller interludes near North Sea coasts. On Monday and Tuesday it will stay cloudy in northern Scotland with patchy light rain. The rest of the UK will be mostly dry with variable amounts of sunshine.

Europe and The World



AA Roadwatch

London. The Strand. Closed west-bound for resurfacing between Lancaster Place and Trafalgar Square. Expect long delays in the area. Bristol. M5 J18-19. Cordon in operation across the Avonmouth Bridge with a Stump speed limit. Regular rush-hour delays. Southampton. A30 Stone-De-Trent. Major construction work at Meir. Long peak-time delays. West Yorkshire. M1 M7. Major long-term roadworks on the M1. Expect delays on the M1, M62 and Dewsbury Road. City of Edinburgh. M8 M2. Major roadworks, with lane closures on the road between J2 (Newbridge Spur M9). Delays possible. Buckinghamshire. M40 J16-17. Long-term roadworks with a contraflow between J16 (M25) and J3 (Wymondley East). Surrey. M25 J8-10. Various restrictions and lane closures both ways between Reigate and the A3 as major widening work continues. Out and about with AA Roadwatch call 0336 401 for the latest local and national traffic news. Source: The Automobile Association. Calls charged at 30p per min (excl. VAT). 40p per min (incl. VAT).

The Sky at Night

The radiant of the Lyrid meteors rises in the NE about 9pm BST and is high in the SE sky by 3.30am BST

Magenticale

In the week ahead, planet Earth ploughs through the stream of dusty debris left in space by the passage of Comet Thatcher. The consequence for sky watchers is the possible sighting of meteors belonging to the Lyrid shower. This is not normally a spectacular shower - perhaps 10 or 15 per hour at its peak, which is expected in the early hours of Tuesday the 22nd. It is, however, unpredictable, springing a surprise show of up to 10 times as many meteors on the odd occasion.

Sun and Moon

Sun rises 5:56am
Sun sets 8:04pm
Moon rises 4:34pm
Moon sets 4:44am
Full Moon April 22

Outlook for Today

London. Moderate. Good. SO₂. 0.09 5.9 12.44 6.3.
S. England. Moderate. Good. SO₂. 0.11 6.2 22.33 6.3.
Wales. Good. SO₂. 0.11 6.2 22.33 6.3.
C. England. Moderate. Good. SO₂. 0.11 6.2 22.33 6.3.
N. England. Good. SO₂. 0.11 6.2 22.33 6.3.
Scotland. Good. SO₂. 0.11 6.2 22.33 6.3.
N. Ireland. Good. SO₂. 0.11 6.2 22.33 6.3.

High Tides

London. AM HT PM HT
Liverpool. 10.11 8.2 22.33 6.3
Aberdeen. 5.44 11.2 18.12 11.5
Hull (Albert Dock). 5.06 6.5 17.20 6.7
Glasgow. 11.28 3.0 - -
Donaghadee. 9.51 3.5 22.22 3.4

Looking up Time				Looking up Time				Looking up Time				Looking up Time			
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Gerard Gilbert recommends **Shoot Out in Swansea** Sat 10.40pm BBC2
To the Ends of the Earth Sun 8pm C4

plotting against her former husband (Kenta C4),
Everyman (Sun BBC1) checks out the shortlist of those
likely to be the next Pope (apparently "the papacy of John
Paul II is entering its final phase"), going behind the scenes
to reveal some of the secrets of the Conclave, the Papal
election process. To the **Ends of the Earth** (Sun C4) goes in
the opposite direction, deep into the Haitian countryside to
meet a certain Wilfrid Dorissant, a man who has made local
history by being recognised by the authorities as a zombie (his
uncle is accused of doing it to him). The first encounter finds
Dorissant held in stocks, "because he doesn't have a spirit".
I wonder if the same might work for Liverpool FC.

ITV/Regions

ANGLO
As London except: 12:30pm Movies, Games and Videos (249711). 1.05 Anglo News and Weather (22329722). 249712. 1.05 Anglo News (39864073). 1.50 Film: The Golden Voyage of Sinbad (56925548). 3.50 seaQuest DSV (56487093). 1.15 Film: Anglo News, Sports and Weather (58752581). 1.15 Film: Presumed Guilty (58752581). 2.55 Collins and Macdonald's Movie Club (35060643). 3.25 Customs Classified (47584968). 4.15 Jones and Jury (19406407). 4.40 - 5:30am Sport (5895662).

CENTRAL
As London except: 12:30pm Premier (249711). 1.05 Central News and Weather (22329722). 1.40 Movie: Games and Videos (3956613). 2.10 Films: Disney's Napoleon and Samantha (3986364). 3.50 seaQuest DSV (56487093). 5.05 Central News (58584968). 4.05 Jones and Jury (19406407). 4.40 - 5:30am Action Eye (2172643).

HTV WILTS
As London except: 12:30pm Movies, Games and Videos (249711). 1.05 HTV Wales News (22329722). 1.40 Film: Murder by Death (52366155). 3.20 seaQuest DSV (56487093). 3.50 seaQuest (22329722). 1.15 HTV Wales News and Sports Results (58752581). 5.15 Film: Presumed Guilty (58752581). 2.55 Collins and Macdonald's Movie Club (35060643). 3.25 Customs Classified (47584968). 4.15 Jones and Jury (19406407). 4.40 - 5:30am Sport (5895662).

HTV WEST
As London except: 1:05pm HTV West News and Weather (22329722). 1.10 Sportsweek (5755987). 1.15 UEFA Champions League Highlights (551987). 2.15 World of Wonder (79650682). 2.40 Standstill (58824635). 5.05 - 5:20pm HTV West News, Sports Results and Weather (58752581).

MERIDIAN
As London except: 12:30pm Movies, Games and Videos (249711). 1.05 Meridian News and Weather (22329722). 1.40 Movie (22030545). 3.50 seaQuest DSV (56487093). 5.05 Meridian News and Weather (58752581). 1.15 Film: Presumed Guilty (58752581). 2.55 Collins and Macdonald's Movie Club (35060643). 3.25 Customs Classified (47584968). 4.15 Jones and Jury (19406407). 4.40 - 5:30am Sport (5895662).

WESTCOUNTRY
As London except: 12:30pm Movies, Games and Videos (249711). 1.05 Westcountry News (22329722). 1.40 Planet Rock Profiles (72036631). 2.10 Stunt-masters (7420193). 2.50 Award (58645515). 3.50 seaQuest DSV (56487093). 5.05 Westcountry News (58752581). 1.15 Film: Presumed Guilty (58752581). 2.55 Collins and Macdonald's Movie Club (35060643). 3.25 Customs Classified (47584968). 4.15 Jones and Jury (19406407). 4.40 - 5:30am Sport (5895662).

YORKSHIRE
As London except: 12:30pm Movies, Games and Videos (249711). 1.05 Yorkshire News (22329722). 1.40 Car: The Monkeys (584819). 12.00 Low Season (73980920). 12.20 Film: Distant on the Job (716722). 2.00 The Monkeys Special (3537212). 6.30 Love Life (548). 7.00 Film: Scream (393068). 7.15 Nassau Ice Cholla (589584). 8.20 Hot Stars (5874546). 8.50 Penn Gals (582242). 9.23 Swarov - Pencampwyr y Byd (289616). 9.55 Ethelbert (5895971). 10.10 The Surgery (5888074). 11.15 Countryside Undercover (589584). 12.00 Life on the Street (589584). (575529). 2.55 - 4.00am North to Wales (7609391).

CHANNEL 3 NORTH EAST
As Yorkshire except: 1:05pm North East News (22329722). 5.05 North East News and Weather (58544261). 5.10 - 5:20pm Full Time (5948364).

S4C
As C4 except: 6:00am Searcwr Searcwr (5837193). 6:00am Hwylwr with Mair Hopwood (5837193). 10.30 The Monkeys (584819). 12.00 Low Season (73980920). 12.20 Film: Distant on the Job (716722). 2.00 The Monkeys Special (3537212). 6.30 Love Life (548). 7.00 Film: Scream (393068). 7.15 Nassau Ice Cholla (589584). 8.20 Hot Stars (5874546). 8.50 Penn Gals (582242). 9.23 Swarov - Pencampwyr y Byd (289616). 9.55 Ethelbert (5895971). 10.10 The Surgery (5888074). 11.15 Countryside Undercover (589584). 12.00 Life on the Street (589584). (575529). 2.55 - 4.00am North to Wales (7609391).

Satellite/cable

TV 1:
7.00am Ocean and Olivia (98109).
7.30 Daily and His Friends (77616).
8.00 Press Your Luck (27549). 8.30
Love Connection (28819). 9.00
Quantum Leap (14722). 10.00 Ku
Rai. The Legend Continues (19360).
10.30 The Friends of the Hidden City
(77513). 11.30 Sea Rescue
(78242). 12.00 Wrestling (63894).
1.00 Wrestling (45432). 2.00 Star
Trek (42432). 3.00 Star Trek
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Trek: Deep Space Nine (54093).
5.00 Star Trek: Voyager (82529). 6.
Kung Fu - The Legend Continues
(19360). 7.00 Star Trek: The
Enterprise (48187). 8.00 Co
cans (8906). 8.30 Coons (14531).
9.00 Coons (16027). 9.30 The St
Al Kibers (48513). 10.00 Low and
the (48513). 11.00 Star Trek: The
(74525). 12.00 The Movie Show
(50468). 12.30 LAPD (17469).
1.00 Dream On (193223). 1.30
Smouldering Lash (775340). 2.00-
3.00am Hit Mix (10695372).

TV 2:
6.00am Superboy (4444161). 7.30
Superboy (3101258). 8.00 Melrose
Place (1573074). 9.00 Pacific Dr
(1593838). 10.00 Tales from the
City (841387). 11.30 Tales from
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SEI MOVIES GOLD
6.00pm Foreign Correspondent*
 (8207/242). 8.00 *Hot* Is for Hero
 (8338/287). 1.00 *Spellbinder*
 (4373/229). 1.15 *Defenses*
 (5936/633). 1.50 *Cherley Warwick*
 (100/13). 2.20 *4.00am Electric*
Territory (8656/573)
SEI SPORTS 1
 7.00am *World Sports* (301/55). 7.
Aerobics (578/9). 8.00 *Rugby*
 (240/74). 8.30 *Rugby* (233/45). 9.
Super League (222/86). 1.00 *Foot*
Live Liverpool v Manchester United
 (100/10). 1.00 *World Sports Satur*
 (53/074). 2.00 *World Sports*
 (256/631/68). 4.15 *Sports Saturday*
Results (352/27/73). 5.30 *Football*
Results (352/27/73). 1.00 *Goat Games*
Open (80/574). 9.30 *Rugby Union*
 (81/033). 1.10 *Australian Rules*
Football (86/513). 1.30 *4.00am*
Spanish Football (287/619).
SEI SPORTS 2
 7.00am *Soccer Ann* (4791/704).
 1.00 *Goat*: *Celestian Open*
 (596/21/55). 1.00 *Goat Games*
 (596/21/55). 4.00 *Survival of the*
Fittest (3151/635). 4.30 *Australian*
Rugby Football (79/701/90). 6.30 *Go*
Canterbury (371/0221). 8.30 *Go*
Canterbury (371/0221). 8.30 *Go*
Canterbury Open (940/451). 12.30.
 1.00am *Senior PGA Tour* (701/93).
SEI SPORTS 3
 12.00am *Survival of the Fittest*
 (9332/0277). 12.30 *Motorsport*
 (5871/2600). 3.00 *Orickel*: *West*
Indies v India (82563/108). 10.00
Survival of the Fittest (9332/190).
 1.00 *Goat Games* (596/21/55).
 1.00 *Nobel Sports* (222115/13).
 1.00 *12.00am* *World Sports*
 (2560/4600).
LIVE TV
 6.00am *Pin Money* 6.30 *Fashion*
 7.00 *Sport* 7.30 *Game of Two*
Scavens 8.00 *Sham Rock Quiz* 8.30
Looking for Love 8.45 *Pet Squad*
 9.00 *Realwesters* 9.30 *Fashion* 10.00
Looking for Love 10.15
Pet Squad 11.00 *Realwesters* 11.30
and Fortune 12.00 *Why Phis?* 12.15
 1.00 *Agency* 1.15 *Agency* 1.30 *Agency*
 1.30 *Agency* 1.30 *Agency* 1.30 *Agency*
 3.00 *Fate and Fortune* 3.30 *Pin*
Money 4.00 *Looking for Love* 4.30
 5.00 *Agency* 5.30 *Agency* 5.30
 5.30 *Why Phis?* 6.00 *Realwesters* 6.30
 7.00 *Pin Money* 7.30 *Game of Two*
Scavens 8.00 *Bushido* 9.00 *Hand*
Hunts; *Sham Rock Quiz* 9.30 *Real*
Scavens *Pop Show* 10.00 *Topless*
Darts in Space; *Sport* 10.30 *State*
of the Union; *Darts in Space* 11.30
Fate and Fortune 11.45 *Pin* 11.50
Enzo *Enzo* 12.30 *Kiss TV* 1.30

Australian savoir faire.
Californian je ne sais quoi.

The perfect French
Chardonnay

To a Frenchman, France is the school and university of wine, but to James Herrick it was only the nursery. He learned the new technology of cold fermentation in Australia and new methods of viticulture in California. So when, 20 years on, he returned to plant his own vineyards in Languedoc, he could combine the best of both worlds - old and new - to produce exceptional Chardonnay.

Fresh and spicy, full of tropical fruit flavours, but with the refinement and long finish of a French classic. *Parfait.*

James Herrick
CHARDONNAY
COUNTRY OF FRANCE
JAMES HERRICK'S D'OC

AVAILABLE COUNTRYWIDE FROM ALL FINE WINE BUTTLES UP TO THE GLEN ROOTH, ELTHAM & PLYMOUTH DISTRICTS. SEE US AT THE GLEN ROOTH.

James Herrick
CHARDONNAY

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